THAT MONEY CAMPAIGN.

Another Broadside from Dorsey in the Sun.

Garfield's Promises to New York Financiers in His Fight for Office.

His Blunder in Writing the Hubbell Letters Against Advice.

New York, August 9.—The Sun publishes an extended interview with ex-Senator Dorsey at his ranch in New Mexico, following the lead of the Chicago Herald to a certain extent, but generally in the line of its original and much-disputed article. Regarding the extended statements published disclosures were made with regard to the Republican presidential campaign of 1880, he said: "You know that this interview was none of my seeking. I desire you to say this, because it will be sure to be said that Dorsey procured the interview. But now that you are here, there is no earthly reason why I should not say some things. I desire first of all, however, to say right here that I was surprised to see the Sun's article, and still more to learn that the press of the country ascribes it directly to me. I do not think you can find the still be seen to me. Ido not think you can find anybody who can truthfully say that I ever brig about what I ever have done, and I see that Governor Foster, in a recent interview, says he never heard me brig about my work in Indiana or anywhere else. I am glad that he has been able to say one kind word for me."

for me."

"You were at the Chicago convention, senator. There seems to be a general impression that the nomination of Garfield was prearranged, and many thought his speech nominating Sherman was a subtle nomination of himself. What was your im-

"As Garfield is dead, I doubt whether it would be worth while to say anything about that remarkable event. But there are living witnesses of all that I care to say. I couldn't help noticing at the convention that a gang of claquers was employed by somebody to applaud Garfield whenever he came in, and that the speech itself was a culogy that might as well have applied to Garfield as to Sherman. I will say further that Garfield's nomination was the result of a prearranged scheme, well laid, oh, cunningly laid, and well managed."

Here the senator, whose admiration for the skill that wins in politics is well known, again re-peated, and with a suggestion of admiration in his tone, that the nomination of Garfield was consum-mated by one of the

Shrewdest Bits of Political Strategy the country has ever known. "I see," said the writer, "that Governor Foster

says there was no scheme or prearrangement; in fact, that he tried to induce the Wisconsin delegates to vote for Blaine, when it was apparent that Sheiman could not be nominated." Here the senator pursed his mouth whimsically, then whistled lightly, as much as to say "that's a queer statement."

Here the senator pursed his mouth whimsically, then whistled lightly, as much as to say "that's a queer statement."

"Did Foster say that?" said he at length. "Oh, no; I guess he didn't. Generally the most effective scheme to gain political advantage is no scheme at all; but if there wasn't a prearranged plan to secure the nomination of Garfield, then my political reckoning is greatly awry. But this event has an amusing side as I look back now. Why, think about Wharton Barker, who, by the way, confirms the story about the move in the early winter of '80 to nominate Garfield—think about him and George W. Curtis and the men who swell on Boston's Beacon Hill in the evening and rob the fishwomen of India dock in the day time to pay for their white hats and swallow-tailed coats, making or unmaking Presidents. They did it that time, it is true, but the Back Bay of Boston, with its wealth and imbecility, the Murray Hill of New York, many of whose residents are only known by the painted figures upon their carriage doors, are not the men in the long run whom the people of this country care to have control of public affairs. It was this class of maidenly men that worked up the nomination of Garfield. Mr. Wharton Barker has published letters showing the fraud that gained with the reformers. His little story tells how deception nestles under the table of the honest reform clubs of the country, whose pretended business seems to be to save the country from the wrecking influence of the Stalwarts."

amused as he referred to Mr. Barker's published letter that corroborated the Sun's account of the preliminary work that led to Garfield's nomi-

What are the facts, senator, about the organi-A that are the lacts, Senator, about the organization of the Republican national committee?

Briefly, this is all I care to say about it at present. The national committee met July 1, 1880.

The Blame people, the Grant, Conkling and Arthur crowd seemed to be tetering on the scales. Each party

Was Grasping at the Onnce Weight for their respective sides. Garfield had sent Foster to represent Ohio. Ambition was followed by disagreements. Quarrels were sup-

Foster to represent Ohio. Ambition was followed by disagreements. Quarrels were supplemented by expectation. The committee fittingly illustrated the condition of the party at large. It was finally agreed, however, that a special committee of five should be appointed to select a chairman and secretary. This committee was composed of Logan, William E. Chandler, Marshall Jewell, Sabin of Midnesota, now the United States senator, and an Iowa man whose name I do not now recall. This committee reported in favor of the election of Jewell for chairman and myself for secretary.

Dorsey says plainly and simply, but without furnishing proof, that Gould and Huntington not only put up the money for the Indiana campaign, but put up more than was necessary; that the money was taken by Mr. Thomas Platt to Indiana, from which State three-fifths were sent to Ohio, and that the appointment of Justice Stanley Matthews to the Supreme Bench was a matter of bargain and sale for a cash consideration. He thus concludes his part of the interview: "I say categorically that Garfield promised the two greatest monopolists in New York, Mr. Gould and Mr. Huntington, that Mr. Stanley Matthews should go at the earliest opportunity upon the Supreme Bench, and he agreed that if the vacancy occurred before he was finaugurated, he would see that Mr. Hayes would make the appointment. These interested parties, who seemed anxious to control the Supreme Bench, promised the Garfield campaign fund \$100,000. They paid their money and they got their man. I speak from my own personal knowledge, and I hardly think the parties to that arrangement would make any denials."

"How do you know this was paid?"

"One of the most eminent men in New York brought it to me in Indianapolis."

"Mr. Thomas C. Piatt?"

"Since you name him, he was the man."

"How was it, senator, that MacVeagh was made

"Since you name him, he was the man."
"How was it, senator, that MacVeagh was made "How was it, senator, that MacVeagh was made a member of the cabinet?"
"Oh, that's a plate from the cupboard of curiosity. General Garfield had been trying all his life to practice practical politics and lead people to believe that he belonged to that set of reformers who appear to think that they can live without eating, or any of the other necessaries of life. He appointed MacVeagh to please this class; that is one reason. The other reason was that he wished to please Simon Cameron, and

The Young Fellow Who Bears His Name called Don. While these two Stalwarts pretended on the outside that they were greatly opposed to MacVeagh, they were writing to Garfield urging his appointment."
"Is it true that he contemplated changes in the Department of Justice and the Post Office Depart-

"Yes; I state positively what I know. He did contemplate these changes. James and Mac-Veagh have denied this. I know he did. Garfield, after a good deal of wobbling, had determined upon the early removal of both. If he had not been shot the day he was, within a week other upon the early removal of both. If he had not been shot the day he was, within a week other parties would have taken MacVeagh's and James' portfolios. I think he had determined to appoint General Beaver of Pennsylvania attorney-general, and would have been glad to appoint Tom Platt of New York postmaster-general, hoping that this would heal the breach in New York. MacVeagh's treatment of Blaine and of William E. Chandler was so infamous that there was only one of two alternatives left. Either MacVeagh had to go out or Blaine had. As to James, he really cut no figure in the cabinet. His highest ambition seemed to be to get a newspaper paragraph every day relative to the reforms started by Postmaster-General James."

tive to the reforms started by Postmaster-General James."
"How did James come to be appointed?"
"Well, that's a small plate from the same old sideboard of curiosity. As I have said, it was distinctly understood that Mr. Morton should be 2p-pointed secretary of the treasury. That was before the election. After the election Garfield thought best to go back on his deliberate promises. You see there is a wide difference between before and after. Garfield gave Mr. Morton the navy portfolio. Mr. Morton promptly declined it. Mr. Conkling thought, as every right-minded man did, that the great State of New York should have either the first or second place; either the state or treasury portfolio. Mr. Conkling had also been foodsh enough to believe that when promises are made they are always kept. He fulfils his own promises. Conkling's honor and capacity

were nightmares to Garfield. He feared that, with Morton's appointment, Conkling would control the treasury. When it was learned that New York was to have neither the first nor second place both Conkling and Platt requested that no appointment should go to New York. They preferred a blank to interrogation marks.

"It is said that you protested against the appointment of James."

"Of course I did. I stayed up all night with General Garfield the night before he sent his cabinet in to the Senate. I said all I could and did all I could to prevent the appointment of James and MacVeagh. I knew as well as I knew anything that neither of them represented in the smallest degree the Republicans of their respective States. A prominent editor of New York City egged Garfield on to what

Seemed to Me a Fatal End, by telling Garfield that the appointment of James would be applauded by the entire press. I pointed

by telling Garfield that the appointment of James would be applauded by the entire press. I pointed out to this newspaper man the fact that James' popularity with a portion of the New York press was due to the fact that many of his appointments in the New York post office had been made at the request of the managers of these journals. But this did no good."

"Did Conkling or Platt approve of the appointment of James?"

"Approve? Why, certainly not. They didn't know that he was to be appointed until a few hours before he was. I'll tell you something about that. I had learned, as all his triends had, that Garfield was extremely jealous of every cabinet appointment. He was anxious to know beforehand whether the appointees would stand by him or be controlled by others."

"Senator, was the story told in the Sun respecting the appointment of Judge Robertson collector of the port of New York correct?"

"Yes, I think it was, as it is now recalled by me, only the Sun hasn't told the one-tenth part of the details that went to make up this insane act. Threats and buildozing appointed Robertson. Intimations that Garfield received that a prominent newspaper man would publish in his paper what the public would accept as a great scandal respecting the nomination of Matthews had a very large influence with Garfield. Mr. Blaine's animosity to Conkling was equally potent. During the canvass it was agreed with Garfield, I know, because I made it, that James D. Warren of Buffalo should be appointed collector. I don't know that Mr. Warren knew or cared anything about this. I presume not. I had this understanding with Garfield, and had it at the request of General Arthur. This business of Robertson's appointment was another rape on honesty.

The interview with Foster was read, in which the one-tendence that Garfield are reflected.

rape on honesty.

The interview with Foster was read, in which Foster denies that Garfield ever offered Dorsey a cabinet place.
"You don't tell me that Foster has been assail-"You don't tell me that Foster has been assailing me in this way. I have always believed Foster to be fair and honorable, but when he or Swaim or anybody else says that General Garneld only offered me a cabinet place to make me 'feel good,' and with the expectation that I would decline it, they simply state what is untrue. General Garneled urged me in the strongest terms over and over again to accept a place in the cabinet. When I declined it, as I did repeatedly, and as my letters now probably held by Swaim will show, Garfield was amazed."

The Summary.

The following is the Sun's summary of the

whole interview: First—That Sherman was betrayed at Chicago; that the pretended surprise of Garfield's nomination was a sham, and that it was the result of a prearranged plan.
Second—Jealousies and ambitions appeared at
the very beginning of the canvass, and showed
themselves in the organization of the national

themselves in the organization committee.

Third—It was at the earnest request of Garfield, Foster and Arthur that he accepted the place of secretary of the committee.

Fourth—That the rich bankers of New York were so distrustful that they refused to contribute a cent until a peculiar organization known as a finance committee, composed of these bankers, was formed.

was formed.

Fifth—He intimates that Garfield, Arthur and all the leaders relied upon money to win the bastle, and admits that a very large sum was raised and di-bursed by these bankers. It was purely a worst garrently.

and disbursed by these bankers. It was purely a money campaign.

Sixth—He asserts positively that Garfield bought the New York Stalwarts' support by a positive promise to appoint Levi P. Morton secretary of the treasury.

Seventh—He reiterates the charge that the pockets of the New York bankers were reached through a promise of Garfield to allow a syndicate of them to refund the government bonds.

Eighth—He asserts with great positiveness that a bargain was made between Garfield's representatives and Gould and Huntington, by which Garfield promised to secure the appointment of Stanley Matthews as an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Ninth—He asserts that more than \$400,000 were taken to Indiana by a New York banker, whom he names, and that this was used to carry the day.

the fraud that gained with the day.

Tenth—He asserts that Garfield was most eager to have as much money raised as possible; so eager, that he made the blunder of writing the Hubbell letter against his (Dorsey's) advice.

Eleventh—He asserts that the fund, between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000, was a corruption form.

Twelfth—He tells the story of the curious intrigues that led to the putting of James and Mac-Veagh in Garfield's cabinet, and asserts that it was Garfield's intention to remove them.

Thirteenth—He asserts that Garfield was bull-dozed by Blaine and a prominent New York editor into violating his promises to Conkling and into appointing Robertson, without having first notified the New York senators that such was his intention; that this bulldozing was in the shape of the threat to publish the details of the Stanley Matthews' scandal unless Robertson's appointment was made. It concludes with this comment: "Dorsey does not directly charge that large sums were used to bribe voters in New York, for he has not absolute personal knowledge of it, but he has no doubt of it, and knows that immense sums were spent in that county, and coupling that fact with the large and wholly unexpected reduction of the Democratic vote, there is no room for any other inference than that the vote of New York was bought by the money of the Wall street bankers.

THE VINEYARD'S VISITATION.

Details of the Destruction at Vineyard Haven-The Loss Reaches Nearly 8200,-000, with Insurance for Only \$65,000. COTTAGE CITY, August 12 .- The fire at Vineyard Haven was the most disastrous that ever visited Martha's Vineyard. It starte | just before 9 o'clock Saturday evening at the harness manu-

factory owned by Rodolph W. Crocker. The chimney attached to the engine which had been used during the day was heated, and it is thought that the fire caught while the fireman was cleaning out the boiler, though nothing can be definitely ascertained on the subject. The strong northeast wind prevailing spread the flames rapidly on both sides of the main street.

the flames rapidly on both sides of the main street.

The fire department from Cottage City started for Vineyard Haven at about 9.30, and exerted its utmost to aid in stopping the conflagration, but the wind rendered its efforts of little avail. Vineyard Haven, like many other country towns and some cities, is a conservative place, and has been content to provide slight protection against fire, in view of the fact that this is only the second fire in nearly eighty years. The only available means of extinguishing fires are water buckets and the line of men which the first settlers were wont to use. The chemical engine from Cottage City was a pretty toy, but was only an ornamental affair. It was almost useless at, any rate, after the fire had gained much headway. The hook and ladder company, however, did good service.

The flames jumped a long distance up the hill on which the village is built, setting fire to the house of Captain William Cleveland, on William street.

The area burned over is about fifty acres. The buildings were insured for less than one-half their value, and were owned and occupied by people who had lived on their earnings and savings. The village will never recover from the blow, for there village will never recover from the blow, for there is no business carried on to warrant an entire rebuilding. There were about 250 summer residents in the village, many of whom were obliged to flee precipitately to places of safety. The fire burned with increasing intensity until about 11.30, when it was brought under control.

It may easily be seen in what an inconvenient situation the inhabitants of the unhappy town are placed, since they have only a small store leit and but one hotel, the Grove Hill Hotel, already overcrowded, and but little room to accommodate the

crowded, and but little room to accommodate the boarders. The houses of the whole island, however, are open to them if they require it.

The total loss is about \$195,000 and the insur-

ever, are open to them if they require it.

The total loss is about \$195,000 and the insurance \$62,200.

The citizens and summer residents of Vineyard Haven held relief meetings in Association Hall today, at which committees and sub-committees were chosen to take charge of the various departments of the work of relief. The sum of \$375 was subscribed on the spot to help provide for the immediate needs of the destitute.

The insurance was all taken through H. H. Smith, the Cottage City insurance azent, and the greater part was in the Quincy Mutual of Boston. Among the other companies losing were the Hartford of Hartford, Northern and Commercial Union of London, the Hanover of New York, the Dorchester of Dorchester, Merchants and Farmers' of Worcester. Holyoke of Salem, and Fitchburg Mutual of Fitchburg. The Quincy loses about \$20,000 and the Fitchburg \$4000; Hanover, \$6700; Holyoke, \$8815; Merchants and Farmers', \$6800; Hartford, \$5800; Northern, \$4500; Commercial Union, 5800; and La Confiance of France about \$2200.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., August 13 .- Last week a party of gentlemen discovered a wonderful cave which penetrates Lookout mountain. They explored it to the depth of half a mile and discovered immense subterranean lakes, and siso tree tremendous waterfalls, one being 150 feet high. MOVES BY THE STRIKERS.

Arrangements for the Mass Meeting in Tremont Temple.

Addresses by Hon. P. A. Collins, Hon. John K. Tarbox and Others.

The Benefit Concert to be Given in Horticultural Hall.

At the meeting of the local assembly this afternoon final arrangements were made for the mass meeting in Tremont Temple tomorrow evening. Master Workman Chute will preside, and among the gentlemen who have announced their inten-tion to address the assemblage are Congressmanelect Collins, Hon. John K. Tarbox and Charles H. Litchman. Invitations have been sent to Henry Cabot Lodge, John D. Long and other Republican leaders, and their replies are awaited with considerable interest. A band of music will be in attendance, and a very successful meeting is anticipated.

The concert in aid of the strikers will be held at Horticultural Hall, Thursday evening. It was originally intended to have it take place in the originally intended to have it take place in the Boston Theatre, but interior repairs which are now in progress will prevent its being held there. The management of the theatre has stated that but for the repairs now going on the brotherhood could have the theatre for the evening free of all charge. Tickets for the concert will be on sale tomorrow, and may be had at White, Smith & Co.'s, the Parker House and Young's Hotel.

Master Workman Campbell Testifies Before the Senate Committee on Labor.

NEW YORK, August 13 .- The sub-committee of the United States Senate committee on labor and education began its session today in the post office building. The members present were Senators Blair of New Hampshire (chairman), George of Mississippl, Pugh of Alabama, Call of Florida, and Aldrich of Rhode Island. The special subject of the subcommittees' investigations is strikes and labor movements in general, the object being to obtain information which may be used in securing future legislation to prevent them.

movements in general, the object being to obtain information which may be used in securing future legislation to prevent them.

The committee had several sessions last winter, when a number of witnesses were examined. The first witness today was Master Workman John Campbell of Pittsburg. He testified that he had been a telegraph operator over twenty years and had been connected with the Knights of Labor and the Brotherhood of Telegraphers for two years. There were between 18,000 and 19,000 telegraphers in the United States and Canada who are members of the brotherhood, and the whole membership is about 22,000. The cause of the strike was a refusal to grant a demand on the part of the operators for increased compensation, decrease in the hours, and extra compensation for Sunday work. Since 1870 the salaries of telegraph operators had been systematically cut down, and the object of the strike was to bring the rate of compensation back to the former standard. Operators were now paid matically cut down, and the object of the strike was to bring the rate of compensation back to the former standard. Operators were now paid a fixed salary per month, the average rate throughout the country being about \$54 for commercial operators and \$39 a month for railroad operators. The average rate for railroad operators in Pennsylvania, by an actual census, is \$38 85 per month. The rate of wages for first-class commercial operators now ranged from \$80 to \$85 per month. The salaries in New York City were higher than those in smaller cities, with the exception of New Orleans, Memphis and Nashville, where the scale of wages was about equal to that in this city. The lowest rates for commercial operators were from \$35 to \$40 a mouth for operators at small way stations. Before the reduction in wages the rates were from \$5 to 40 per cent. higher than at present. In 1879 a first-class operator could make from \$90 to \$120 a month. These rates extended back to the time of the beginning of the war, when the scale of wages was about the same as it is at present for railroad operators, and that for commercial men a little higher.

IN THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

Captain Rhodes to Test His Life-Saving BUFFALO, August 12 .- Captain J. D. Rhodes, who intends swimming the whirlpool rapids at Niagara, was interviewed yesterday. Rhodes says that his object in making the effort is to so thoroughly test the efficiency of his armor that there can be no doubt of its value. This he does to secure a prize of \$50,000 offered by the government for the best life-preserving apparatus produced before October 15. He says anything will keep a man afloat in calm water, and the only test is such a sea 38 the whirlpool rapids. He intends entering the river where Captain Webb did, and swimming or floating to the spot where the Englishman was last seen alive. There he will have a rope stretched across the river a foot above the water, and a lifeboat will be moored near there manned by expert seamen. He says that the whirlpool itself is death, and that no living man can escape being engulfed. It his means of rescue fail he will throw off the armor and endeavor to swim ashore. He intends taking the middle of the river, where the waves are highest. Rhodes is 39 years old, a carpenter, and has a wife and four children. He is muscular and an expert swimmer. People at Niagara Fails say he cannot get through the rapids if he takes the centre of the channel, where the waves are highest. Rhodes evidently intends to make the attempt. He avoids newspaper notoriety and talks reluctantly. oughly test the efficiency of his armor that there

A PENSION SWINDLE EXPOSED.

How Fees are Collected from Innocent Claimants by Shrewd Lawyers.

WASHINGTON, August 12.-Secretary Teller has suspended Jenkins A. Fitzgerald, a pension claim agent of this city, from practice before the Interior Department for forcing the collection of fees in advance without an agreement on the part of the claimants who had employed him. The scheme claimants who had employed him. The scheme discovered was a new variation of one for which the commissioner of pensions some time since recommended that another of the Fitzgeralds be disbarred. The late device has been to send to those who had committed the collection of their pensions to them a letter informing them of the points of evidence still wanting in their cases and also inclosing a receipt for the balance which would be due when the pension should be secured or for a portion of this balance. The whole was then sent to the claimants by express in a package marked C. O. D. These packages in size and shape were such as might readily create the impression that they were pension certificates, and they were in addition each prominently stamped "Fitzgerald's Pension Agency," Several of those who had paid the sums called for sent the letters and envelopes to the commissioner

inently staniped "Fitzgerald's Pension Agency." Several of those who had paid the sums called for sent the letters and envelopes to the commissioner of pensions, and the result was a prompt suspension of Fitzgerald.

The former scheme in which the Fitzgeralds were concerned, and for which the disbarment of N. W. Fitzgerald was recommended, was also worked through C. O. D. express packages. To such of their claimants as applied for a new medical examination on which to base a claim for increased pension, or other blanks needed in their case, an envelope containing these blanks, stamped with the Fitzgerald agency, would be sent, with \$10 to be collected. The claimant expecting a pension certificate would pay this charge, only to find that he had been misled, if not swindied. The pension office, on investigating these cases, found instances where the greatest hardships had been caused by the efforts of the poor to raise sufficent money to get one of these Fitzgerald packages from the express office. When N. W. Fitzgerald was confronted with the discoveries of the pension office he pleaded that it was his brother, the present offender, who had sent off these packages without his knowledge, and that on discovering his practices he had reprimanded him sharply. Now the same man has been caught again and stricken from the role of attorneys before the Interior Department. His wife, who had applied for and been accorded permission to practice as a pension claim agent before the office under her madden name, was also debarred upon the discovery being mide that she was Fitzgerald's wife and was practicing under another name.

Devices for swindling pensioners are on the in-

was Fitzgerald's wife and was practicing under another name.
Devices for swinding pensioners are on the increase at present. The publication of the lists of all pensioners ordered at the last session of Congress will give claim agents the address of every pensioner on the rolls, and circulars are aiready prepared and are being sent out, offering all manner of inducements to secure an increase of pension. The moment the dishonest agents receive any kind of a response they begin to ask for a small advance fee, in some cases as low as \$1, to cover postage and stationery, and the chief work from that time on is to collect the rest of the fee without regard to the progress of the case and often without doing anything further about it.

border of the belt. Virginia and Tennessee. The plant is suffering from the meteorological vagaries of this peculiar season. It was too cold in May, too wet in June and too dry in July. In Georgia the injury is the greatest, the condition falling from 93 to 78. In South Carolina the decline has been from 91 to 80. There has been ample rain in a large portion of the Louisiana cotton district and in nearly all the cotton counties in Florida, in Tennessee generally and in a majority of the North Carolina counties. The general average of condition has fallen to 84 from 90 in July.

KILLED BY AN INSANE WIFE.

An Eminent Member of the Bar Fatally Shot Under Peculiar Circumstances. BALTIMORE, August 13 .- A terrible tragedy occurred last Tuesday morning at Glyndon, on the Western Maryland railroad, about twenty miles from Baltimore, a favorite summer resort. Mr. L. L. Conrad, a prominent lawyer and society man of this city, was shot and killed by his wife while she was tem-porarily insane. Mrs. Conrad has been killed by his wife while she was temporarily insane. Mrs. Conrad has been ill for a long time, suffering greatly from an acute complaint, and it is this that is supposed to have caused her to commit such a rash act. Her parents visited her yesterday, when she seemed perfectly rational. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad had retired for the night. About 1 o'clock the household were startled by a loud report of a pistol. They hurried to Mr. Conrad's room and witnessed a sickening sight. Mr. Conrad lay across the bed lengthwise in his night clothes with a terrible bullet hole in his head, from which blood and brains were streaming. Alongside of him sat his wife boot upright, looking wildly on the seene, her hand grasping a large revolver still smoking. The terrified inmates managed to get the revolver from ner, when she fell back on the bed unconscious. All efforts to revive her husband were unavalling. Death must have ensued instantly. He was removed to another room and his unfortunate wife properly taken care of. The domestic relations of Mr. and Mrs. Conrad have always been of the happiest nature. It is believed that Mrs. Conrad's intention was to kill herself, in which act she was discovered by Mr. Conrad, who, while attempting to take the weapon from her, received the fatal shot himself. The pistol was one that Mr. Conrad had always been in the habit of keeping under his pillow at night. Physicians who have attended Mrs. Conrad assert that whenever she becomes enciente she becomes insane. At the time of her first child's birth she had to be confined in an insane asylum. This is assumed to be the true cause of her present malady. Mr. Conrad was highly respected in this community. He is a native of New Orleans, and during the war served with honor in the Southwest division of the Confederate army as staff officer, afterwards practicing law in New Orleans. He came to Baltimore in 1868. His wife was Miss Minnie Worthington, a noted belle of Baltimore county and a member of one of the oldest families in the State.

WAS IT A SACRIFICE?

The Mystery Surrounding the Burning of a Woman and Her Children. ATLANTIC CITY, August 13 .- No one of the horrors which occasionally crop out in the interior of New Jersey has been more wrapped in mystery than the cremation of a woman and her two children last Friday night at Estillville, six children last Friday night at Estillville, six miles below May's Landing, the county seat of Atlantic county, and eighteen miles from this place. The facts became known yesterday at the railway station at May's Landing, thirty-six hours after the iragedy had occurred. It took place in a settlement of thirty-seven families of Russian Jews, who were colonized at Estillville a year ago by General Burbridge. From midnight Friday until Sunday morning the tortures of the mother and her daughter seem to have been hushed up among these people. Yesterday morning a group of them appeared at the station with a wagon, in which lay a woman and girl. Both were burned almost beyond recognition, and it was ascertained that the purpose of their compatriots was to take them to a Philadelphia hospital. Although none of the party would or could speak English, it was finally learned that on Friday, at midnight, awful shrieks had been beard from the small frame gabin occuried by tal. Although none of the party would or could speak English, it was finally learned that on Friday, at midnight, awful shrieks had been heard from the small frame cabin occupied by the wife and children of Ivan M. Lotowski. The husband had either deserted his family or wandered away in search of work. The cabin was found to be in flames. When the neighbors reached the burning cabin the arms and legs had been burned off a six-year-old son of the woman. The mother was rolling in agony in the sand, and an eight-war-old daughter was so dreadfully burned that she was unconscious. The mother was a beautiful woman, about 28 years of age. Her long black hair was singed over her shoulders, and her eyes were fixed in the wild stare of delirium.

The neighbors will give no definite details of the affair. Hints are thrown out by some of the Hebrews that the woman sacrificed herself and her family, while, again, it is said that her neighbors were unfriendly to her. After lying on the hard bench in the railway station for seven hours on Sunday morning, the young girl died. The mother was then removed to the bones of Smith Speace.

Sunday morning, the young girl died. The mother was then removed to the house of Smith Spence where she now lies at the point of death. Thus far she has been unable or unwilling to give the particulars of the burning of her home.

The Late General Manager of the Boston Concord & Montreal Railroad. PLYMOUTH N. H. August 13 -Mr. Joseph A. Dodge, late general manager of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad, died of Bright's disease on Friday morning. Mr. Dodge's age was about 67. He was born in New Boston, N. H. His father was a farmer. During a portion of his early life he taught school winters, assisting on farm labor summers. For about forty years past he had been connected with railroads in various capacities. He commenced railroad life as a shipping clerk on the Boston & Lowell railroad at Boston. On the opening of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad he was

Tilton. On the completion of the road to Lake Village he was ordered to that blace, thence to Meredith Village and Plymouth, taking charge of the latter station in 1850. Two years later he was appointed general freight agent, and about 1860 elected to the superintendency, which office he held till 1876 or 1877, when, being elected to a directorship in the corporation, he took the office of general manager, which he resigned a few months ago. Mr. Dodge ceased active labor about a year ago on account of ill-health. He spent the winter in Monterey and Los Angeles, Cal., returning early in June, seemingly benefited, but his health soon began to fail. Mr. Dodge was a director in several corporations, among them being the Boston, Concord & Montreal, Profile & Franconia Notch, Pemigewasset Valley, Whitefield & Jefferson railroads, Mount Washington Railway & Lake Winnipiseogee Steamboat Company. In politics he was a Democrat, representing this town in the Legislature in 1868, 1869 and 1870. He was made a Mason in 1859 in Olive Braich Lodge of Plymouth. He leaves a wife and two danghters.

FEATS OF A BLIND MAN.

Mathematical Calculations Which Few Men With Sight Could Equal.

DANIELSONVILLE, Conn., August 13 .- Mr. Pardon Tillinghast, who is entirely blind, barely dis-tinguishing day from night, has recently performed some wonderful feats in mental arithmetic. His at-tention was called to some facts in regard to the nbination of figures 142,857. If multiplied by 2 the product is 285,714—the same figures and in the same order, only starting with another and changing the first two to the extreme right. Multiplying 3, 4, 5, and a like result is obtained, i. e., the figures are the same and succeed each other in a similar way. This led to a careful study of these figures, and he soon found that preceded by the decimal point they are the decimal equivalent of 1-7. He found, too, that this is the repetend of a repeating decimal. His thoughts were in this way turned to the fraction 1-7, and he performed mentally the operation of reducing its square 1-49 to a repeating decimal of the fraction 1-7, and he performed mentally the operation of reducing its square 1-49 to a repeating decimal of 1-7=1-343, and periormed the prodigious feat of turning this into a repeating decimal whose repetend has 294 figures, or six times as many as that of 1-7. Then he took the cube of 1-7=1-40. All this, of course, without a mark to aid the calculation or the memory. It filled leisure hours of a number of days. He would work the division ten places at one operation, holding in memory the result, including the remainder for hours or days, till he could work the next ten, and so until he had the entire repetend. The necessity for frequent provings of his work added to its complications. The mathematicians of these parts doubt whether this mental effort has ever peen excelled, at any rate by a blind man. product is 285,714—the same figures and in

Reproached by a Dog.

An old hunter loaned his dog to a friend, an amateur, and this is what the amateur said after returning without the dog: "I never was so dis sion. The moment the dishonest agents receive any kind of a response they begin to ask for a small advance fee, in some cases as low as \$1, to cover postage and stationery, and the chief work from that tine on is to collect the rest of the fee without regard to the progress of the case and often without doing anything further about it.

Unfavorable Cotton Returns.

Washington, August 10.—The August cotton returns to the Department of Agriculture are less favorable than those of July. The condition is lower in every State except two on the northern concerted as when I caught the reproachful glance of the old dog's eye after missing as fair a shot as I ever had; and soon as I repeated the performance, I could plainly see in his expressive countenance disgust as well as reproach. Although I have stood behind the trap and, amid the jeers and hoots of the crowd, missed my ten birds straight, I flever was soutterly demorralized in my iffe, and of course I missed the next one, when the old dog, with a look that will haunt me to my dying day, hung his head, and curling his tail between his legs, dejectedly marched back to the wagon, and actually showed his teeth when I tried to coax him out again." concerted as when I caught the reproachful glance

CANADA FOR THE IRISH POOR.

Lord Dufferin's Scheme to be Carried Out.

Paupers to the Number of 200,000 to be Moved from Ireland in Families.

Failure of the Projects Advocated by the Railway Companies.

LONDON, August 10 .- The government has decided to officially aid Irish emigration on a colossal scale. The proposition made by Chairman Stephens of the Canada Pacific Railway, on behalf of a syndicate of Canadian railways, has been practically abandoned. Mr. Stephens offered to settle 50,000 Irish poor in families of five each upon stocked and equipped farms in the neighborhood of Winnipeg, paying all ex-penses of moving and settling them, provided the vernment loaned the syndicate £1,000,000 without interest, for ten years, the syndicate in turn to out interest, for the three first years and at three per cent. after that, and at three per cent. after that, the settlers to have the option of securing their holdings in fee simple at any time on the payment of \$500. The government first favored the proposal, but the Catholic priests in Ireland opposed it so strongly that the cabinet finally refused to entertain the matter unless the Dominion government guaranteed the repayment of the loan. Sir Alexander T. Gault, ex-high commissioner to London, and Sir Charles Tupper, his successor, both endeavored to secure this guaranty, but failing, owing, it is understood, to the opposition of Lord Dufferin, who has a strong faith in the future of Canada, and who bent his energies to secure direct action on the part of the government in favor of the largest possible emigration to Canada. The Canadian government having decided to lend no official indorsement to any railway schemes of immigration, the government took up Lord Dufferin's ideas, and today decided on undertaking to carry them out. A special conference was summoned at the Mansion House. After a long discussion an elaborate scheme of assistant emigration was resolved on, based on the principles of the United States homestead laws. The details of the scheme are not yet ready to be placed before the public, but it has been decided to move from Ireland and settle in Canada 200,000 people, will be moved next spring, and the transportation will be continued as rapidly as the territory to be occupied can be got ready. Those to be moved next spring will, it is understood, be placed upon the lands offered by Chairman Stephens, which the government will accept. These lands will be divided into sections of 100 acres each, each section to be provided with all the buildings, equipments, animals, seeds and food necessary for the beginning of farming upon unbroken land. Each settler will be given his home free for the first three years, and after that they will be required to pay as rent 3 per cent. on \$500, but may acquire absolute title upon payment of the latter sum. It has not been decided where the settlers to have the option of securing stated that, in order to overcome the certain op-position of the Parnellites, the government will hold out all possible inducements to the poor in congested districts to freely enter into the govern-

INDIANA'S ELECTION IN '80. How It Was Done, as Given by a Republican Officeholder - Story of the Black Walnut Bureau in a Little Back Room

in the Hotel. NEW YORK, August 10. - The Sun contains the following inside account of the Indiana election in 1880. A long article in the World, of a somewhat similar tone, would indicate that the statement might be the work of Emigration Commissioner Stephenson, a banker who was identified

missioner Stephenson, a banker who was identified with Dorsey in that campaign:

"I was a Republican officeholder at the East in 1880. A fortnight before the October election in Indiana I received an urgent request or command to go to Indianapolis. The summons was in writing. It was signed by Dorsey. I took this letter to my official superior, and was told by him to go. During the canvass I was daily in contact with Dorsey and the other Republican managers at their headquarters in the New-Denison House. Dorsey was everything in that campaign. He Dorsey and the other Republican managers at their headquarters in the New-Denison House. Dorsey was everything in that campaign. He thought of everything, cared for everything, supervised everything. Was observed by everybody. Dudley and New were on the ground, but their work relatively amounted to little, although they have been superbly rewarded for the work that they did. The one trusted lieutenant of Dorsey was George C. Gorham. He was cool-headed and efficient. Swaim was also there during almost all of my stay as the personal representative of Garfield. He was coustantly at headquarters. My pa ticular and immediate functions were the organization and the control of the parties of strikers, repeaters and roughs brought to Indianapolis from the East and distributed to different points in the State. The chief dependence was put on greenbacks, not on colonists and repeaters. In the Garfield year, I think not more than 150 outsiders were sent to Indiana from the East. These imported Republicans were letter carriers, petty office-holders and ward workers. Their duties were to intimidate Democratic voters to brawl, create disturbances, and knock men down, if necessary; to personate Democratic voters and to repeat of intimidate Democratic voters and to repeat whenever possible. On Wednesday evening, October 6, about dark, Senator Don Cameron arrived, and was immediately shown to headquarters. He found Dorsey confined to his bed. Cameron's hand-bag contained \$60,000, contributed by the manufacturers of Pittsburg and other capitalists in Pennsylvania. By 10 o'clock the fact had leaked out, and the workers were jubilant. The money used in the canvass was kept in the three drawers of a black walnut bureau in a little back room in the hotel. The use to which this room was put was known only to Dorsey and two or three of his most trusted aids. Gorham had the entry to the room. Its constant and sole occupant was a gentleman apparently about 65 years old, nearly siy, feet tall, of this man. I never asked. This man was the orsey was everything in that campaign. He hought of everything, cared for everything,

DRIVING A COW FROM CALIFORNIA The Journey on Which a Webster Man

Started in June of Last Year. The friends of W. W. Johnson of Webster Mass., hope to welcome him home next October from an extraordinary journey. Mr. October from an extraordinary journey. Mr. Johnson went to California three years ago, but becoming dissatisfied with his surroundings decided to return. He owned a beautiful young Jersey cow, which he intended to sell before his departure, but the man who was to buy her having tried to cheat him, he determined, in his exasperation, to drive her home to Massachusetts. He started on June 1, 1882, with a horse and wagon and the cow, which is shod to protect her feet. At Ogden he had to stop for some important papers, but they were delayed so long that he decided to go into winter quarters there. On the 14th of last May he started again, and on August 2 he arrived in Des Molnes. He is in excellent health and spirits, and the cow is in perfect condition, but the horse is a little the worse for wear.

Fastest Time Up Mount Washington. GLEN HOUSE, N. H., August 13 .- The quickest time on record up the Mount Washington carriage road was made last week by a special six-horse road was made last week by a special six-horse team from the Gien House containing as passengers Captain Jacob Vanderbilt and Mr. W. Turnbull of New York. The time made was one hour seventeen minutes, the best previous record being one hour twenty-nine minutes. The first four miles of the way, though much the hardest, were made in thirty-live minutes.

Decision in a \$2,000,000 Lawsuit of Twan ty-five Years' Standing. MILWAUKEE, August 10 .- The famous case of William Barnes as trustee against the Chicago. Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company was de-

cided in the United States Circuit Court today The action was brought to recover on bonds issued by the defunct Lacrosse company, and in its various phases the case has been litigated for the past quarter of a century. Judge Tyler, in delivering his opinion, decided that the bondboiders, in whose name the suit was brought, exchanged their bonds for stock in the Milwaukee & Minnesota Railroad Company, and therefore have no claim on the St. Paul company. An appeal will undoubtedly be taken to the United States Supreme Court, as the count involves over \$2,000,000. The case is the biggest ever tried in the State.

BLACK SEA PIRATES.I A Huge System of Fraud on English Un-

derwriters.

LONDON, August 13.—Advices from Odessa, via St. Petersburg, bring the details of a formidable system of fraud which has just been brought to ght in connection with the shipping trade. The Straits of Kertch, or Yenikale, are one of

the most dangerous passages of the Black sea, and of late years the number of vessels wrecked on the adjoining coast has reached an extraordinary aggregate. The English insurance companies have paid indemnities amounting to many millions

have paid indemnities amounting to many millions of rubles.

Attention has, however, been drawn to the fact that a great many of these disasters occurred in calm weather, and other suspicious circumstances were noticed, such as the fortunes rapidly made by some of the pilots.

Information was sent to London that an individual named Francesco, a former pilot, of Italian origin, was the head of a band of pirates of various nations—English, Italians, Greeks and Russians—who made their living by the disasters on the coast. They were in collusion with the pilots and charged huge sums for assisting the vessels which the pilots uffered to go ashore.

In less than two years fifty vessels were stranded and had recourse to the assistance of these pirate salvors.

these pirate salvors.

An English marine insurance company, on learning these facts, sent one of its agents to Odessa to lay the matter before the authorities. A preliminary inquiry has fully confirmed the suspicions of the public, and it is said that some government officials are compromised in the matter.

FATE EUCHRED BY A REPORTER. Unfortunate Separation and Happy Reunion

of Two Old Country Lovers. NEW YORK, August 13 .- In the spring of 1881, Miss Annie Rich and Ernest Rathzeb came over from Havre in the steamer Labraportation direct to Plattsburg, N. Y., where she had friends. On the way over the two became acquainted, fell in love, and when they reached New York they were engaged to be married. Mr. Rathzeb was a silk dyer, and came over to work in Weldmann's dye works in Paterson. The lovers arranged that as soon as he got a little start he would go to Plattsburg and marry Miss Rich, and then they would return to Paterson to live. Through some mistake Miss Rich was sent to Plattsburg, Mo., so that her lover's letters never reached her, while she wrote to Patterson, N. Y., and Mr. Rathzeb never received her missives. Miss Rich, after a while heard of employment in Alda, Hall county, Neb., and went there to live.

Meantime Mr. Rathzeb was getting along well in Paterson. He made every effort possible to find his lost sweetheart, but in vain. One night he happened to relate the circumstances to Mr. Charles Schnetter, a reporter on the Paterson Volksfreund, and Mr. Schnetter volunteered to hunt up the girl. He wrote to all the Plattsburgs in the country, and finally found a clew, which was followed up, until Miss Rich was at last discovered in Nebraska. She had remained true to her first love all this time, and as soon as she heard that her affianced was in Paterson, N. J., she started at once, and arrived in that city early last week. She is now at Uirich's Hotel, and her wedding dress is nearly finished.

A DISCUSTED REPUBLICAN.

Democrats' Nomination for the Senate. RICHMOND, August 12.-General William C. Wickham, member of the straightout Republican State Committee and vice-president of the Chesa-peake & Ohio railway, today writes a letter accepting the nomination to the State Senate tendered him by the Democrats of the counties of Hanover him by the Democrats of the counties of Hanover and Caroline. General Wickham has been looked up to as one of the best and most thoroughly consistent Republicans in the South. General Wickham, in his letter accepting the Democratic nomination, said: "I am a born son of Virginia, and whenever her interests are assailed, come assailant in what garb or under what name he may, I will stand shoulder to shoulder with her true sons, without regard to political bias or opinions, and resist with all the power I possess all measures, all men, all parties, that attack her welfare. I regard the party calling itself Coaher was a standard to the said of the sa

sess all measures, all men, all parties, that attack her welfare. I regard the party calling itself Coalition or Coalition-Readjuster party, led by men seeking, as I think, only to advance their own personal ends, as baleful to the best interests of the State, false in its pretensions, corrupt in its practices and hostile to every honest principle of government. Holding these opinions of this party, I am in full accordance with the Democratic party of this State in its efforts to defeat it. Most cordially will I shake hands with them to the end that Virginia may be redeemed from misrule, and most earnestly do I call upon Republicans of the district to aid me in the effort." The district is Democratic by a few hundred majority.

A LEGAL SCOUNDREL.

A Pennsylvania Lawyer Steals \$30,000 and Elopes with a Young Lady.

WILLIAMSPORT, Penn., August 12.-Consider able excitement exists here over the flight of James O. Parker, senior member of the law firm of Parker & Bentley, after embezzling a large sum of money collected by the firm. Mr. Bentley says ne fears the extent of Parker's embezzlement will reach \$30,000. His collections had been going on for some time, and it is thought that he had got together over \$20,000, which he carried away with him. One of the worst features of the case is that Parker induced a young girl of this city, the daughter of highly respectable parents, to eiope with him. She is scarcely out of her teens. The supposition is that they started for Europe tegether. Parker married in 1864 a highly-accomplished lady of this city, whom with his 12-year-old daughter he abandoned.

RIDING FOR VENCEANCE.

Details of General Morgan's Death Given

by Colonel John B. Brownlow. WASHINGTON, August 13.-Colonel John Bell Brownlow, son of the parson, denies the recently published statements that General Morgan was, after his capture, driven through the streets of Greenville, Ky., on borseback, and brutally and deliberately shot by a ruffian named Campbell deliberately shot by a ruffian named Campbell. He says that Campbell is alive and not a ruffian; that the woman who "betrayed" Morgan is not a "beggar for bread," but a clerk in a department here; that there could have been no "betrayal," as she risked her own life throughout the whole of the eighteen miles of a desperate ride to avenge the husband whom Morgan had murdered, and that Morgan himself was killed in a woman's yard while in the act of escaping, and was in no sense deliberately shot.

BURNING OF A SUMMER HOTEL Devon Inn. Near Philadelphia, Destroyed

-Heavy Losses of the Guests. PHILADELPHIA, August 13 .- A fire broke out in the wing of Devon Inn, a station on the Pennsylvania railroad, this morning, and the flames spread rapidly, threatening destruction to the entire building. Efforts were made to save the and baggage of the guests, but only a small portion escaped destruction. The flames communicated to a new wing of the hotel about noon, and it was soon a mass of ruins. The fire is still burning. The cost of the building and its surroundings was over \$500,000.

LESSON FOR QUARRELLING HEIRS. The Amasa Stone Estate Settled in Three Days and Every One Satisfied.

CLEVELAND, August 13 .- The Amasa Stone estate, amounting to several millions, has been settled within three weeks after it came into the possession of the executors, Mr. John Hay and Mr. S. muel Mather. All disputes were settled by concessions, and technicalities were ignored, even where they involved hundreds of thousands. In one case \$1,200,000 and bequests which Mr. Stone was known to have intended to make, but which were not in the will, were paid out at once and in cash.

Travelling 3000 Miles in a Carriage. LOWELL, Mass., August 13 .- Rev.; William Cole Baptist clergyman of this city, started from a Baptist clergyman of this city, started from Lowell fourteen months ago with his horse and buggy, and has just returned from a point some distance beyond Minneapolis, Minn., having covered the whole distance in his carriage. Both the horse and carriage returned in good condition after their journey of about 3000 miles, the driver having made the trip by easy stages. Mr. Cole is much interested in the subject of education, and during the progress of his journey visited over 400 schools, being everywhere cordially welcomed.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it.

. NOAH'S ARK.

The Discovery of the Ancient Vessel on Mount Ararat.

It is Recognized by Turkish Commissioners on the Spot.

An Alert American Negotiating for Its Removal to This Country.

A cable despatch from Constantinople an-nounces the discovery of Noah's Ark. A very recognizable end of it, painted brown, and with the edges somewhat worn down from 4000 years. wear and tear, has been seen sticking out of the end of a glacier in Mount Ararat. Mount Ararat lies in 39 north latitude, is 17,323 feet above the sea level and 14,320 feet above its base. For more than 3000 feet below its summit it is

constantly covered with snow and ice, and is pre-sumably inhabited by glaciers. The report of the Turkish commissioners who made the discovery is not as explicit as it might be on so interesting an occasion, but the ancient vessel had evidently got some way down the mountain before it was seen. Something has been, written about the rate of speed at which glaciers move, but there will now be a new light thrown coming a mile or two, all undisturbed in its peaceful descent by the occasional eruptions which have

descent by the occasional eruptions which have made things lively around it. It is somewhat to be regretted that the felicity of the discovery should have been reserved for the followers of Mahomet. Several good Christians have wandered up and down the perilous slope several times in vain. Parrot, who went up in 1829, may have walked over the identical glacter where it lay buried without dreaming of its proximity. It appears by their report that these Turkish commissioners had been appointed to investigate into the causes of avalanches on Mount Ararat. Either this commission was a peculiarly consciencious one or else Turkish commissions are inherently different from those of countries nearer home, for instead of skulking around in the neighboring country and getting a comprehence. cous one or else furkish commissions are innerently different from those of countries nearer
home, for instead of skulking around in the neighboring country and getting a comprehensive view of the avalanches through telescopes they actually went up the side of
the mountain to make a cursory survey
of the premises. And while they were dodging
about to keep out of the way of the avalanches
they ran across the end of a gigantic structure of
wood protruding from a mass of ice. They go on
to state that after they ran across it they made
inquiries of neighboring inhabitants, who said that
the phenomenon had been present for half a dozen
years, but that no one had dared to approach it
because of the peculiarly terrifying appearance of
a spectre which occasionally appeared at the upper window of the machine. Then it seems that
the first "running across" must have been more
figurative than literal, since the report goes on to
set forth that it was a work of enormous difficulty
to reach the ancient craft, and that the feat was
accomplished only after incredible hardships. At any rate the Turkish commissioners got there and went in at the front
door. They found the old boat in an excellent
state of preservation. The interior was divided
into partitions fifteen feet high. But there were
only three of these accessible, the others being
full of ice. The next step was the "recognition"
of the wood of the ark as the ancient gopher wood
of Scribure. Then the "recognition" was declared
complete, and the commissioners went home and
reported the ark.

As soon as the matter got abroad an American was on the spot. His name is not given,
but he is probably in the show business. Arrangements have at any rate been enteredinto with the pasha for the transfer of the
ark to this country. He had better bring glacler
and all along, for the wood must be pretty aged
now, and the old thing might come to pieces on
his hands and refuse to go together again. If the
ark is brought to Boston and put up on the Colliseum grounds

THE ARK INSURED.

Result of a Search Among Musty Insurance

Papers. A New York Times reporter, after considerable search, discovered, he says, the following in the "inspection minutes" of a Gotham insurance com-

THE ARK.—Built by Noah; owned by Noah & Sons; tonnage, 42,413.95; length over all, 525 feet; breadth of beam, 87 feet 6 inches; depth of hold, 52 feet 6 inches; built of gopher wood; bow ports and trenal ed throughout; used as passenger and cattle transport; rated A1.

"Can you inform me what the ark was insured for?" asked the reporter.

"I should not feel at liberty to make that matter public without consulting the proprietors," replied the official. "Was the menagerie insured separately?" the

reporter inquired.
"Our company does not insure live stock, and therefore I cannot answer that they were," said the official.

therefore I cannot answer that they were," said the official.

"Can you tell me whether Noah's life was insured?" pursued the questioner.
"I cannot give you information from my own knowledge," replied the official, "as the matter occurred so many years back that I can scarcely recollect it. I have heard, however, that it was. The story is that he was insured with the Lamech Mutual, and you will remember that he lived to be 950 years old. In his 948th year he happened to figure up the amount of the premiums he had paid on his policies, and found that the sum amounted to about four times as much as the value of the policy itself. So he let it lapse."

"Is it a fact that Japhet made a kick about the matter after his father's death?" asked the reporter.

matter after his father's death?" asked the reporter.
"I don't know," the official said.
"Was it Ham?" inquired the reporter.
"I don't know," replied the official.
"Wasn't it Shem?" queried again the reporter.
"I don't know," repeated the official.
"Well, who was it?" persisted the reporter.
"I don't know," again the official replied; and, as he at that moment reached for a revolver in the back part of a drawer, the reporter came away, sadly but not slowly.

TURNER'S OKLAHAMA MISSION.

The Colored Residents Inclined to Follow His Lead Instead of Payne's. ST. LOUIS, August 13 .- Rev. J. W. Dyson of A. M. E. Church, a missionary to the Indian Territory, says that Hon. J. Milton Turner's Oklahama movement is creating a stir among the colored residents, who seem to follow his lead instead of Payne's. His idea is to go into Oklahama lands, and he has purchased wagons and other necessaries for carrying out his plan. The negroes are discontented because they have no vote, and the land they live upon belongs to Indians. On the whole dissatisfaction exists which will probably result in the United States government taking action in their behalf.

A Series of War Stories BEGINS THIS WEEK.

THE INITIAL STORY IS ENTITLED.

LUKE LEIGHTON;

Loyal Hearts at the South.

The Story of a Scout in the Creat Rebellion.

And is written by Mr. Ernest A. Young, whose "Donald Dyke" series has been the great success of the year.

"Luke Leighton" graphically pictures the scenes imand about Washington when the North and the South-were arraying themselves for the Great Struggle. Its incidents are most thrilling, and nearly every

home has a member ready to vouch from his experience to the fidelity of their narration.

Grand Army mea Old soldiers, the Wives, Sons ando Daughters of Soldiers, all the Ladies and Young People, Everybody Everywhere, will be interested in this Matchless Story. Subscribe At Once, in order to Secure Every

THE WEEKLY GLOBE,

AROUND TY 'ARM

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD

Of all soils to be cultivated, or to be restored, hone are preferable to the light, sandy soils.

By their porousness, free access is given to the powerful effects of air; they are naturally in that state to which draining and subsoil ploughing are reducing the stiffer lands of England. Manure may as well be thrown into water as land under-laid by water; drain this, and no matter if the vert it into fertile arable land.

The thin covering of mould, scarcely an inch in

thickness, the product of a century, may be imitated and produced in a short time by studying the laws of its formation. It is a well-recognized fact that next to temperature the water supply is the most important factor in the product of a crop.
Poor soils give good crops in seasons of plentiful Poor soils give good crops in seasons of plentiful and well-distributed rains, or when skilfully irrigated, but insufficient moisture in a soil is an evil that no supplies of plant food can neutralize. Sandy soils are rich in mineral constituents, and fail to give good crops in time of drought only, on account of their inability to retain moisture; this supplied, they yield good crops, and the soil can be made to retain moisture by applying peat, clay or the growing of clover.

It will pay well to apply clay to a sandy soil, while the application of sand to a soil composed

while the application of sana to a soil composed

of clay is not profitable.

Peat or clay enables the soil to retain moisture in times of drought, and clover, by its deep-spreading roots, brings up moisture from the subsoil. Peat contains 2 per cent, of nitrogen, or the same quantity as barn manure; but, as it is dug out, its nitrogen is locked up in insoluble combinations, and, applied to land in this condition, brings in sorrel and coarse grasses, composting it with an alkali. Soda ash at the present time is the cheapthe nitrogen, renders it soluble and fits it for food nitrogen; and, as the peat decomposes in the soil. It gives off carbonic acid, a powerful solvent of the soil. A cord of peat, as dug, weighs about 9000 pounds, and, well dried, will lose three-

quarters of its bulk.

To this quantity add 100 bounds of soda ash, well mixed through it in powder or solution, depending upon whether the peat is wet as dug or dried, and leave it in a heap to ferment. The heap will need to be larger in cold than in warm weather to accomplish this, but in no case should it be over six feet high, as the pressure will check the fer-mentation; after it has fermented turn it over once, and it is then ready for use, and in all respects equal to barn manure. If the land is in condition to bear clover it is easily brought to a state to produce any crop, and if not in such condition, it can readily be made so at a trifling cost for fertilization. A crop of three tons of clover contains the following constituents: 117 pounds potash, 5.4 pounds soda, 55.2 pounds magnesia, 153.6 pounds lime, 44.8 pounds phosphoric acid, 13.6 pounds sulphuric acid, 12.6 pounds chlorine, 12.6 pounds sulphur, 127.8 pounds nitro-gen. Soils are not exhausted when it is seen the power a suitable crop has to liberate and convert the insoluble substances existing in the soil and store them in the plant for future use. The clover should be cut for fodder the first year; the second year cut the first crop for fodder, then allow it to grow again and go to seed, which save for future use, and there is left in the soil to the depth of ten (10) inches 6580 pounds of clover roots, which contain 77 pounds potash, 19 pounds soda, 46 pounds magnesia, 246 pounds lime, 71 pounds phosphoric acid, 24 pounds sulphuric acid, 180 pounds nitrogen, available for a crop which, when ploughed, leaves the land clean, light, retentive of moisture, and easily tilled with available constituents in the clover roots, and soil enough to produce any crop profitably, and the necessity of purchasing fertilizers and applying them is saved. The farm is made, as it should, be self-supporting, but it can only be done so by a judicious rotation of crops. If this is not resorted to fertilizers which are much more costly must be supplied.

The constituents in clover roots above amount

in value at prices commercial fertilizers are estimated at to \$35 17 for the nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash alone, saying nothing of the other constituents, which are equally as important for the growth of crops. A. H. W.

Nitrogen and Phosphoric Acid.

I regret that I am misunderstood by your correspondent "N." What was intended by the writer, was to say that the application of sixty-four pounds of nitrogen combined with 224 pounds of sulphuric acid would cost the farmer \$12 to \$15, as the price of sulphures is from five to six cents a pound, and this much nitrogen would represent about 250 pounds of the salts. As "N." advises the use of nitrogen on the land treated with bone ash, I will say that for years on experimental spots it has been used in the form of nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, nitrate of ammonia and chloride of ammonia, and always with unsatisfactory results—so much so that I never expect to spend one cent for nitrogen again, even as an experiment. The subject has been exhausted; the auter folly of paying twenty-five cents a pound for nitrogen has been fully proved, and the fine crops of wheat and grass just harvested in our county from the use of fertilizers without nitrogen are convincing thousands of the same fact. The largest crops I hear of, and the best-looking I have seen this season, were where an unammoniated fertilizer was used. I have jest secured the hay from one field, on which a soluble phosphate and kainit was sowed in March, and all agree that the application at least doubted the crop; indeed, to judge from the strip where nothing was used. I hardly think it would have been worth mowing; and from the spot where kainit alone was used. I think the main work was done by the kainit, which affords five important elements to plant life, but no nitrogen. "N." refers to the importance of soluble phosphate of lime or available phosphoric acid—a term often used by the manufacturers of this article—which he an only be made by the use of sulphurle acid. This is an error. To avoid the danger of too much sulphur I have substituted muriafic acid in dissolving bones. This acid will (like sulphurle) extract from the bone the two atoms of lime necessary to make the super-phosphate; but unlike the sulphurle—which presents a mass of insoluble Editors Country Gentlemen: I regret that I am misunderstood by your corre-

without some crushing machinery—both salts remain perfectly soluble as superphosphate of lime and muriatic of lime, or, properly speaking, chloride of calcium. With this mixture there is no trouble to mix with dry earth as a dryer, and use broadcast or with a drill. I have seen fine results from such a mixture, and in-preparing it use a tight barrel or cask into which the horse heads, bones, etc., are placed, and the acid, mixed with about half its bulk of water, poured over them. In a few hours you will have a barrel of liquid phosphoric acid and a solution of the chloride—the latter having such a strong attraction for water as to renuer it impossible to keep it in any condition outside of a tight bottle. I have used this mixture with a watering-can to sprinkle over the dry earth in mixing. Muriatle acid is more expensive than subunire, but plaster was of no use to my land (indicating that sulphur was not wanted), and the use of muriatle acid supplied chlorine the same as salt does, and the superphosphate made with it acted well. "Soluble or available phosphoric acid is only taken up in this form, and I presume is the ground upon which agricultural stations place the value of sixteen cents a pound on it. This is only taken up in this form, and I presume is the ground upon which agricultural stations place the value of sixteen cents a pound on it. This is another error; no such competind exists in nature. When superphosphate is spread on the land it returns to its original condition of a tribasic phosphate of lime or bothe—just the condition in which it was presented to plant life when the disintegration of primary rocks paved the way for organic life by forming a soil with all the fixed ele-SUCH A HARD CONDITION AS TO RENDER IT phage of mine of bone-last life when the disintegration of primary rocks paved the way for organic life by forming a soil with all the fixed elements necessary or the purpose. Nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen and oxygen are the movable ones, and let the soil get into a condition to secure the full benefit of the falling rains, dews and circulating heat and air, and all will move in harmony. The advantage of a superphosphate is simply to secure the precipitated bone when applied to the land in a fine condition, so as to present a broad field for the roots to find it and secure the phosphorus. If this fine condition can be secured it will be time to inquire whether phosphoric acid is worth sixteen cents a pound when it can be purchased in the form of a dust, said to be as fine as when precipitated from a superphosphate, and entirely free of brimstone and its combinations, which all commercial superphosphates have. For the first time I am now experimenting with some of this dust on my corn and and its combinations, which air commercial superphospitates have. For the first time I am now experimenting with some of this dust on my corn and grass, and may be able to determine its action, having rented a few acres of the poorest land I could find—never having seen anything worth speaking about growing on it. The corn will be followed by wheat and grass, and not one pound of nitrogen or soluble phosphoric acid will be used. In conclusion, it may interest some of your readers to know the origin of what is known as a commercial superphosphate, and latterly as available phosphoric acid. Some years ago, when bone was found to be a valuable fertilizer, it was found very expensive and troublesome to reduce to a condition to spread on land, and to secure a general distinction of it required many bushels of the coarse pround bone to the acre—far more than was necessary; and to save this waste and expense of grindler the great Liebig suggested.

THE USE OF SULPHURIC ACID AS AN AGENT to decompose the bone by extracting a portion of the line, thereby forming artificial plaster and superphosphate of line, which would return to

its original condition when spread on the land, and present the bone in a remarkably fine state of division. This suggestion proved a grand success, out of which has grown the enormous business of manufacturing superphosphate in this and other countries. This was before the discovery of guano and other phosphates are manufactured. These phosphates are manufactured in the superphosphates are manufactured in the phosphates, having more of a mineral nature (hence free of nitrogen), it was considered important to introduce nitrogen in some form in imitation of Peruvian guano, the virtue of which was attributed to the 15 per cent. of ammobia found in it. To develop mmonia a resort to the slaughter-houses followed to secure anything that upon the ordinary process of organic analysis would develon nitrogen—which, being placed at twenty-five cents a pound, would give a value to it, whether it was worth a cent a ton to the farmer or not. This animal matter gave an awful odor to it, and many farmers judged its quality by the smell. This folly has long ago had its day, and no longer in our county is the old condition of affairs seen or smelt at seeding time. No escape of foul animal matter meets the traveller, and one can travel on the steambout loaded with fertilizers without the slightest inconvenience from escaping ammonia or suphuretted hydrogen, etc. In the formation of vegetable or animal matter, nitrogen files but a small space compared with other elements. Let the care be the securing of nitrogen by having a suitable soil for the purpose. It can be done; and I know it, and many of my neighbors (some of them as good farmers as can be found in the country), instead of naying \$30 to \$40 a ton for fertilizers, are securing better results at half these prices.—[A. P. S., Rock Hall, Md., in Country Gentleman.

The grass on lawns that are cut close and often should have frequent top-dressings of some stimulating manures, in order to keep them in good condition and of a rich green color. If the blades of grass are kept cut short, they cannot assimilate as much sap as those that are left long or to grow to full size; hence the roots as well as the leaves are res'ricted in growth, and cannot spread as far through the soil in search of nutriment. In preparing the land for a lawn, some persons go to a great expense in making the soil very rich and deep, expecting by doing this to avoid all expenses for future applications of fertilizers, and while every one will admit that thorough preparation is essential to success, still, where the grass is kept cut short, as on a well-shaded lawn, the roots do not penetrate to any considerable depth, and therefore do not reach fertilizers buried very deep, and all such materials are therefore wasted. Depth of soil and pleuty of enriching materials may be essential in preparing for a good lawn; but in a few years frequent top dressings, with some stimulating fertilizers, will be required to keep the grass in good condition. Top-dressings in late fall may be made with well-decomposed barn-yard manure, but, unless it is very fine, there will be much of it to be raked off in the spring, or the lawn will not have a clean and bright look. It is quite often the case that lawns have a dull brown appearance during the months of July and August, which is the very season that one desires to have them look best, and if the weather is dry at this time, there is no way of restoring the grass to its normal color except by the application of water, which is seldom to be obtained at this season in sufficient quantities to do much good. But the better way to keep lawns in good condition is to apply top-dressings occasionally during the summer, whenever the weather is favorable. Almost any of the standard commercial fertilizers are excellent for this purpose, and of the requisite quantity is obtained early in the season, so as to have it on hand when wanted, it can be applied just before or after ulating manures, in order to keep them in good condition and of a rich green color. If the blades IT IS BETTER TO APPLY A SMALL QUANTITY,

IT IS BETTER TO APPLY A SMALL QUANTITY, or just as much as will be dissolved and carried down to the roots than more. A few weeks later, or when another shower comes, put on a little more if the first application does not suffice to give the grass a vigorous start or growth. An application of plaster will sometimes prove very beneficial in a dry season, and even a light dressing of common salt will sometimes produce a great change for the better in a fading lawn. Meadows may also be greatly benefited after haying, but any kind of coarse manure is not suitable, because it is likely to smother young plants coming from seed, especially clover, for it takes but a very slight covering to destroy young clover; lants during warm weather. If stable manure is used it should be very old and fine, and then spread very evenly over the surface. But bonedust, ashes, guano and similar fertilizers are prererable for applying to meadows during summer or early autumn. But it is seldom that a top-dressing of some kind will not pay the farmer well for the expense incurred, and if the grass does not get a good start in the fall, it will usually come on slowly and poorly the following season. It is to be regretted that so few of our farmers ever think of top-dressing their meadows soon after having, but the more common practice is to on slowly and poorly the following season. It is to be regretted that so few of our farmers ever think of top-dressing their meadows soon after haying, but the more common practice is to turn in the cattle and let them eat down the stubble still closer, and take every blade of the new growth as soon as it appears. In wet seasons blue grass and redtop may withstand such treatment for a season or two, but it is death to timothy, orchard grass and similar coarse-growing species. Meadows should not be fall pastured, at least not until a vigorous second growth of grass has appeared, and then not enough to lay the crowns of the plants bare by the approach of cold weather. If n-eadows are pastured late it should be followed with a liberal top-dressing of stable manure, to act not only as a fertilizer, but as a protection to the crowns of the plants in winter. Hay and pasture are the foundation of our agricultural wealth, but it is only in the thickly-settled dairy regions that the meadows and pastures are given anything like fair treatment, and even in these no expense is incurred beyond what is thought actually necessary to produce a good crop of bey and a fair growth of grass for neaturing thought actually necessary to produce a good crop of hay and a fair growth of grass for pasturing

Since the discovery of America corn has been raised in all sections and under all circumstances. Two and a half centuries have proved it to be the most valuable of cereals. It has been cultivated in every conceivable manner, and improved in almost every possible way, and yet there is still room for improvement. But few who produce it make it a paying crop. Where labor is cheap, land productive and the markets good for corn or the stock that eat it, it is profitable, provided it is economically handled. Forty bushels per acre at fifty cents does hot generally pay for raising the grain alone, when the taxes and interest on the land are counted. From my own experiments with corn I think the field for its improvement is as yet only entered, and that by but few. Experiments have proved beyond a doubt, in almost every State, that it has by no means reached its falliest capacity. There are fill many ways to make the crop more prolifie, of better quality and better suited to soils and climates. When corn is raised for the grain alone, without reference to the stover, but few realize more than 20 per cent. They spend at least 80 per cent, of their labor and money in raising the stalks on which it grows, therefore making it a losing business. Experiments in Illinois show an average of forty bushels to the aere at a cost of twenty-seven cents; in Indiana forty-eight and in Ohio forty-five bushels, at thirty-inie cents. Extra labor in the preparation of the soil, the use of fertifizers and selection of seed has often and in many sections doubled these averages at a proportionately less cost. The utmost capacity of corn has been exhibited, perhaps, by a few experimenters in different sections. The largest yield of shelled corn on record, produced on a measured acre, was made by S. Cox near Seima, Ala. His whole crop, both of stalks and grain, when cured, weighed a little over seventeen tons, 5% tons, or 206 bushels, of which were shelled corn. Dr. J. W. Parker of Columbia, S. C., produced 200 bushels and twelve quarts from a measured acre. The stalks and fodder when cured weighed a leaf of ten acres. Hundreds of instan Two and a half centuries have proved it to be the most valuable of cereais. It has been cultivated

of instances are on record of like yields.

WHEN WE COMPARE WHAT HAS BEEN DONE with corn by way of experiments, and what is being done in general culture, the discrepancy is so great that it seems the farmers might benefit themselves immensely by giving a little more attention to their seed. Good seed is a much more important factor in successful and profitable corn raising than we are willing to admit. So important have repeated experiments proved it to be, that as high as twenty bushels more per acre have been raised on the same field under the same treatment from seed that had been carefully bred up, than from seed of the same corn taken from the bin. For an example: Ten acres of fine corn ground were prepared, five of which were planted with seed selected from the eorn in the pile, and the other five with seed of the same corn that had been cerefully raised, bred and selected in the field. The first made 262 bushels; the last five acres, 378 bushels. The selection and breeding of seed of any kind is as necessary to success as selecting and breeding live stock. When pure and genuine, it will in all cases do better and yield more. Farmers must select their own seed every year. They say they do. How? "Why, we take the best ears we can find, braid up by the husk, and hang them safely away from rats and moisture." Such saving is well enough, but it don't amount to much. Every ear so selected is more or less affected with the pollen of barren stalks and stalks that are a base and detriment to any crop. Good, genuine seed, as has been proved by a few, will always pay the farmer many times the labor be has taken to make it so. Every ear designed for seed must be protected from the Influence of all foreign varieties, and especially from its own injurious productions. There are but few farmers who have failed to notice the large number of poor and earless stalks in the crop, but few can give any reason. They have often seen a good stalk and a poor one in the same hill—one with perhaps two good ears, the other with no WHEN WE COMPARE WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

The following article needs no commendation from us, further than to say that it is from the pen of Professor Arnold, and contributed to the New York Tribune: The enormous amounts of spent grains which come from the breweries of this country are all consumed by domestic animals in the neighborhood of the breweries, and by far the

larger part of it by mich cows. The volume of milk which a cow will give depends very largely on the amount of flesh-producing food she can digest, and brewers' grains, which abound in flesh-forming matter, easy of digestion by reason of the treatment it receives, responds forefoly to this rule. There are but few foods which will stimulate a large flow of milk equal to brewers' grains, but there is no butter in it. When used as an exclusive diet, the milk of cows consuming it soon ceases to produce any butter. When used as a partial feed, the butter product will be gauged by the other food used with the grains. As the grains increase the weight of milk, and decrease its value for butter production, it is very unfair for patrons of a creamery to feed grains to their cows unless all the patrons do the same. It is an artful way of watering milk—the milk being watered before it comes from the cow, instead of afterward. So far as butter making is concerned both modes of watering produce exactly the same results, and if not the legal, the moral is the same in either case. It means something for nothing; or, to phrase it a little more exactly, it means money for water. By far the larger part of the brewers' refuse goes to feed the cows which supply with so-called milk the city or village in which the brewing is done. The people who purchase the niffs expect it will be watered "all it will bear," and it is a matter of little account to them whether the watering is done before or after milking. Cows supplying milk to a creamery should have no sour or fermented food. What Professor Arnoid says of brewers' waste applies to distillers' and starch-makers' refuse.

The larger part of the composition of the animal body is water; flesh contains 75 and the blood 80 per cent. thereof. This is constantly changing. In the skin are millions of pores through which it In the skin are millions of pores through which it passes in form of perspiration, either perceptible or imperceptible. Every expiration of breath is loaded with it, and that which passes off must be replaced. This is done by the food and drink received into the system. It has been conclusively proved by experiment that drink is not a necessity to 1 fe if the food contains enough moisture to replace in the system that which passes off. It is said that some animals, as mice qualis, parrots, to I fe if the food contains enough moisture to replace in the system that which passes off. It is said that some animals, as mice, qualis, parrots, etc., do not drink at all; but while there may be exceptions, it is none the less true that with a great majority of animals, is cluding man, drink is necessary to their well-being. This connection between vitality and moisture led the ancients to suppose that water was the parent of everything possessed of life. It is true that water is essential to the performance of all the vital processes, and is more necessary to our existence than solid food, helding an intermediate rank between that and air. The quality of the water used for drink has much to do with health. This is now so universally conceded that, so far as man is concerned, it has attracted the attention of the medical fraternity generally, who well know that it is use ess to endeavor to eliminate poisonous causes of disease while at the same time they are being taken into the system by drink. What is true of man is also true of the lower animals. Their vital organization is, to a great d gree, the same. True it is that a horse or an ox under certain circumstances will withstand greater abuse than a man in the treatment of vital organs, but neither can drink impure water without being more or less injured thereby. Nature endeavors to throw off many impurities that are put in the system, and to a great extent succeeds, but it is at the expense of vital force every time; and as water is the vehicle in which impurities are mostly eliminated, it will readily be seen that it should be as free as possible from them at first. Now, all these facts are or should be well known to everybody, and it is astonishing how little attention is paid to them. For ourselves we take as little trouble to obtain pure water as we can, and as for our eattle and horses the question is seldom raised.

If THERE IS ANY WATER IN A PASTURE

raised.

IF THERE IS ANY WATER IN A PASTURE that stock will drink, that is thought to be sufficient; its quality is scarcely thought of. Most wells from which water is to be obtained for watering stock are dug either in or in close proximity to the barnyards, and to which the drainage of the surface has ready access, and that which reaches them subterraneously passes through soll filled with impurities, of which it partakes on its way. Some think they avoid the trouble if the wells are a few feet away, forgetting that a well often drains the earth about it to the distance of half a mile. The injurious effects of impure water are greater than are generally supposed. Because they are not at once apparent they are none the less dangerous. A horse may be fed small quantities of arsenic every day or two with seeming benefit. His coat will grow sleek and shiny, and in no way for a while will injury be perceived. But the poison is working all the time. Nature is striving to throw it off, but when vital force is obliged to labor in this way it is less powerful in its legitimate work. Poison taken in impure water is just as injurious as when taken in any other way. There is, unfortunately, but very little pure water used by man or beast. Our spring and well waters are, to a greater or less degree, contaminated by mineral and other matters. The nearest pure is that which falls from the clouds, and this, at the beginning of a rainfall, is heavily charged with the gaseous matters through which it falls. For both house and stable, large cisterns should be provided into which no water can drain from earth or surface, and they should, especially those for the house, be provided with filtering apparatus attached. The cost will not be great, and it will be repaid many times over. If there is any difference made in water given to various kinds of stock, it is obvious that milet cows should have the greater care, for it is well known that the milk is more or less affected by the food and drink of the animal, and when us, d it mus IF THERE IS ANY WATER IN A PASTURE

Next to underdraining there is nothing that so much improves clay soil as vegetable material or humus, changing its mechanical character from that of a heavy, compact condition, to a light, mellow and porous texture, enabling the soil readily to discharge its surplus water so as to favor earlier working in the spring or after a rain in summer; this the more if deep culture be given, and more still if subsoiling be added. This condition, the soil is the more of the property of the soil when dry enough to retain its meliowness, which is a necessity, as the clay, though mixed with other material, is still present, and will not bear wet working. As the soil now holds less water, or soon parts with its surplus, this is in its favor. Even wet ploughing hurts it less in this condition than in its original state.

Besides the mechanical improvements which, as has been seen, changes completely the texture of the soil, lene are often benefit that result from the change. It is known that humas lavors the retention of ferthily in the soil. That are sufficiently changed with vegetable matter, will show in the crops that follow for years, covering most of the time in the usual period of rotation, which is not the case with soil destitute of humus, particularly sandy soil, and yet even a light sandy soil, with a good proportion of fi. e. vegetable matter and the necessary nanure can be made highly productive and continued so, though at a somewhat increased expense, from the greater care and labor required, as more frequent applications of nanure, and in smaller quantities, are necessary to prevent was to make the continuence of the manure tupes the circle and the ericle and thus exposing a greater surface, favors the action of the manure upon the crude material, aided by the carbon of the vegetable matter, thus enriching the land by the development of new fertility, the humas conserving moisture during hot weather to favor this and to advance the growth of the plant and arought. Acting as a mulch, and without excluding air, like the common mulch, and the surface and the plant of the manure that is accomplished that a formatic the plant of the plant of the surface of the humas for the plant of the plant of the plant

soil is clearly seen. Our land. Ly long-continued cropping, has lost the vegetable matter which it possessed when it was cleared. This must be restered and kept up, and sod and the plentiful employment of muck, leaf mold or other fine vegetable matter is the means.

To this may be added green manuring, done at a time when it does not interfere with nor exclude the annual crop. This in sowing the land immediately after the grain is removed to some rich, strong-growing plant like the pea for summer growth, or rye, where the annual crop matures later, for fall growth. It usually needs only the cultivator and harrow, and in some cases only the harrow, to prepare the ground. The growth thus secured forms a considerable amount of vegetable and enriching material, the cultivating and harrowing beling also a benefit, so that the land is decidedly improved, both in texture and fertility, and the weeds are materially lessened. Practice has most encouragingly demonstrated this.

By treating land in this way not only may the worst soils be reclaimed, but the wettest, paying the cost of underdraining and other expense in two or three years, while ordinary run down land may be brought up with profit from the beginning. And this may be done without ald from outside manure, except perhaps a little at first, making the land self-sustaining, the profit advancing in increased ratio as the improvement progresses, till it reaches the point of highest income. Land in old dairy regions that has reached its full supply of sod now requires that two crops of corn be taken from it instead of one as before to sufficiently reduce the fertility to grow grain without lodging. The land is rich and mellow, easily worked, and requires less manure and carbonaceous matter now to keep it up than before to improve it. To bring up land to this high condition, which experience has proved to be the most profitable, a large amount of vegetable material is required, as it is not to be confined to the usual shallow depth at the surface, but be made to ex

Sandy soils that are destitute of clay are not easily brought up to a high state of fertility, and

Sandy soils that are destitute of clay are not easily brought up to a high state of fertility, and much difficulty has been experienced in getting them set to clover. Most farmers believe that a soil once in clover sod can be placed under high cultivation. In the first place there is required a preparation not usually made in order to accomplish such a purpose. A great difficulty in the way is the prorosity of such soils. Clover on sandy soils should be seeded in the fall, just as the fall rains are beginning, and not in the spring, as is done on clay soils. Before seeding to clover the previous year should be devoted to green manuring, and the process continued till time for seeding the succeeding seasons. This occasions the loss of a year and the expense of labor and seed, but, no doubt, the renovation of the soil will be ample remuneration for the time and outlay. The lack of grass has compelled the farmers in sandy sections to buy milk and butter. This difficulty can be obviated if a stand of clover is procured, which not only assists in keeping stock on the farms, but is ferti izing in nature by reason of the covering it affords, the nitrogen it adds and the chemical changes it produces. There are many met ods of green farming, but the method best suited for sandy soils is the one which gives a greater number of crops in succession and frequent turnings under. If the process is begun in the spring a mixture of oats and pease is excellent. One need not wait for the crop to mature, but when the pease are beginning to bloom turn them in. If the soil is not warm enough for buckwheat sow pease again and turn them under. Then try buckwheat, and after buckwheat sow millet and Hungarian grass of corn. The last crop should be left til time for sowing rye, unless in danger of seeding itself, which should not be allowed. Sow rye for a winter occupant of the ground, turning the rye under in spring. Follow with cow pease. When cow pease are under lime well, and leave the ground for clover, which can be sown about Septe

AN IMPORTANT POINT TO BE OBSERVED
In green manuring is the fact that a sprinkling of
lime should be applied to every crop just previous
to turning under. In seeding it is better to use an
excess of seed rather than too little. Plaster
shows but little effect on clover grown on sandy
soils, which is not the case on clay soils, while
lime exerts an immediate effect on the light lands.
A mixture of asles and lime, with a proportion of
plaster, is very beneficial, and in seeding in the
fall no other crop should occupy the ground except
the clover. The cow pea belongs to the clover
family, and answers well in its place of rotation,
but it requires more growth than the others. The
buckwheat and millet must have warm weather,
and the cow pea should not be within reach of
frost. While it is admitted that the green manuring method is slow, and requires time, expense
and labor, yet to accomplish important results
some sacrifices must be made. It is very difficult
to get a stand of clover on light sandy soil, but it
can be done if the object justifies the means em-AN IMPORTANT POINT TO BE OBSERVED can be done if the object justifies the means employed. The accomplishment, however, of a clover set is the beginning of fertility in the soil, and a return of outlay is assured after a few seasons.—[Philadelphia Record.

The Application of Ammonia to Wheat. In my last communication I showed that my soil, when supplied with all the important mineral food of the wheat in great abundance, still confood of the wheat in great abundance, still continued to give a declining produce, and this decline did not vary much from the decline of the crop where no manure whatever had been applied to the land. The unmanured land started with a produce of fourteen bushels, and the land manured with all the inherals in abundance give not quite seventeen bushels. But after the experiment had been carried on for iwenty-eight years we found the result was that the average crop of the last seven years of the permanently unmanured land gave nine and a quarter bushels of wheat per acre, and the land receiving mineral manures gave ten bushels per acre. The experiment to which I am now about to refer is what may be described as a trial experiment, to ascertain why the soil now about to refer is what may be described as a trial experiment, to ascertain why the soil supplied with such an abundance of mineral food did not yield larger crops. Before entering on this question, however, it is necessary to state that in 1844, the first year of the experiment, the plot to which ammon! was afterwards applied received a dressing of superphosphate of line and potash. I am able to give an unbroken series of experiments during the thirty-five years which followed this one application, and, allowing all the effect possible from the superphosphate and potash applied, its influence could not have extended over more than a small portion of the period.

The following table gives the produce in bushels per acre of land receiving, every year in succession, all the necessary mineral food of plants, and the produce per acre of land receiving mineral food for one year, but for the last thirty-five years ammon!a only:

1844.
7 years, 1845 to 1851, average
1852 to 1858.
1849 to 1865.
1849 to 1865.
1866 to 1872.
1873 to 1879.
10.0

Giving Young Colts a Start.

Crossing to secure size has done much towards creating certain kinds of horse stock that are creating certain kinds of horse stock that are greatly larger than the stock from which they originated. But this could never have been accomplished had not this breeding for size been practiced by men who fed well from the start—acting upon the truism that light feeding gives scant growth. While it is not expected that any man will attempt to secure a growth of 1200 pounds on any animal bred to have only 1050 when matured; still, as stated, the symmetry of such a horse depends largely upon his muscular growth having been pushed to a reasonable limit during the whole of his developing years, including his colthood, from the beginning. Full muscular vigor, ambition and agility in his movements cannot be secured unless he has been freely nourished and exercised. The exercise is undeniably an important factor; but bear in mind always that the colt will have neither muscular tone nor courage to stand up to his exercise, in the absence of full rajons. It is a common saying, that a starveling

colt, so called, grows one end one year, and the other end the next year. Certainly it is that the insufficiently-fed colt becomes weak in his digestion, hence does not make the most out of the food given. Not a little passes off their due. Exposure of the colt to inclement weather while yet of tender age enfeebles digestion, and interrupts the growth. No amount of pushing, so far as the feed is concerned, will avail anything while the disturbance from this exposure continues, but will, on the other hand, aggravate the difficulty. The old Scotch saying, that "the breed goes in at the mouth," while very far from leing true, still shows very clearly that the Scotch discovered the potent influence exerted by food in perfecting the forms in domestic animals. No people know better than the English and Scotch, whose very living depends upon their success with their domestic animals, that to be profitable and always in demand, they must be well nourished from the start.

I let the calf stay with the cow until it is about twelve hours old; then take it away and put it in a warm, dry place by itself. When the next milking time comes I milk the cow in a pail or bucket that I feed the calves in; set the pail on the floor; put my left hand on the top of the calf's head, and wet my right hand in the milk and put it to the calf's nose. (They will generally at this age suck anything.) I let it suck my fingers and gently bear down its head with my left hand to the pail. It will soon learn where the milk comes from. I then remove the fingers by degrees, and this proceeding will generally have the calf drink at the second or third feeding. By simply bearing down on its head it will drink readily. Now that the calf has learned to drink, we want to know how to feed it, so as to have it do as well, so far as possible, as if it fed from the cow. I feed the mother's milk until it is a week old, when I give skimmed milk, set twelve hours, about four quarts to a week; then twenty-four hours setting for another week, the milk in the meantime being warmed on the stove. As I wish to make all the butter I can, I let the milk set longer, and it will sour, and if I warm in the stove, it will whey off and leave a hard curd which the calf can't cat, so I make a porridge of the milk with India wheat flour, about a teaspoonful to a quart of water, cooked well, and warm the milk with it. Oats, barley or wheat middlings (sift the oats to take not the hulls) will do as well, though either takes more to make a quart of gruel. As the calf grows I thicken the gruel accordingly. Keep the calves separate to prevent their sucking each other. When it comes summer I make a set of stanchions and the them my while I feed, and let them remain until their noses are dry. I keep my calves up to hay till after haying, and have fail feed, as they will drink better; but I let them have free access to water. I have raised a great many calves in this way with good success.—[J. A. Brown, in Mirror and Farmer. twelve hours old; then take it away and put it in

Improving Western Pasture Land. Professor N. S. Shaler suggests in Science a plan or improving the great pasture lands of the West. Professor N. S. Shaler suggests in Science a plan for improving the great pasture lands of the West. It is well known, he says, that west of the merridian of Omaha the greater portion of the United States is unfit for tillage, that much of this Western land is covered with scant herbage—twenty acres being necessary to sustain a single head of stock—and that any improvement of this area of natural pasturage would add greatly to the wealth of the country. He suggested the introduction of Iresh wild forage plants from abroad. The countries that are likely to furnish plants calculated to flourish in a region of low rainfall include a large part of the earth's surface. Those that would succeed in Dakota are not likely to do well in Texas or Arizona. For the northern region the uplands of Northern Asia or of Patagonia are of the most promising fields of search; while, for the most promising fields of search; while, for the middle and southern Africa, Australia and the Algerian district may be looked to for sultable species. The experiment of introducing and testing these plants, he says, is naturally one for the general government to undertake, but it need not be costly. "Three experiment stations—one in the northern part of Nebraska, one in Texas and one in Arizona—would serve the needs of a thorough trial. Ten thousand dollars per annum at each station should meet all the expenses of a sufficient trial; at least until it was proven that the experiment would be successful. If we add the expenses of a travelling student of wild forage plants (perhaps another \$5000), we would have a sufficient basis for practical work. If the result should be to Increase by only one-tenth the best maintaining powers of our wild lands, the effort would be worth many millions per annum to the nation. When we consider that the introduction of the species of Poa which received the name of 'blue grass' has manifolded the pasture value of the regions where it flourishes, it is evident that the project is worth consideration."

How a Pasture is Made. In Great Britain, Holland, and in some of the best dairy districts in this country, land is selected for a pasture as it is for any particular crop. Regard is pad to its adaptability to produce a large amount of fine, rieli grasses. The soil or soid is prepared to receive the seed, which is selected with especial reference to the production of grass to be eaten while in its green state. Great pains are taken to render the soil as productive as possible. Water is supplied or drained off as the water is supplied or drained off as the water is unplied or drained of the seed with the special reference to the production of grass to be eaten while in its green state. Great pains are taken to render the soil as productive as possible. Water is supplied or drained off as the water is unplied or drained to the seed of the soil or seed of the se best dairy districts in this country, land is selected

The Best Duck for Market. There is a great deal in the breed, for the Pekin is far superior to the puddle duck, and the Aylesbury and Rouen are as much above our common kinds as they can be. Say what we may in favor of the fine breeds, it is perhaps not known to all that the plumpest, best-formed and most salable duck is that produced by mating the Muscovey drake with the common kinds. The cross gives a very hardy duck, and they grow rapidly and to a large size. The cross cannot be carried beyond very hardy duck, and they grow rapidly and to a large size. The cross cannot be carried beyond this, however, for, like the produce of the ass and horse (mule, the progeny is sterile, and cannot be used for breeding purposes. Were it not for this obstacle in the way the Muscovey drake would be used on every farm, but most persons do not seem inclined to undertake the crossing of these breeds, on account of being compelled to keep two or more breeds in order to keep up the stock. Muscovey ducks are scarce now, and seem to be running out. It is a breed that should be attended to, for, if in the hands of a good breeder, there would be quite a demand for them. There will be no doubt of the purity of the Muscovey, for they tolerate no mingling of other blood.—[Farm, Field and Fireside.

small walnut, and a handful each of ground or pounded pepper, cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Pepper alone may be used if preferred, or the spices can be omitted altogether, but they and greatly to the flavor of the pickles. A few pieces of horseradish are also an improvement. The alum must not be omitted, as it hardens the pickles. Put the cucumbers right in the barrel, keg or crock containing the prepared vinegar each day, as they are gathered. If necessary to wash them do no not rub them. Lay a board on them with sufficient weight to keep the pickles under the vinegar, and allow no scum to form. Cucumbers should be cut late in the evening, or earl, in the morning, and handled carefully. Tender string beans and radish pods, green tomatoes, and plums that are almost ripe but not soft, may also be put in the same vinegar with the encumbers, and they will make excellent pickles. Peaches, pears, cherries, onions, etc., might be prepared in the same way; but I have never tried them. If good cider vinegar is not to be had Propagation by Cuttings. About the last of July is a propitious time for putting into soil cuttings of shrubs of all sorts, including roses and dwarf-growing evergreens. putting into soil cuttings of shrubs of all sorts, including roses and dwarf-growing evergreens. The young shoots are dry enough then not to go mto decay so readily, and yet there remains enough of the summertide of growth to heal up the wound at the base of the cutting with soft callus, from which extensions will protrude that will become active roots. But this takes place slowly, requiring months with the slower growers, and the art of the propagator consists first, in selecting suitably half-ripe cuttings, and then in keeping them through all this time of slow, weak movement, unhurt by burning sun or parching wind, or leaching wet. A corner shaded from full sun and wind is selected, and choice, fine sandy soil is used, with free drainage. The cuttings, two to six inches long, retain their leaves, and these must be prevented from wilting by retaining moisture about them until they have censed their functions and ripened. For they digest and supply the organized material of which the callus and its projections are composed. A small bed of cuttings can be put in a trench or a board frame about six inches deep and so narrow that panes of glass can be laid across to retain moist air. Water can be given around this as needed, so that the cuttings receive moisture without being drenched. In damp weather the glass can be taken off, and if much loaded with condensed drops the panes may be turned. In larger beds a mere screen lath suffices if the leaves are gently sprinkled every day in dry weather. Children can readily be taught this mode of propagation, and may begin with choice tea-roses, mock orange, hydrangeas or other flowering shrubs, and arbor-vitæs or junipers. The base is usually cut square off with a keen knife close below a joint. The bed is protected by a covering through winter, and the rooted cuttings are set out in April. no means easy to secure pure where it is saved in a small way; not only does the cabbage cross most freely with broccoil, but also with all kinds of the brassica family, and if there be any diverse sorts growing not merely in the same garden, but in any other near, the chance of securing true stocks is very doubtful. A few plants saved to bloom, and purposely blocked in together, may be largely protected with fine netting. If a garden is isolated from all others, and no members of the brassica family are permitted to bloom in that garden, then the results may be all that can be desired. Where seeds of this kind are grown in a large way, and the plots of perhaps several acres are isolated, the danger of inter-crossing is minimized. Bees, the chief agents in fertilization, will find so much food in a large field in flower that they will not be tempted to go to another kind to get the needful load of food. Cabbages planted now will, as a rule, run off to bloom next spring. Of course the heads are all cut in the interim, as shoots burst forth freely enough from the leaf joints in the spring, and these produce ample bloom. It is not an uncommon practice for autumn-planted cabbages to bolt off to flower in the spring. Seed saved from these would only perpetuate rubbish, and should be pulled as fast as they are observed.

How Apples Are Sold in England. There are five auctioneers in the business in Liverpool, and all the apples received are sold by Liverpool, and all the apples received are sold by by them. The sale is held in a large amphitheatre, in the centre of which is a large table on which a barrel of each mark is poured out as a sample. Each auctioneer sells for three-quarters of an hour at a time, and the sales continue, if necessary, till 10 o'clock at night. Apples are sold in lots of twenty barrels each. The understanding is that the apples shall be perfectly tight in the barrel, when such should bring twenty-five shillings per barrel; "shakers," or those not tightly packed, will bring four shillings less. The next grade is "wet and wasted." which only brings half the price of the best. The Baldwin is the only variety sold to any amount; it is the only one which can be obtained in sufficient quantity to sell by the thousand barrels. Retail lots and odds and ends are not wanted. Sales are held three days in a week. The trade dates from about ten years ago, When it became apparent that

New England could raise enough apples for its own consumption, the New York growers began to ship. In packing, a basket of high-colored and medium-sized specimens are placed in the bottom of the barrel as close as possible, with the stems all down, and the barrel is shaken as often as a basketful is put in. It is filled half an inch above the chimes, the head is pressed in by means of a screw, and the barrel is then turned over and marked on the face head, so that when opened it shows an even and uniform surface. Apples thus faced will bring from twenty-five cents to fifty cents more than those not faced. There is very little demand for sweet apples. Apples are sometimes shipped in warm weather, when later shipments, in cooler weather will decay.—[Green's Fruit Grower.

ing marked enthusiasm among the members, which is the most devoutly-to-be-wished-for quality among the rising generation of farmers. If a lad gets enthusiastic over his work, there is little danger of his being restless and puning for a change to city life. Fathers, take it upon yourselves to interest your sons in such an organization. Tender the land and seed to them; tell them you will not grudge the time they devote to the erop, and that you will allow them to have what they obtain from it. By thus talking to your boys

they obtain from it. By thus talking to your boys you are very sure to incite them to strenuous, ambitious, independent endeavors, which will bear most satisfactory fruit. That this club should have its birth in a Southern State is a most encouraging sign of the times.

Theory of Crop Rotation. It is now generally admitted that rotation of crops is rendered necessary, not as formerly sup-

crops is rendered necessary, not as formerly supposed, because the soil becomes exhausted of some necessary element, or becomes unwholesome for that particular plant, owing to poisonous excreta left by the roots, but because insects and diseases accompany the plant which are special to it, the eggs or spores of which are left in the soil to attack the same crop in the next following year with hundredfold increase of numbers and power. Professor Bessey of the fowa Agricultural College shows how this is the case with smut, which grows up through all the interior of a wheat plant, and finally develops its spores withm the bran-casing of the grain, filling it, not with flour, but with innumerable black, stinking seeds of the parasite, which, when set free, float out and stick fast to sound grains of wheat, and also to particles of the soil, where they lie ready to enter into the circulation of the next year's growth of wheat plants, unless killed by steeping the polluted seed in blue vitrol solution, and drying off with lime. As to the polluted soil it is purified from the contamination only by using it for some other crop on which the smut plant cannot take hold.

W. G. W., Tyrone, Penn.

What Farmers Should Know.

As a general rule young trees should grow two feet or more yearly, and if they much exceed this check their growth early; and if they do not reach it employ both cultivation and manure.

It employ both cultivation and manure.

Experienced horsemen understand that with a heavy feed of oats, etc., at hight, and a light breakfast, a horse gets a reserved stock of muscular strength laid in in advance, and travels faster and farther than one having a hearty morning feed.

We told our leaders last year to plant wheat late. Some, for the sake of having a mee show in the fall, planted early. Now for the consequence: Crop han-destroyed by the Hessian fly. Once more we say do not get wheat in the ground before September 20, and a week later will do very well.

The length of time that a young heifer keeps in

This work was begun the latter part of December and is yet in progress, hence only an outline ber and is yet in progress, hence only an outline can be given. Suitable stalls in the cow stable were selected and arranged in the following manner: First, to collect the urine separately, by placing a vat about fifteen inches deep and covered with perforated lids benind the drop. This was filled with fine straw and chaff, to act as an absorbent. Care was taken to keep the lids cleaned, so that the urine should readily drain through. The vat was cleaned as often as found necessary and the contents placed in a weathertight box. Second, to save the solid and liquid excrement together, or in other words the stalls were so arranged as not to allow the most valuable part of the manure to drain away and be lost. This was done by placing a shallow water-tight box behind the drop, and using proper absorbents to take up the liquid manure. The manure is removed each morning. Third, to save the solid excrement separately. This was easily done by taking the manure from the top of the vat first spoken of. As little straw as possible was allowed to collect on the lids of this vat, so that this manure was nearly pure solid excrement. vat first spoken of. As little straw as possible was allowed to collect on the lids of this vat, so that this manure was nearly pure solid excrement. Still another test is for the purpose of showing the good or ill effects of mixing in different portions manure from the horse and cow stables. This is now being collected, mixed, and a portion kept under shelter, and equal quantities exposed to the weather. The value of each sample will be determined by chemical analysis in the laboratory, and put to a practical test in the field. It is believed that the methods of saving and managing stable manure on many farms are susceptible of improvement. In far too many instances the liquid portion is allowed first to wash out the more soluble and mo-t valuable part of the solid excrement, and then drain away. What remains behind is then thrown out where it is washed by rains or often injured by overheuting. Treated in this way it is not strange that the effects of farmyard manure are not what they have been proven to be under a better system of management. The object of these tests is to show, if possible, the loss that farmers surfer by carelessness in the treatment of farmyard manures.

Crowth of Farming in the United States.

A census bulletin just issued shows that the number of farms in the United States has increased from 2,660,000 in 1870 to 4,000,000 in 1880, or at the rate of 51 per cent. Compared with the increase of population, which was about 30 per cent. during the same period, the agricultural development during the past ten years proves to have been rapid and extensive. The most striking increase in the number of farms has taken place in the South and the Northwestern and Pacific States. The increase is shown to be 102 per cent. in Alabama, 91 in Arkansas, 119 in Florida, 98 in Georgia, 70 in Louislana, 50 in Mississippi,78 in North Carolina,81 in South Carolina, 60 in Virginia and 105 in Texas. These are at once significant and apparent. They indicate the social and industrial change that has taken place since the war, and show the extent to which its once great plantations have been cut up into small farms. In lowa there has been an increase of 59 per cent, in the number of farms; in Minnesota, 99; in Nebraska, 415; in Oregon, 114; and in California, 51. The greatest multiplication has taken place in the Territories, the rate of increase ranging from 78 per cent. in Montana to proved of 900 in Dakota. The marked grown to creased from 2.660,000 in 1870 to 4,000,000 in crease ranging from 78 per cent. in Montana to upward of 900 in Dakota. The marked growth of farming shown by the census returns in the Territories and the Western States is obviously due to the rapid settlement of this part of the country by immigrants and others.—[Scientific Times.

A correspondent of the Miller seeks information on the above subject, and receives the following on the above subject, and receives the following reply: We do not believe on principle in adding any foreign substance to flour, and would not advise any one to, but if our correspondent wishes to experiment we submit the following opinion, obtained from a well-informed and reliable man: "Musty flour can be restored and improved by adding three parts of carbonate of magnesia to 760 parts of flour, mixing thoroughly. Carbonate of magnesia cannot be called an adulterant. It has been specially recommended by Professor Davy, on the ground that it improves the color of new and inferior flour, and increases the yield. Dr. Hassell, however, criticises this by saying that 'neither of these results, so far as the public is concerned, are in the least desirable. The increased yield simply means more water.' Even so, if it is an improvement, it should be used by all means."

The length of time that a young heifer keeps in milt after her first calf is likely to measure her staying qualities for all after hie. For this reason young heifers should have their first calf in the lail. By good care and ensilage food in whiter an abundant flow can be estabushed, which can more easily be kept up the next summer. If heifers calve in the spring they are very likely to go dry early in the hext fail.

Canada has 45,358,141 acres under occupation in farms, of which 21,899,181 are improved lands, 15,112,284 under crops, and 6,385,662 in pasture. There are 643,171 horses, 201,253 colus and filnes, 132,593 working oxen, 1,159,800 milch cows, 1,786,696 other horned cathle, 2,048,678 sheep, 1,207,617 swine. The produce of cereals and other crops in 1881 was as follows: Wheat, 32,350,269 bushels: barley, 16,844,868; oats, 70,493,181; rye, 2,097,180; pease and beans, 13,749,662; indian corn, 9,025,142; potatoes, 55,268,27; turnips, 39,659,044; besides 9,192,320 bushels of other roots.

The rose, queen of flowers, like wheat, king of cereals, is picyed upon by insects in greater number and of more avid greed than any planns of lower order, just as man is attacked by more ills than any lesser creature. The best security against these enemi-s, in both cases, is that prevention which consists a keeping the royal plant or animal in high condition or growth and heath. Shirley Hibberd, in his "kose Book," offers this as a golden rule, declaring that insects seek out the starving plants, and that they may be ignored if full justice is done as to culture. This win hardly keep off aphides or sings, which prefer the tenderest texture and fullest of sap. Hellebore, or tay, or coal-oil water or fine dust puts a quietus on the sings, and the aphis is best met with tobacco, either as snuff, snoke or injusion. These are found at all seasons, but the sings chiefly in June. A teaspoonful of saltpetre once a day, pulverized and put in a cow's gram, will, it is said, remove the flavor coming from the eating or cabage or t its composition will be improved by an application of sand or sandy loam. Calcareus, sandy and peaty soils will respond favorably to the addition of clay. Calcareus earth may be added to clays, sands and peats with the certainty of benefit. The benefits arising from an admixture of soils are twofold—the mechanical texture is improved and the chemical composition of the soil is altered. While there is no doubt but that soils possessing defects in their physical and chemical properties may be rendered productive by a proper admixture, it does not of necessity follow that it will always pay to resort to this method. For instance, a piece of very stiff land might require so large a per cent. of sand to be added in order to make it as loose and friable in texture as is desirable that the operation will involve more labor and expense than is within ordinary farm practice. In such a case as the above it is advised to ascertain the nature of the subsoil, through which the surface soil may often be readily improved. For example, if a sandy soil rests immediately upon a substratum of clay which is near the surface, the clay may be turned up and mingled with the surface soil to advantage. Or where the clay is uppermost great good may sometimes be done by deepening it and mixing it with the sandy layer below. Where the soil and subsoil are similar in character, and this plan cannot be resorted to. If there is soil possessing opposite properties sufficiently near at hand so that it can be applied at reasonable cost, then admixture becomes the proper process. There are situations, however, where neither of the advantages named exist, the whole farm being of a uniformly sandy or clayey soil. In such a situation various expedients are resorted to. Heavy rolling and sheep folding are practiced with favorable results on light soils. Strong, stiff lands are greatly improved by turning under of green crops and by application of time.—[World.

To every five gallons of strong vinegar add a pint of pure alcohol, a lump of alum the size of a

small walnut, and a handful each of ground or

them. If good cider vinegar is not to be had make vinegar of syrup, allowing one gallon to three or four of water. The pickles are soon really for use. We always follow the above mode, and many have declared our pickles the best they ever tasted.

Saving Cabbage Seed.

lowing practical suggestions; Cabbage seed is by no means easy to secure pure where it is saved in

A Commendable Club In Webster Parish, La., a club of 14-year-old boys has been formed. Its object is corn cultivation. Each lad devotes his energies to an acre of

corn, and the one who raises the largest number of bushels is to receive from each member of the club five bushels of corn. Here is an organization that should have a branch in every town in the Union. The idea which governs it is applicable to all kinds of soil products, so that a club can work differently each season. From the nature of things such a club cannot exist without creat-

A writer in Gardening Illustrated gives the fol-

yet, unsatisfied with his conquest, he had to eat a miserable little apple. An, John! if you had been in his place you would not have eaten a mouthful of the apple, that is, if it had required any exertion. I have often noticed that you shua exertion. I have often noticed that you shua exertion. There comes in the difference between us. I court exertion. I love to work. Why, sir, when I have a piece of work to jetform I go away to myself, sit down in the shade and muse over the coming enjoyment. Sometimes I am so industrious that I have too long.

No. I am not in love at present. I saw a young lady in Vicksburg the other day whom I thought I'd like to love; but, John, the weather is too devlish hot to talk about love. But, oh! that I had a cool, shady place where I could sit among gurgling fountain of perfumed ice-water, an' be loved into a premature death of rapture. I would give the world for this—I'd love to die such a glorious and luxuriant death.

Yours, SAM CLEMENS.

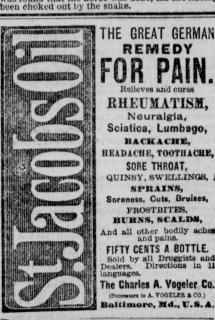
Memphis, July 6, 1859.

A Horse Choked to Death by a Snake.

A Horse Choked to Death by a Snake.

(Elmira Advertiser.)

Last Tuesday a boy was engaged in ploughing on the farm of a man named Wilkinson, between Greenwood and Monrocton, in Bradford county, when he saw an enormous black snake lying stretched along on the ground near the fence. Frightened by the reptile, the boy dropped the line and started on a run for the bouse. Reinforced here by several members of the family, he went back, when one of the horses was found lying on the ground with the python tightly coiled about his neck. The snake was despatched, when it was found that the horse was dead, his life having been choked out by the snake.



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THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Some Concise Truth Telling by Mr. Howells.

Varied Views on Woman's Werk and Play-How to Entertain Guests.

Common Sense in Cushions-Glimpses of Fashion-Varieties.

Since the appearance of the August Century with its new instalment of "A Woman's Reason' several of our contemporaries have fallen upon poor Mr. Howells, and with much violence have forn him and his story and his heroine to pieces, and indignantly protested against certain things in particular he makes his characters say therein and against Mr. Howells in general. The Woman's Hour read those protests with amazement, for it had particularly enjoyed those very things most exclaimed against. The novelist makes Mr. Evans, who, by the way, is one of the most dedightfully facetious of characters, remark: "A woman can sometimes do something without damaging others; but when a lady undertakes to

heip herself, some man has to suffer for it."

The Hour hopes it is not guilty of treason toward its sex, but, with all due deference to our indignant contemporaries, it seems to us that that is not only one of the best things Mr. Howells has ever said, but also among the keen, concise truths of the question of woman's work that need to be said over and over again. It is the woman who, without losing her womanliness, cultivates her self-reliance and is able to depend upon herself without calling in all her friends and relatives to help her along and sympathize with her, who succeeds. But it is the one who looks upon her work with the condescension of a lady—in the old significance of that term—who thinks herself with the condescension of a lady—In the old significance of that term—who thinks herself much better than it, who is afraid that she will have to do something that is not "geuteel," that is unfit for the hands of a "lady" to touch,—she it is who always makes some one else "suffer for it." She does not know, it is beyond her comprehension, that in honest labor, by which she supplies some want of the world and meets her own, is the most dignified and honorable condition that the world affords. It is the "lady" who goes about with an infinite pity for herself that she has to do anything at all—when she ought to be proudly thankful that she has the opportunity to do anything—who, in her fear of doing something below her position, tries to do a hundred things for none of which she is capable, and who usually ends every one of her projects by calling upon some of her masculine friends to help her out; she it is who needs to have just such snarp, concise truths dinned in her ear just such sharp, concise truths dinned in her ear until she comprehends the fact that she honors herself and her womanhood by any kind of honest labor. And Mr. Howells deserves to be thanked rather than exclaimed against for having put the truth in such keen, concise form.

VARIED VIEWS.

Women Employes and Unions-Fashionable Recreations-The Woman Who Wants

Says Mrs. May Wright Sewall in the Indianapo listimes: "We were at first somewhat surprised to learn that relatively few women employes are in the strike; we learn from conversation with opera tives and chiefs that while the women are always ready to join any sort of mutual aid organization within the guild that does not include 'striking,' they are very slow to join the so-called 'striking minons.' We were prone to attribute this to timidity, but this view was opposed; and the chief asserted that he thought 'conscience had more to do with it than timidity'; that the women operatives felt their duty to the public, and seemed to consider, generally, that they had no right to meterrupt the business of the entire community in the hope of improving their own condition."

The New York Mail has the following to say about the recreations that are most in favor among women: "Among the indications of a erowing taste for out-door recreations for women in this country is the fact that more good feminine swiftmers are to be seen at the orean beaches than in previous seasons. Several women followed the hounds in the first hunt of the Newport season, and horseback riding is rapidly increasing in favor as a feminine pastine. It is said that dancing was never so little in vogue at the summer resorts as during the present season, and fashionable women affect a preference for tennis and the tricycle, while even the dudes declare their devotion to manly sports."

Mrs. Helen E. Starrett, in the paper of which she is making a decided success, the Chicago Weekly Magazine, is responsible for the following,

The Woman Who Wants Work.

something to do in the world: "She comes to have a realizing sense of the hollowness and insecurity of any other relation to the whirling, rushing, indifferent world around her than a relation by which she is enabled to offer that which the world wants to buy as much as she wants to sell. She realizes, as do thousands of earnest seekers after their true place in life—men as well as women—that, as grim old Carlyle puts it in Sartor Resartus, not what I have, but what I do is my kingdom,' and she ceases to care what the work is so it is genuine and needed by somebody. It is a lesson which all seekers after work have to learn that their truest success must be in doing such work or producing such commodities as the world needs and must pay for,"

GUESTS.

How to Entertain Them and How to Let Them Alone.

A hostess should remember, says Harper's has two very important duties before her; one is not to negiect her guest, the other is not to weary her guest by too much attention. Never give your guest the impression that he is "being entertained," that he is on your mind; follow the daily life of your household and of your duties as you desire, seeing to it that your guest is never in an unpleasant position or neglected. If you have a tiresome guest who insists upon following you around and weighing heavily on your hands, be firm, go to your own room and lock the door; sne will soon take a book and go out on the lawn. If you have a sulky guest who looks bored, throw open the library door, order the carriage, and make your own escape. But if you have a givery agreeable guest who shows every desire to please and be pleased, give that model guest the privilege of choosing her own hours and her own retirement.

But the questioner may ask, What do we invite guests for unless we wish to see them? We do wish to see them—a part of the day, not the whole day. No one can sit and trik all day. The hostess should have her privilege of retiring after the mid-day meal, with her novel, for a nap, and so should the guest. Well-bred people understand all this, and are glad to give up the pleasure of social intercourse for an hour of retirement. There is nothing so sure to repay one in the long run as these hours of solitude. Of course the pleasure of two friends is to be together, and to do the same things generally, but sometimes it is quite the reverse. A lady may have very different tastes, hours and acquaintances from her hostess, and these requirements should be consulted.

The clearm of an American country house is generally that it is a home, and sacred to some duties. A model guest never infringes for one moment on the rights of the master of the bouse. She is never sends him back to bring her parasol; she never sends him back to bring her parasol; she never sends him back to bring her family dog. She is careful to abstain from disagreeable topics. She joins his w has two very important duties before her: one is not to neglect her guest, the other is not to weary

some bad sleepers.

In a country neighborhood a hostess has sometimes to ask of her guesis that they shall go to church to hear a stupid preacher; that they shall sub-

to what may be the slavery of country parties, is should never be insisted upon. The guest und always be allowed to refuse these profiered outsuities.

should always be allowed to refuse these profered hospitalities.

If he be a tired cit, if he prefers the garden, the woodland, the retirement of the country, to anystea party in the world. He cannot enter into his host's interests or his neighbor's, perhaps. Leave him to his solitude if he chooses.

At Newport, for instance, guest and hostess have often different friends and different invitations. This should be understood, and no trouble ensue if the host and hostess go cut to dinner leaving the guest at home. It often happens that this is done, and no lady of good breeding takes offence. Of course a nice dinner is prepared for her, and she is often asked to invite some friend.

On the other hand the guest is often asked when the hostess is not. This should be carefully told to the hostess, that none of her plans be disarranged, that the carriage be ordered in time, that the guest be sent for at the proper hour. No well-bred people will ever be annoyed at this state of things. If they are, they are not fit to be hosts or guests.

There is no office in the world which should be

or guests.

There is no office in the world which should be

There is no office in the world which should be filled with such punctinous devotion, propriety, and self-respect as that of hostess. If a lady ever allows her guest to feel that she is a trouble, that she is in the way, she violates the first rule of hospitality. If she fails to keep her word as to the time for which she has invited her guest, she shows herself to be ill-bred and ignorant of the first principles of politeness. She might better invite tweive people to dinner, and then ask them to dine on the pavement, than to draw back from a written and accepted invitation, unless sickness

or death has intervened, and yet hostesses have been known to do this from mere caprice.

Common Sense in Cushions. The following very sensible remarks are from a lecture delivered recently in London by Mr. Lewis

lecture delivered recently in London by Mr. Lewis F. Day:

As to the "chair-back," I should like to see a compromise made with it. Beautiful needlework is most befitting in an elegant room; but why strew it about over the backs of seats already sufficiently covered with rich demask or what not? A more practical plan would be so to devise the chairs that the cushioned parts were covered with the ordinary coarse canvas only, but with arrangements by which a super-cover of embroidery might easily be attached, and as easily removed. By such a scheme the need of covers of the ordinary kind would be obviated, and the furniture might, in fact, be provided with an everyday dress and a gala suit for occasions. If we possess treasures of needlework it is a bity to shut them up in ward-robes, where only the moth enjoys them; equal pity to expose them to the continual and inevitable corruption of London dirt. The middle course is at least worthy of consideration.

That plush is luxuriously beautiful is no reason why we should, therefore, clothe our furniture in it, even to the legs of the tables, cased in close-fitting trousers, buttoned, so to speak, with gilt nails. Then, the panels of stamped velvet that are so common in cheap furniture, are no more appropriate than they are conducive to cleanliness. Nor is the fitness of framing plates and photographs in plush or velvet, or mounting sconces and mirrors in, the same way, very ap-

photographs in plush or velvet, or mounting sconces and mirrors in the same way, very ap sconces and mirrors in the same way, very apparent. It is supposed to "throw up" the object, as if any object in a room needed to be thrown up! It is the business of all decorative accessories to keep quietly in their places, and not shout at us to look at them. These little mirrors, isolated from the surrounding walls, each in its own little puddle of velvet, might be excused if they were on sale.

For such as love the luxury of soft cushions and thick velvet pile about them everywhere, the

tapestry and embroideries. If you like, but let them be loosely hung, so that they can be taken down regularly and shaken, so that they can be put away when the room is not occupied, and the walls duly scrabbed. Have any profusion of rich walls duly scrubbed. Have any profusion of right and soft pillows about, only let them be so small as to be easily handled and removed. Make the room an Asiatic divan, it that is your ideal, but let everything there be light, and let nothing that is textile be fixed, so that with the sensuous-

but let everything there be light, and let nothing that is textile be fixed, so that with the sensuousness of the East you may at least have the cleanliness which we flatter ourselves is a Western characteristic.

The sumptuousness of the Eastern fabrics, now imported at comparatively low prices, has led us, as the latest phase of fashion, to affect somewhat too much the type of interior decoration more proper to a Turkish harem than to the drawing-room of an English woman. Apart from such affectation, there is a scope in English homes for decoration that consists, let us say, in making a room in the first place scourable from floor to ceiling, and then furnishing it with light and easily removable furniture, also washable, warmth and comfort being provided in the shape of thick bangings on the walls, thick rugs on the floor and soft cushions at discretion. In the summer cool chirtz and matting might supply the place of richer stuffs. The desideratum in town decoration is washableness—something that can be scoured. Could we but do our spring cleaning with a fireman's bose what a stride that would be toward national health.

GLIMPSES OF FASHION.

GLIMPSES OF FASHION.

Fabrics for the Seashore-Dresses for the Mountains-Varieties.

It is an acknowledged fact that silk is not the fabric for general seaside wear or for boating purposes, for the effect of sait air upon its lustre nd even its body, says a fashion writer, is tar rom desirable. Should the silk be perfectly pure

and even its body, says a fashlou writer, is tar from desirable. Should the silk be perfectly pure the result of exposure to the briny atmosphere is less disastrous, but if it be mixed with linen or stiffened the salt air develops the imperfections, soliens the germ and leaves a really fresh, pretty dress with a damp feeling and a mussy appearance, from which it never recovers.

Cashmere, albatross cloth and nun's veiling suffer more or less from sea winds, even if they do not shrink, for black will grow rusty and colors will change, as they often do, from land sunshine and dampness. But silk and wool goods are the very worst that can be selected, for they shrink, crinkle and muss most objectionably. Recent improvements in the preparation of dress goods have been made, and now there are handsome and appropriate fabrics specially designed and finished for boating, yachting and sea voyage suits, such as the unshrinkable serges, flainels, tweeds, mixtures and cloths light and medium weight, some of which are not only unshrinkable, but are water-proof as well, and the latter qualification does not tend to impair their beauty, although the goods are passed through the liquid which renders them impervious to water after they are entirely finished or ready for ordinary wear, and not only have the all-wool cloths and other such fabrics been satisfactorily subjected to this process, but alpaca, silks, and even tissues have also come out uninjured and entirely water-proof.

Dark blue flannel remains the popular material for walking dresses in the mountains, while for mornings in-doors at the large hotels cream white, dull red and light blue wool dresses are chosen of various thicknesses. The cheviots in these solid colors, according to Harper's Bazar, are very handsome for tailor-made dresses with collar, cuffs and sash of velvet. There are also very sheer camel's-hair stuffs that are of pure wool, yet wiry and stiff, like mohair, that make dresses of light weight, and may be had in artistic shades of any favorite. also very sheer camel's-hair stuffs that are of pure wool, yet wiry and stiff, like mohair, that make dresses of light weight, and may be had in artistic shades of any favorite color. When this goods is used in dull red, and trimmed with a little cream-colored embroidery on a ground of open square meshes like gulpure, it is very effective. The skirt may be plain, without flounces, and the gulpure embroidery be put on at the foot in a large fan between each breadth. The overskirt is then a polonaise turned up from the bottom, drawn like a square apron across the front and sides, and bunched very full on the tournure. A plastron of the embroidery is set in V shape between the tops of the first darts, and some of the gulpure is draped below the waist on the upper edge of the revers apron. This is a handsome dress for mornings on the plazza, for drives, etc. The white cheviots and creamy nuns' veilings similarly made have dark blue or strawberry red velvet for the plastron and cuffs, and there is also a plain velvet band set under the vandyke points on the edge of the basque, or else there is a broad sash made of closely folded velvet that passes around the hips and forms wide drooping loops and ends on the tournure.

For walking and for travelling there are very

closely folded velvet that passes around the hips and forms wide drooping loops and ends on the tournure.

For walking and for travelling there are very dark blue flannel dresses, with several wide tucks around the skirt and a slight revers drapery about the hips; or else the skirt is pleated lengthwise in large loose pleats, or very fine ones, and there is no drapery. With these there may be a round basque, a postillon, or a pleated or tucked waist, but in almost every case a plastron or vest of contrasting color is set in, which is usually either while or red, or else it is striped blue and white, or the cashmere ground of red or white may be nearly covered by gold or red braid, done in lines, bars, or a Greek pattern. A great many rows of black braid are used on dark blue dresses by ladies of quiet tastes. The white braiding is given up to bathing dresses.

When wool dresses are not used, checked taffetas are worn in the mornings in the colors known as gingham checks. These are made with pinked ruffles on the skirt, a very bouffant puff with three loops of wide velvet ribbon drooping on each side over the puff and below it, and a plain round basque with a velvet vest, or else a deep Marie Antoinette collar of velvet. The very large figured India foulards are made in the same way, entirely of one piece, with darker velvet for the trimming, Cream, pale blue and reddish brown are the colors used in these. Ecru pongees are mostly trimmed with embroidery of the same shade done on the pongee.

Varieties.

Among the many interesting exhibits in the woman's department of the coming Institute fair will be one by the "Woman's Exchange" of Indianandia.

will be one by the "Woman's Exchange" of Indianapolis.

With regular mountain suits smaller hats are worn than those formerly used; the soft puffed turban of cloth or flannel like that of the dress is sufficient covering for the head when used with a large parasol of satteen, gingham or pongee for protection from the sun.

The favorite shawl for the plazza is the India chuddah of ivory white or cream-color The dark India red and pale blue chuddahs give a touch of color to the most quiet costume. A large scarf of black or of white Escurial lace is worn tied over the hair and twined around the neck for warmth; this is the heaviest silk Spanish lace, with a cord of silk run by hand along the outlines of the large figures. Becoming coverings for the hair are also made of white wool crocheted in light lace-like designs. designs.

The graceful shepherdess hat is much worn by

The graceful shepherdess hat is much worn by young girls. It comes in fancy lace straw and leghorn and the flat brim is lined inside with velvet. Sometimes the brim is caught up at one side, but usually the hat is worn in true shepherdess lashion. The velvet lining contrasts or corresponds in tint with the flowers wherewith the hat is decorated. Field flowers look best against dark blue velvet lining, pluk roses against a olack one and popples, shading to flesh thus, against a very deep ruby one. Some of the hats are lavishly trimmed with drooping plumes and huge scarlet rosas, or with a wreath of yellow hollyhocks. The rage for bright yellow flowers is, however, on the decline.

lecline.
Knickerbocker suits with box-pleated jacket Knickerbocker suits with box-pleated jacket and knee-pantaloons are worn by genthemen for mountain excursions, lawn tenuis, etc. These are made of Scotch cloths of mixed colors, cheviots, and flannels, usually either black, blue or brown. White flanuel suits with dark-ribbed long stockings and canvas shoes are worn by young gentlemen for mornings, and there are also ecru flaunel blouses, with short trousers of brown velveteen or of gray corduroy. For the conventional summer suit pale gray and brown are favorite colors, and there are also many dark blue, black and bluish-green suits of twilled camel's hair made with a skeleton sack-coat, not lined, cut high and single-breasted, and the trousers are very close-fitting. Dark socks, either black, blue, or brown, are worn with low shoes.

SKINNY. MEN.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. \$1.

CHINESE CHEAP LABOR

Is It Economy to Employ the Celestial Laundrymen?

Their Work Compared to That Done by Americans in the Same Business.

Various Opinions Upon "Washy-Washy's" Merits.

"Some people seem to have an idea that the Chinese wash better and cheaper than the Amerians," said the agent of a well-known laundry to a GLOBE reporter. "As to the quality of their work, I suppose my opinion would be worthless because I am interested on the other side, and, moreover I take it that it is all a matter of taste. I know that we have had customers who came to us because they were displeased with Chinese work, and I presume others have left us and gone to the celestial shops. But as for prices, I do not believe that Americans are behind the Chinese in cheapness, and I chalfair comparison between price list and theirs. You must have noticed that he great competition between laundries has been line of collars and cuffs, and sometimes shirts. There is a kind of tacit agreement concerning the larger articles that prevents competition and keeps the prices nearly uniform for them. Now in regard to collars and cuffs, my prices are: Cuffs, 3 cents a pair; collars, 1½ cents aplece; shirts with bosoms are laundered for 10 cents. John Chinaman charges 5 cents for cuffs, 3 cents for collars, and anywhere from 12 to 15 cents for shirts. Outside of these articles it is my impression and belief that the charges are very nearly uniform."

"Do the American laundries feel the effects of Chinese competition seriously?"
"I think not. The number of people in the business seems to increase every year, but we all get our share, for aught I can see, and I am not jeaious of the Chinese. Undoubtedly, if the Chinese were to go away, a great deal of their work would be distributed among the American laundries. But we should not fall to note that it is really the presence of the Chinese that has developed this business. Their ability to do work at a low price has set the Yankee mind to work devising means for competing successfully with them, and so the habit has been created among the people of having their washing, or a part of it, done at 'professional' shops, and more and more people are contracting this habit every year."

"You think then that the stock phrase "Chinese cheap labor," is rather inapplicable to this part of the country?" "Do the American laundries feel the effects of e country?"
"Yes, so far as it has any vital significance.

More Work for a Smaller Sum of money than most or any Americans, but no human cheap labor can compete successfully with

of money than most or any Americans, but no human cheap labor can compete successfully with Yankee machinery."

At this moment a customer entered to get his collars and cuffs, and was promptly attacked by the reporter on the subject under discussion.

"As far as my taste g.es," he said, "I prefer the American laundries every time. Chinamen are never prompt; they never have your washing done when they promise it, and you cannot remonstrate with them, for, even if they do understand you, they pretend not to, and you can't get any satisfaction out of them. If you miss articles they pay no attention to your remarks on the subject, and even the presence of a policeman will not make them either communicative or intelligent. But come outside, young man, I have more to say to you," and, with an air of mystery, he led the reporter away from the ear of the laundry agent.

"The fact is, sir," he continued, "the laundry is one of the most prolific sources of financial ruin that this country knows. In the first place, it is getting to be a regular item in every man's expense account. Washing is no longer done at home, except our coarse pleces, and soon even those too will be taken by the laundryman. But by far the worst feature of this is that an ordinary laundry will not guarantee to wash a collar or a pair of cuffs more than three times before a frill is put round the edge of each cuff, and the collar is so frayed that you cannot wear it, if you care either for looks or comfort. Then, suppose you call this an exaggeration, a good shirt will be so decayed by the powders or what-not that they put in the water to add to its cleansing power, that in three months' time it nearly falls to pieces. It is no exaggeration when I say that my linen costs me more than twice as much a year when I patronize a laundry as it does when I have my washing done at home, or by hand somewhere else."

"Well," said a gentleman, deliberately, who had overheard the latter part of this discourse, "that may be true, though I consider it exaggerated;

Going to an American Laundry regularly once a week since last August. See for

regularly once a week since last August. See for yourself in what condition they are," and he exhibited the articles, which were in apparently as good condition as when first bought.

Before journeying much further the reporter found a man who has pat onized a Chinese laundry for years, and, to use his own words. "I never am troubled with any lack of promptness, but find on the contrary that these people are very exemplary in this respect. It may not be so economical to employ them, but I like their work rather better than that done by an American laundry. It is not so ruinous to the material, and all this talk about unhealthy methods of cleansing I consider to be nonsense."

unhealthy methods of cleansing I consider to be nonsense."

One of the proprietors of a large laundry said in speaking of the same matters: "We do not complain particularly about the competition of the Chinese; we can and do do better work at a lower price, and in the long run people will find this out. Probably the majority of people would be surprised to learn that the Chinese not only do not work at lower prices than Americans, but in many cases at higher."

Bent on finding the true relation between American and Chinese labor, the reporter called at several agencies for laundries, and at many shops run by Celestials. At the latter he was rarely so fortunate as to find a printed list of prices, and in this case the labor of getting the desired information was very taxing to the patience of both interviewer and interviewed. However, the results obtained and given below are correct enough to serve as a fair comparison between the two classes of American laundry agencies. There appear to be three kinds. The first that undertakes all kinds of clothes washing at a fair, even cheap price; the second, that is a little limited in range of articles, being confined to what might be called the "fancy" class, and charging higher

than the first; and the third, which takes orders for small articles only. The following table shows a comparison between the Chinese and these classes in regard to the articles mentioned:

Chinese. Other articles, from clothing to quilts and mosquito netting, are arranged by both classes of workmen on a sliding scale, and as far as the lists indicate anything the Chinese are no cheaper, but about on a level with the American price.

DECORATIVE ART.

Screens, Table Scarf, Tidy, a Pretty Mat, a Cushion, a Lambrequin, Etc. Most convenient articles are screens, whether large or small, and they hold a position of importance in the household furniture of the present day, as they can be used for various purposes, some to shield from view the passage-way from one apartment to another, or to act as draught screens, while others are used for fire screens, and the table before a lamp, which, while comfortably hielding the light from the eyes of those who do not require it, still allow it to be shed on the books or work of those who are more industriously or work of those who are more industriously inclined. A large folding screen of three panels or leaves is very odd and pretty when made of common white matting. The frame can be made by any carpenter from wood of whatever description is preferred. White pine answers very well, but must be very smoothly finished. It can then be olled, or it is pretifer still to stain it either black walnut or mahogany and give it two or three coats of copal varnish, letting it dry tholoughly between each coat. The panels are to be joined by means of small brass hinges. The frame is then ready for the matting. This must be tacked smoothly to the back of the woodwork of each panel, placing the tacks quite closely to hold the matting well in place. The design is then traced rather lightly on the matting of each panel with crayon or charcoal in outline, and afterward painted also in outline with oil paint. Burnt amber or burnt sienna are very pretty brades of brown to use and Winson and Newton's urnt amber or burnt sienna are very prett hades of brown to use, and Winsor and Newton' abe-oil colors are the best. The back should be overed with brown silesia or any shade that may be fancied, leaving a space of the woodwork eyond, and the edge of the silesia is finished by beyond, and the edge of the silesia is finished by tacking a braid over it. Firescreens can also be made in this shape, but would require a more elaborate frame. The ordinary-shaped firescreen with swinging panel is prettiest, however, and the metal frames now so much in vogue, though expensive, are very beautiful. Old gold or cardinal silk are pretty colors, the design to be worked in outline with brown embroidery silks, though colored silks suitable for the coloring in the pattern may be used with pretty effect. Still another pretty idea for a firescreen is a mirror set in an ebony or handsome metal frame, and a painting in oil-colors of water lilies and lily pads upon the glass, also a bird or butterfly hovering just above. The effect is very beautiful; for the flowers, being reflected in the mirror, seem as if really floating The effect is very beautiful; for the flowers, being reflected in the mirror, seem as if really floating upon water. Table-screens should be exceedingly dainty in every point, and satin, silk, plush or velvet, the materials used for the purpose. The setting for these small screens should be dainty, to correspond with the material which they are to frame. Thus, for old gold, silk or satin, a slight framework of ebonized wood, the smallest hinges of brass or gilt used to join the panels, or a light blue or pale green satin with frame of gilt for the setting. Should blue satin be used red field filles may be substituted for sweet flag, and will form a prettier contrast with the background. Small banner screens are also pretty for table use, and are easily made, as the frames are already preany store where materials for fancy-work are sold A piece of satin is cut the width of the crossbar and long enough to extend down three-quarter

A piece of sain is cut the wind of the crossariar, and long enough to extend down three-quarters the length of the rod. The satin is then to be fringed quite deeply across the lower edge and a design painted or embroidered upon it. A piece of the same, or some contrasting color, is cut to correspond exactly with that intended for the face of the screen, and fringed in the same manner. The edges of the sides and across the top are then neatly blind-stitched together. The piece is then suspended from the cross rod by sewing it securely to the little rings, with which it is furnished, for this purpose. Bows of satin ribbon may be placed at either end of the rod. This may be used on large or small folding screens, whether painted or embroidered. For a large screen it should be executed as already described, the design painted in outline with the colors named. For a small screen, should it be of gold-colored satin, first trace the design faintly with lead pencil, and embroider in color, using

with lead pencil, and embroider in color, using light and dark shahes of violet sliks for the sweet flag, green for the leaves, grasses and hiy pads, brown for the birds and cat-tails. Long stitches

A Table Scaff. A table scarf that is tasteful and quite inex pensive is made of dark green felt; it should be about half a yard wide; have it pinked on the edge, and on each end put a strip of silk patchwork, familially called "crazy patchwork." Have this strip about one-quarter of a yard deep. Make fringe of the felt, cut in very narrow strips, and six inches deep. Each edge of the silk patchwork should be feather-stitched.

A beautiful tidy for the back of a large chair is is made of a square piece of cloth about ten inches each way; on this is sewed patchwork of plush and velvet in the form of a widespread fan. The corners of the block are of black velvet, and on the top, drooping over the fan, is a spray from a moss-rose bush, in ribbon embroidery. The edge is finished with lace. This design is pretty for a block in a quilt or a sofa pillow.

An Ornamental Mat.

Pretty mats for ornaments on a marble mantel are made of scrim or of linen momie cloth. They should be long and narrow, and trimmed with lace across the bottom, and have some pretty design in Kensington embroidery on them. The more effective and striking the design the better form it is in. Stand a vase or jar on the unornamented end, and let the other hang over the mantel.

Palm-Leaf Fan Decrration. A pretty way to fix a paim-leaf fan is to paint it.

bine. Around the edge of the cushion put a full puff of pale silk satin. Where the puff is joined to the blue satin sew a good-sized pink cord. The cushion, when completed, should be about half a yard long, but not quite so wide.

A Lambreguin.

A handsome little lambrequin for a bracket is of black satin cut in points. Trim the edge around the points with short and fine silk or chenfile fringe. Across the top paint a vine of green leaves and red berries, and on each point put a rosebud or tiny spray of forget-me-nots or heliotrope.

Salad Dressings and Salads. MAYONNAISE.

CLOBE RECEIPTS.

A tablespoonful of mustard, one of sugar, speck of cayenne, one teaspoonful of sait, yolks of three uncooked eggs, juice of half a lemon, a quar ter of a cup of vinegar, a pint of oil and a cupful f whipped cream. These quantities may be inof whipped cream. These quantities may be increased or diminished according to judgment and needs of family. Beat the yolks of eggs and dry ingredients until very light and thick with wooden spoon, or, better, a Dover egg beater. It greatly facilitates matters to set the bowl in which the dressing is made in a pain of ice-weter during the beating. Add a few drops of oil at a time until the dressing becomes very thick and rather hard. After this add the oil more rapidly until it gets so thick the beater turns hard, then add a little vinegar. When all the oil and vinegar is used it should be very thick and stiff. Now add the lemon juice and whipped cream and set on ice until ready for and whipped cream and set on ice until ready for use. The cream may be o nifted without injury. CREAM DRESSING.

Two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of cream, one teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of mustard. Beat the eggs well, add sugar, salt and mustard, then vinegar, lastly cream. Place the bowl in a basin of bolling water and stir until it thickens, not longer. Cool and use when needed. RED MAYONNAISE.

To give bright color to mayonnaise lobster coral ounded to a powder and ubbed through a sieve, then thoroughly blended, or juice from boiled

SARDINE DRESSING. Pound in a mortar until perfectly smooth the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs and three sardines freed of bones. Add this to either of the above and you have an excellent fish dressing. BUTTER DRESSING.

Four tablespoonfuls of butter, one of flour, one of salt, one of sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, a dash of cayenne, one cup of milk, half a cup of vinegar, three eggs. Let the butter get hot in a pan, stir in flour until a smooth paste, without browning, add milk and let it come to a boil; beat offers, and the stir that a way and proper to the salt. orowing, and milk and let it come to a boil; beat eggs, salt, mustard, sugar and pepper togethar and add the vinegar; stir this into the boiling mixture until it thickous as soft custard; take off immediately or it will curile. Set away to cool; bottle it if you wish and it will keep for two weeks. FRENCH DRESSING.

six weeks in a lox paced in a cell infer feet below the floor of the room. To prevent the chance of deception, a guard, comprising two companies of soldiers, had been detailed, and four sentries were furnished, and relleved every two hours night and day, to guard the building from intrusion. "On opening it," says Sir Claude, "we saw a figure inclosed in a bag of white linen fastened by a string over the head.

The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure. The legs and arms of the body were shrivelled and stiff, the face full, the head recilining on the shoulder like that of a corpse. I then called the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, temple or the arms. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain which no other part of the body exhibited. The process of resuscitation included bathing in hot water, friction, the removal of wax and cotton pledgets from the nostrils and ears, the rubbing of the eyelids with ghee, or clarified butter, and, what will appear most curlous, the application of a hot wheaten cake about an inch thick to the top of the head. After the cake had been applied the third time the body was violently convulsed, the mostrils became inflated, the respiration ensued and the limbs assumed a natural fulness, but pulsation was faintly perceptible. The tongue was then anointed with ghee, the eye-balls dilated and recovered their natural color, and the fakir recognized those present and spoke. Not only had the nostrils and ears been plugged, but the tongue had be n thrust back so as to close the guilet, thus effectually stopping the orifice against admission of atmospheric air. This was done not only to prevent the action of the air upon the organic tissues, but to guard against the deposit of the germs of decay, which, in the case of suspended animation, would cause decomposition as they do on other meat exposed to the air." If, then, a fakir could suspend animation for six week Three tablespoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, one saltspoonful of salt and a speck of cayenne. Put salt and pepper in a cup with one tablespoonful of oil. When thoroughly mixed add remainder of oil and the vinegar. Add a little onion juice if desired.

POTATO SALAD.

Ten cold boiled potatoes sliced, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and mixed with the French POTATO SALAD, NO. 2.

One quart of small potatoes, two tablespoonfuls chopped onions, two of chopped parsley, four of beets, and enough of any of the salad dressings, or clear vinegar, to make it slightly moist; to the latter, if used, add a little melted butter; keep in a cool place until ready to serve. TOMATO SALAD.

Ripe tomatoes peeled and very cold, cut in thin slices; arrange on a flat dish; put a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing in centre of each slice and arrange a border of parsley around the dish; also a sprig here and there, and you will have some thing dainty and inviting. SARDINE SALAD.

Arrange about a pint of any cold cooked fish, previously shredded and freed from bones, on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Cover the fish with a sardine dressing; over this arrange six sardines split, having the ends meet at the centre. Around the dish place thin slices of lemon and a wreath of parsley or young lettuce leaves. parsley or young lettuce leaves.

VEGETABLE SALADS.

All kinds may be made by using cold boiled pease, string beans, cauliflower, asparagus tops, beets or celery cutting not too small and using any of the salad dressings, according to taste. Nothing need be wasted.

A HARVARD BOY'S EXPLOIT. Coming Home at a Late Hour He Disturb

the Slumber of a Female. There were two hotels in the place. One had : bar-room and other modern conveniences. The at 10 o'clock, and was mostly frequented by ancient school marms and crusty old gentlemen with small incomes. Skilkins' father thought be would have fewer temptations if he went to the less pretentious hotel. It was also cheaper. To the smaller house he accordingly went. But the bad young men at the large hotel liked Skilkins, and Skilkins liked the bad young men, and they all liked a game called "pool." For a few nights skilkins managed to get to his hotel before they locked up, but one night he missed it. He pounded on the door and tried all the windows, but it was no use, he couldn't get in. At length his fertile brain suggested a way out of the difficulty. There was a ladder under the plazza. This he put against the plazza roof, which was sloping, and climbed up. Now Skiikins was somewhat of a mathematician, and he knew his door was the fifth from the end, and so he reasoned his window must also be the fifth. Softly he crawed up the roof, and had passed one leg gently into the window when he heard an unmistakable rustle in the room. He became uncomfortable. Soon a succession of unmistakable feminine screams rent the air. The situation was getting too hot for him. He slid down the roof without a sted, but he missed the ladder in his haste and landed on the ground.

He passed the night in a hammock and left on the morning boat for the city.

the ground.

He passed the night in a hammock and left on the morning boat for the city.

Betsey and He Were Out. In Summar News.

In Sumter county, above Gallatin, has lived for many years a family, consisting of man and wife, named Caldwell. The couple had lived together until each was beginning to totter on the verge of A precty way to nx a paint-leaf ran is to paint it.

Mix some ultramarine or prussian blue with a little silver-white paint, and make it quite thin with boiled linseed oil. Paint the fan on both sides, handle and all, with it. If you choose to decorate it paint a poppy or some buds and stems on it; fie a biue ribuon around the handle and hang it in a convenient place. If you prefer to make it pink use crimson or madder lake, and white in the same way.

A Gushion.

A lovely cushion is made by embroidering a spray of old-fashioned pinks on a ground of pale

The husband. The persuasive powers of her friends were of no avail. She threatened to appeal to the law. When this fact was communicated to her husband, who has an economic turn of mind, he suggested that the costs of a lawsuit might be obviated by a mutual agreement. The suggestion met the approbation of the wife, and the work of dividing things was at once begun. The husband allowed her to choose the farm of her choice, which she did, taking the best one. Then followed an equal division of the norses, the

sows, the calves, the mules, the furniture, the bedding and the entire household and farmhold effects, including the two yellow dogs and a Thomas and a pussy cat.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

course of preparation, diet and repose, to bring

their bodies into a condition which enables them

to be burled under ground for an indefinite period. Sir Claude Wade was present at the court of Rundzgit Singh, when the fakir mentioned by the Hon. Captain Osborne was burled alive for six weeks in a box placed in a cell three feet below the floor of the room. To prevent the chance of decention, a guard comprising two conventions.

dug up and examined, and each time he was found in exactly the same state as when they shut him

TOBACCO, OR TEA?

The Boyish Prank of a Celebrated Boston

One of Boston's most popular preachers relates

the following story: "Ministers' children are proverbially roguish and fun-loving, and I was no

exception to the rule when a boy. We had for

exception to the rule when a boy. We had for many years in our service an old color-d woman, who was quite a character in her way. Deacon M., our neighbor, also had a colored servant in his employ. Auuts Susie and Huidah used to have tea parties in their kitchens which were greatly enjoyed by both. One day the table was set, the teapot on the stove and Aunt Susie was expecting Huldah every ninute. As she went to the window to look out, I quietly dropped a small piece of to-bacco into the teapot and then retired to watch the fun. Aunt Susie poured the tea with great dignity. Huldah sipped a little daintily, and, suppressing a grim ce, passed the cup back, saying: "Leetle moah tea water pot; tea too 'trong fo' lady's 'tummiek."

Aunt Susie politely compiled, with some astonishment, for they were both very fond of strong

lady's 'tummick."

Aunt Susie politely compiled, with some astonishment, for they were both very fond of strong tea. Huldah tasted again, cautiously, but finding it impossible to drink the tea, politely wated. As Aunt Susie tasted the tea a look of astonishment

crept over her face; she tasted again, smelt of it; took the cover off the teapot and tasted its contents with her nose, and finally gasped:
"Lord a mussy! what did I put in dis yere teapot!"

pot!"
"De Lord knows!" was the devout reply.
"Guess de debble knows moah 'bout it 'n de
Lord!" Aunt Susie muttered as she went on experimenting, suspiciously.
"Terbaccer! drat dem bys!" she exclaimed, as
she quick y poured out the contents of the teapot
and prepared fresh tea. Her last remark was too
much for us, and with a smothered roar we
prudently took to our heels, pursued by the irate
tea drinkers."

Drank a Tear.

[Arkansas Traveller.]

A Colt Almost an Exact Fac Simile of a

"What, water!" the boys exclaimed

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass

Preacher.

Incredible Stories.

Wonderful Cases of Voluntary Trance as Practised by the Fakirs of India-Some The fakirs of India, according to Napier. O orne, Magir, Lawes, Quenouillet, Nigiforovitch

The property possessed by certain metallic sulplides and other phosphorescent bodies of absorb-ing light when exposed to its influence, and givng out the same when brought into a darkened only quite lately that efforts have been made to utilize such properties. Of these, the most strikupon a flat tablet and expessing it to a strong light for a few seconds under an ordinary photographic negatice. Upon removing the tablet thus impressed into a dark room, the 1 icture on it will

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

same as ordinary ones, except in so far as regards the exposure, which must be momentary. He appears to have reasoned in this way: With even the briefest exposure capable of being given, a certain modicum of change will be produced on the sensitive bromide of silver, although maniing briefly exposed to light and then withdrawn into a dark room, will be seen to glow brightly, the color of the light emitted depending upon the pature of the carbonate originally selected. This application of a well recognized fact in phosphorescence is so novel, and calculated to be of so much use, that we have no doubt its progress towards development will be rapid.—[Scientific American. American.

When pieces of leather are to be cemented to-

When pieces of leather are to be cemented together, which are not subjected to traction, or need not sustain heavy weights, common gine will probably be the best binding substance; for thin leather ordinary flour paste may also be used. If the leather is subjected to a moderate strain, the following method may be used: Soak equal parts of gine and of isinglass for ten hours, with enough water to ever them; then add one-fourth part of of glue and of isinglass for ten hours, with enough water to cover them; then add one-fourth part of tannin, and boil until the mixture becomes sticky. The surfaces of the leather must first be roughened with some coarse tool; they are then well rubbed with the above mixture while warm, and firmly pressed together. After a few hours they will be found united. Or glue (eight parts) may be soaked with water until soft, the excess poured off, and the vessel then placed on a water bath until the glue melts. One part of glacial acetic acid is then added, and the mixture transferred to small vials. This ilquid glue will also stick ieather together very finnly. One part of glacial acetic acid is then added, and the mixture transferred to small vials. This iquid glue will also stick leather together very firmly. An Austrian firm manufactures a glue which is said to be made from the entrails (skins?) of cattle, which goes by the name of dermatin, and is reported to be used in England, as well as on the continent. This is said to glue leather together so effectually that the mended place will be as good as new, while it leaves it perfectly flexible.

Gold rings are made from pars mine or fifteen inches long. A bar fitteen inches long, about two inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, was worth \$1000. It would make 300 four-penny-weight rings. A dozen processes and twenty minutes times are required to change the bar into merchantable rings. A pair of shears cuts the bar into strips. By the turn of a wheel, one, two or three-sixteenths of an inch wide. A rolling machine presses cut the strips and makes them flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under the blowpipe and annealed.

The oxide of conner comes to the surface and is

presses out the strips and makes them flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under the blowpipe and annealed.

The oxide of copper comes to the surface and is put into a pickle of sull huric acid, the bit of gold is stamped with its quality and the name of the maker, and is put through a machine that bends it into the shape of a ring, the same machine making a ring of any size. The ends are soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people imagine that rings are run in a mould because they can't see where they are soldered. The ring spins through the turning lathes, is rounded, and pared and polished, first with tripoth and then with steel filings and rouge. A lacquer, said to be of great elasticity, perfectly supple and not liable to peel off, is made in the following manner: About 120 pounds of oil varnish are heated in one vessel, and thirty-three pounds of quicklime are put into twenty-twa pounds of water in another. As soon as the lime causes an effervescence, fifty-five pounds of melted india-rubber are added. This mixture is stirred and then poured-into the vessel of hot varnish. The whole is then stirred so as to be thoroughly mixed, then strained and allowed to cool, when it has the appearance of lead. When required for use, it is thinned with the necessary quantity of varnish and applied with a brush, hot or coid, preferably the former. This lacquer is useful for wood or iron and for walls; it will also render water proof, cloth, paper. etc.

"There is no more powerful apparatus for the conveyance of disease than a book," says the London Lancet, a discovery which the Pall Mall Gazette thinks will be immensely popular with schoolboys and the opponents of free librarles. A

Gazette thinks will be immensely popular wit

"What, water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink on me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article with all of you. Lemme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago a passel of us went fishing, and we took a fine chance of whisky along, an' had a heap of fun. Long toward evenin' I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drunk up all the whiskey and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me that drunk, and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got a hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night, an' when I woke in the mornin' that sot my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up an' looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see she was chokin'.

"I wish I had suthin ter drink,' s'I.

"Then she tuck a cup what she fotch with her an' went down to whar a spring biled up an' dipped up a cupful and fotch it to me. Jes' as she was handin' it ter me she leaned over ter hide her eyes, an' I seed a tear drap in the water. I tuck the cup an' drank the water an' the tear, an' raisin' my hands I vowed that I would never hafter drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."

"There is no more powerful apparatus for the conveyance of disease than a book," says the London Lancet, a discovery which the Pall Mall Gazette thinks will be immensely popular with schoolboys and the opponents of free libraries. A list of the maladies most vasily conveyed by means of books is given as foilows: "Measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, sore throat, whooping-cough bronchitis, and perhaps phthisis." The germs of disease "may lie for weeks, months, or perhaps year-gazetween the pages of a bound book, to be dislotged at some unpropitious moment when the volume chances to be handled by a susceptible person." The worst of the Lancet's discovery is that no remedy apparently can be provided for this difficulty.

Attempts have been made to propel boats on canals and rivers by conducting a column of water through a pipe and ejecting it forcibly at the stern, but they did not prove successful. An Englishman now claims to have got over the difficulty by showing "the force exerted by one fluid pouring into or against another depends on the contact of surfaces, and not on the sectional area of the flowing mass, after it be once set in motion." Instead, therefore, of tubes with large orifice, he makes use of tubes with narrow outlet, a mere silt, and thus obtains a large superficial contact by ejecting water through a series of narrow openings.

The burning of the lignite beds of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Dakota, Mr. Charles A. White says, was caused by spontaneous combustion, contact at exposed places with brairle fires, or human agency. The weight of the evidence goes to support the theory that, in the great majority of cases, the fires have occured in a purely natural way, or spontaneously, like those which are often seen in progress in the piles of refuse coalt that collect about the mouths of coal mines. A large part of such burnings of lignite is very ancient; more so, perhaps, than the introduction of artificial fire upon this continent.

From statistics recently published, it appears that there are i (Pittsburg Despatch.)

Tom Stoker of Ellisville, Ky., has a gay and fidgety old mare that last year got fearfully frightened at his watch-dog. Recently the mare gave birth to a colt which was almost an exact fac simile of the dog, the head, feet and tail being almost perfect. The feet contained regular dog toes, but had no nalls on them. It was dead when foaled.

of prehistoric man is a stern fact, even to the most sceptical.

A composition has been invented by MM. Dankworth and Landers of St. Petersburg which is reported to be tough, elastic, waterproot, insulating—in short, a nearly sufficient substitute for indiarubber. It is composed of a mixture of wood and coal tar, linseed oil, ozokerit, spermaceti and sulphur, which are thoroughly mixed and heated for a long time in large vessels by means of superheated steam.

Mica has been applied to a new use—that of fashioning it into middle soles to boots and shoes. The invention consists of a sheet of mica, embedded in thin coatings of cement, and placed in the boot or shoe under and adjacent to the insole, the upper leather of the shoe lapping over its edges, or next under the filling and the outer or bottom sole, and covering the under space from the toe to the instep.

Clark County, Ky., Democrat.

A bird of the wren species built a nest in a small tin box which sat on the mant tpiece in the family room. The old bird will allow members of the family to move the box from the place, apparently without any disturbance to her birdship, and birds which were reared under the same roof last year come into the house regularly to be fed by the children, who scatter crumbs on the floor.

HAY FEVER-I have suffered for the last ten years from hay fever. I desire to testify in favor Eiy's Cream Balm. My short use of it demonstrated its efficacy. J. Maidhof, 401 Broadway. N. Y.

THE NEW UNITED STATES POSTAL NOTE.

ndla Par Indung Come	Jan,	0	MA	ARKAMA, ALA. No. 13786.	Dolls	Dimes	8 (
ARKAMA, ALA.	Feb.	1884.	of Oct. 3.	Altitalia, Real	1	1	
Salo will Decree of many	Mar.	1885.	4 1883. P	POSTAL NOTE	1	2	
No. 13786.	Apr.	1886.	M. O. B.	FOR SUMS LESS THAN FIVE DOLLARS. PAYABLE IN THE UNITED STATES ONLY.	0	3	
Charles and the second	May.	1887.		To the POSTMASTER of the MONEY-ORDER OFFICE at	2	4	(
Amount \$3.74.	June.	1888.	FEE	CLEVELAND, O.	2	5	1
Date of issue, October 3, 1883.	July.	1889.	(Vignette.) THREE CENTS.	Pay to BEARER, at any time within three months from the last day of the month	3	6	(
and the last of the state of th	Aug.	1890.	nesa tanàna ao interior ao	of issue, the sum of Three Dollars 74 Cents. RICHARD ROWE, Postmaster.	1	0	1
Office drawn upon:	Sept.	1891.	DATED STAMP	This postal note is also payable to bearer at the office of issue, with the same imitation as to time. If lost or destroyed, no duplicate thereof can be issued.	4	8	8
CLEVELAND,	1892.	OF	SPECIAL SPECIA	0	9	(
The state of the s	Nov.	1893.	PAYING OFFICE.	RECEIVED the above named sum.	U	0	(
OHIO.	Dec.	1894.	the latest water was the latest with	Signature.	Hds.	Tens.	Un

amounts of money through the United States mail will hail with delight the advent of the new postal note, a fac-simile of which is printed above. The date of deliverance from the alternate annoyance of enclosing small coins and bills, sent at the imminent risk of loss or theft, or the practically useless postage stamps in an envelope for transmis-

sion by mail will be October 1.

The government has heretofore solemnly warned the public not to put their money in envelopes. Under the new system the country cousin can visit her post office with \$4 99, or any lesser sum, and deposit the same with a fee of three cents. The country postmaster will then

punch three holes, as above indicated, to the right | crease in revenue from the money order departof the order, showing the dollars, cents and dimes | ment by lowering the price of a small order from deposited, and two more holes to the left through the month and year. He will then affix his stamp

dorsement having been abandoned. Thus, for the three months during which the note is good it will be a ready substitute for legal tender in the towns both of the issuing and receiving offices. The de-

ten to three cents will doubtless be large. On the other hand, the expense of detecting and convictother hand, the expense of detecting and convicting an signature and hand over the note without requiring, as at present, the horoscope and pedigree of the sender and receiver.

At the Boston post office, upon the receipt of a duplicate from the country post office, the face amount of the note will be paid to bearer, the bothersome old system of identification and indorsement having been abandoned. Thus, for the

trom the postal note.

The law under which the note goes into opera tion was passed at the last session of Congress. When, last year, the English postmaster-general,

else lose many of their country customers, will

doubtless receive the greatest financial benefit

Fawcett, proposed the shilling postal note to Par-liament, its members laughed at him as it had at Rowland Hill's penny postage. The ministerial majority, however, passed the bill, and the de-spised note became such a favorite that it is now proposed to have a note for fractions of a shilling. The system has been found to be of particular benefit to small tradespeople, farmers and others

Boston Meekly Globe. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1883.

NO THREE-CENT STAMPS

will be accepted by THE WEEKLY GLOBE in payment of subscriptions on account of the new bostage law, which substitutes two-cent stamps in heir place. Stamps of the denomination of one, wo, five or ten will be received as heretofore.

HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is sent everywhere in the United States and Canadas, one year, free of postage, for only \$1 00; six copies for only \$5 00.

All subscriptions should be sent by postal order, registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three

To ensure immediate attention and prompt answers all letters should be addressed to "THE WERKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass."

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and State. Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full, Every notice to discontinue should give the town

county and State to which the paper is being sent. All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of

When postage stamps are sent they should not be

All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass." Sample copies are free.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertising 30 cts. perline. About 5 words average a line. Editorial Notices 50 cts. per nonpareil line. Discounts: 5 per cent. on \$100; 10 on \$200.

The enterprising Turk having discovered NOAH's ark frozen up solid on the top of Mount Ararat, we hope Bob INGERSOLL will hasten to Inspect the find and discover by what system NOAH ventilated the concern through one small window in the roof.

The trip of President ARTHUR and General BHERIDAN to the Yellowstone begins to look suspiciously like a job to wheedle the Shoshones and Arapahoes out of a large area of valuable land. Secretary Teller had better keep his eye upon this pleasure excursion.

diplomacy and playing what she imagined was a very deep game with China, the latter has said but little and quietly prepared for something more conclusive than diplomacy. Despatches from San Francisco state that during the past eighteen months 240,000 Springfield rifles and other war material, valued at about \$5,000,000, have been shipped from that port to Shanghai. With a man behind each of these Springfield rifles, China will be able to make it very interesting for the French invaders of Tonquin.

The assertion of the British government, that it has not exported paupers to this country, but has only assisted emigrants who have friends here to care for them, is not in accordance with the facts. A family of nine assisted emigrants from Galway, sent by way of Boston, have appealed as paupers for county aid in Brooklyn, and will be "assisted" back to Ireland. The scheme of compelling the United States to support the people whom it has robbed to the point of starvation having failed, the benevolent British government now proposes to bundle them over to Canada, and settle about 200,000 of them on small better off in Canada, working for themselves, than they are in Ireland working for landlords, but that does not alter the fact that eviction by starvation is an infamous thing. The British government Ireland, where they have the right to live, and to talk United States. send the game-preserving landlords to Canada or anywhither out of Ireland.

It is not surprising that the cholera spread rapidly when once it gets a start in the land of the late lamented Pharaohs. When the government adopts measures to check the plague the inhabitants employ their feeble wits, and as much of their time as they can spare from the pleasures of acquiring a colic, in devising schemes for evading quarantine. The establishment of a cordon line to forcibly dissnade the natives from impesting each other was considered sufficient provocation for rioting, and when a foreign government kindly sent a corps of physicians to Egypt, the plague-worshipping blockheads of natives promptly bundled them out of the country. A local doctor, having the unexpected wisdom to forbid an elaborate funeral orgie over a dead cholera patient, the people assaulted him, and then stoned the troops who were called out to assist the doctor in preventing the mourners from enjoying the immortal blessings of a mortal bellyache. It is discouraging work to fight such an alliance of disease and stupidity, and if the British government wants to earn the everlasting gratitude of the Egyptians it should put all the doctors in jail and import a few shiploads of green watermelons and Jersey peaches.

The New York Sun prints a five-column report of an interview held with DORSEY at his ranch in New Mexico by one of its own staff, which is more complete and direct than anything previously published as coming from the manager of the Republican campaign of 1880. Instead of denying the accuracy of the broadside first published by the Sun, Dorsey emphatically backs it up and gives names and dates. Dorsey asserts that SHERMAN was betrayed at Chicago; that the support of the New York Stalwarts was bought by a positive promise to appoint Levi P. Morton secretary of the treasury; that New York bankers furnished money on the strength of a promise that they should refund the government bonds: that GOULD and HUNTINGTON paid \$100,000 for the appointment of STANLEY MATTHEWS; that | too contemptuously considered, and have, with \$400,000 were spent to carry Indiana, and that the money raised by the campaign committee, nearly two million dollars, was a corruption fund. This story cannot be offset by mere quibbling. It is true in the main, and the Republican managers dare not reply to it, because they know it is not only true, but can be proved. It is clear and beyoud possibility of doubt that the Republican party corruptly bought the presidency in 1880. The presidency must not be stolen or obtained by pribery again.

That rude sense of justice which prevails in the wild West, and sometimes effervesces in a way which shocks our Eastern ideas of propriety, has deserves more notice than has yet been paid it. At Red Bluffs, Colorado, an exasperated editor. having tried persuasion on one of his delinquent subscribers until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. the sheriff sympathized with him, allowed him to once a week and "make up" the paper. In a few order to make it, Mr. CARPENTER had spent his

mously that the shooting was justifiable homicide. and refused to indict him. As soon as this pecame known all the surviving patrons of the paper hurried in with their subscriptions, and the editor is now flush with money, as he never was before, and as happy as the proverbial clam at high water. Colorado is evidently a paradise for country

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

Though according to the almanac we are now but just enjoying the midsummer days, and though according to the astronomers the sun has but just passed the midway point of his summer journey, nevertheless the coming of autumn distinctly casts its shadow before during the delightful days of last week and reminded us that even before we are getting the merest speaking acquaintance with summer we must soon bid her farewell and prepare to welcome her successor. For their warning was unmistakable, in the dim yellow tinge of their sunshine, in their soft pleasant coolness, born not of east wind and salt sea savor, but of lessening sun's warmth, in their autumn feeling that penetrated earth and air and sky, and spoke from sunbeam and breeze, from moonrise and sunset.

Has summer grown coy and haughty and reserved during these latter years? We know but little of late of her glowing fervor and her impetuous heats. She comes late, she looks upon us superciliously, and she departs early. She bestows upon us but seldom the glory of her "hot high noons," and as she turns to leave us the order of her going is not as brilliant as she was wont to make it. Talk of the "dull November days" being "the saddest of the year"! What are they to the sadness that lingers in the air and yellows the sunshine as the glories of summer begin to fade, and the reminders of the coming of autumn are more frequent?

Those days are upon us now in all their sad beauty, and every morning brings its touching reminder that the glorious vigor of the summer days is going down to its death. But, with all their signs of decay and all their meaning of age and death, rather than life and vigor, it is a regal beauty that these days wear. Nature is at her best of ripeness and fulness, and her devotees are well repaid for their worship, whether they send up their adoration at the seashore, on the mountain side or in the stillness of inland fields and

END OF THE CONCORD SHOW.

Thursday evening's lecture at the Concord school was upon "Platonism in Relation to Modern Thought," by Mr. Lewis Block of Chicago. It was a very elaborate exposition, and showed much care and thought, yet its obscurity made it difficult of comprehension. The audience was attentive and rewarded the lecturer for his efforts with application, and application in the School of Philosophy.

Professor Harris said the "eternal now" is that it was impossible for any human being to think of any stage not passive or not active. There is no possibility of other universes because this one contains all othernesses. The creation of the world is the result of the knowing of the relation of the second to the first person, and as all this is within the self-knowing of the first, it is called a "double procession."—[Extracts from report.

A double procession, headed by a mental fog

tailed by a gab-gifted calliope and bill-posted by FRANK SANBORN, is the summer attraction at Concord. We submit that Mr. LEWIS BLOCK has attained the very summit of philosophy as misunderstood at Concord. The elaborate obscurity of his exposition of transcendental verbosity was so carefully contrived that what he said was beyond the comprehension of his audience; wherefore the audience enthusiastically applauded. From the heights of superior inanity, infested by babbling word-mongers, tumble the big blobs of blue bosh, and in the oozy puddles of muddled thought flounder the tadpole philosophers, spluttering their admirafarms. No doubt these poor people will be much | tion for incomprehensibilities and solemnly trying to kick off their own tails. The puddles are occasionally stirred spatteringly by the kerchunk of a new phrase, the progeny of Professor HARRIS' tongue clapperwise enamored of a handful of will brag of its benevolence in sending the poor printer's pi. The school has adjourned until next In hopeless desperation he runs anywhither, people of Ireland to Canadian farms. But the | year, and, if the lecturers have not escaped, we people of Ireland do not want benevolence: they | suggest that they be seized and impounded be want justice. Justice would give them farms in | tween the covers of a dictionary until they learn

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The week closed Saturday with a better feeling in business circles. Men of good judgment are inclined to think that if we were to have failures it is much better for the business of the country to have them now than after the fall trade has begun. This is undoubtedly a wise view of the case, and the small percentage of failures in proportion to the number engaged in the trades affected shows that there is not the slightest cause

A panic which is expected never comes, because people are prepared for it, discount it, and it always fails to arrive on schedule time. It is when everything is inflated and all men are unprepared that a panic comes like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky. What we have had thus far in the way of failures have been simply like a few boils on a man's person, as a gentleman expressed i vesterday. When lanced and discharged the patient is better, and it is so in regard to the case in

The suspensions we have had here and there teach prudence, but are in no sense the forerunners of grave disaster. They are really not entitled to the prominence which they have received. The wild assertions of a few newspapers and the croaking of small, narrow-minded men, who love to predict disaster, have really done more to disturb confidence than the actual failures. Every clear-headed business man in the community can see that this is true, and that on his acts and conversations largely depend that confidence which is the basis of a good trade, fair profits and general prosperity.

JAY GOULD'S INCOME BEATEN.

A thousand orators and a hundred writers-EMERSON at their head-have proclaimed this to be the age of mind, the age when intellect is supreme, and when the productions of the mind are. for the first time since the world began, duly appreciated. Indeed some conservative old fogies have been afraid that manual labor was CARLYLE, upheld the dignity of labor and praised the hard hands and furroughed skin of the sons of toil. In one of the most eloquent passages in "Sartor Resartus." Professor TEUFELSDROCKLE vindicates the laborer with his hands from the aspersions which CARLYLE believed had been east upon him in this age when the mind only was

But here in the great republic of the new world, however it may be in the effete dynasties of the old, at least one "toiler with his hands" meets with his due reward, and the poor creatures who merely rely upon their brains for support may henceforth hang their diminished heads. The actual time occupied by Mr. SULLIVAN in vindicated the liberty of the press in a way which disposing of Mr. SLADE, including the waits be-dictating the manner of distributing the offices twenty seconds. For this he received \$9000. The late Senator CARPENTER of Wisconsin, who probably was as well rewarded for his work as finally went gunning for him and sent his pro- any lawyer at the American bar during this crastinating spirit "over the river" as a generation, is said to have received \$5000 for receipt in full for all demands. The an argument which he made before the Sufriends of the corpse had the editor arrested; but | preme Court of the United States in a cause involving the disposition of millions. It edit the paper from the jail and to visit his office has always been considered a high fee. Yet, in

weeks to that particular cause. The argument was three hours long, was a wonderful analysis of the questions at issue, and not a word was wasted. Mr. SULLIVAN'S qualifications for his dispute with Mr. SLADE (literally a knock-down argument) were a wonderful physique and a very slight amount of training.

Even John B. Gough, perhaps the most popular speaker this country ever had, could not, in his best days, have filled a hall as Madison Square Garden was filled the other night, and as for enthusiasm-even the receptions of GRANT or SHERI-DAN, immediately after the war, were cold and lifeless in comparison. Nothing succeeds like success, and this is certainly a great country.

CHAIRMAN LODGE VINDICATES THE GLOBE.

The young and innocent GLOBE has been pretty roughly denounced by the Republican papers in this city and throughout the State for insisting that there were two wings of the Republican party, the Silk Stockings and the Plebeians. But as we had stated a truth which is well understood the denials have proved utterly useless.

At the meeting of the executive committee of the Republican Committee on Thursday an attempt was made to select a chairman of the committee on resolutions for the coming State convention The Herald, in its account of the meeting, states

"Mr. Lodge wanted Mr. BRUCE of Somerville to write the resolves, but the sense of the committee was against the selection of the gentle who had sauced the Governor in the matter of the Christian emperors. Just what was the objection wanted Mr. BRUCE, so as to give "the other end" of the party from that represented by Colonel CODMAN a place in the official organization of the

We call the particular attention of the Journal and Transcript to the last sentence: "Mr. LODGE wanted Mr. BRUCE, so as to give 'the other end' af the party from that represented by Colonel CODMAN a place in the official organization o

When the chairman of the Republican State Committee announces publicly in this emphatic manner that THE GLOBE is right, we can draw around us our robe of innocence and truth and laugh at the denials of his organs.

There are two ends of the party, and the CoD MAN end has the most supreme contempt for the other. It is willing to use the Plebeians because they have the votes, but any recognition beyond what policy and expediency dictate is out of the

BARBAROUS SPORT.

They had another fox hunt at Newport last Friday, and the noble sport was indulged in by a number of male and female "best people." The hounds followed the trail of an anise-seed bag for several miles, and, at a point previously agreed upon a tame fox was turned loose in an open field at the end of the run. There was neither shrub, tree nor woodchuck hole in the field, which was enclosed by a stone wall, and the poor fox was so tame or so frightened that when he was let out of the box he did not offer to run, and, before the hounds arrived, a crowd of boys amused themselves by chasing it back and forth across the field. Noble sport and noble sportsmen!

Poor, bewildered revnard, brought in a box from distant woods, finds himself suddenly expelled from his prison, and one quick glance shows him the hopelessness of running for cover. There is no cover-nothing but a bare field and stone walls, and outside the stone walls are carriages filled with men and women come to see his death. Yelling fiends of small boys swoop down upon him to further confuse and frighten him, and, while he is dodging them, the exultant velping of hounds breaks upon his ear from close by, and he turns one terrified glance toward the howling pack. Which way to fly he knows not. At home he would have all his wits about him, and know just where to dodge and where to seek for safety, but there is no safety here. doubles and dodges in amongst the yelping pack. priate inscription: "Warranted solid brass." while men on horseback pour into the field and encourage his tormenters with shouts. Desperately he snaps at the nearest hound. In a second more he is tossed in the air and torn by cruel fangs, and then death comes like a black shadow over his eyes, and the agony and the horrid din are done.

Male and female "best people," snobs every one, divide and carry away his pelt, and pretend that they have hunted the fox in true English style. A hunt indeed! A cruel, cowardly, contemptible assassination of a defence less dumb beast! There is some manli ness about an English fox hunt, when the beast has a fair chance to escape, and frequently does escape, but there is not one redeeming feature about the cruel Newport travesty of a

affair is beyond comprehension. Here is an opportunity for Captain Nathan Ap pleton and his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to make themselves useful at Newport, and at the next fox slaughter we may expect to see the society turn out in the saddle and arrest the whole troop of dudes and dudelets on

WHAT SURPRISES THEM MOST.

The real trouble with the leading Republicans in Massachusetts this year has been that for the first time in many years they have not been able to distribute the offices in accordance with their own sweet will and pleasure. They make a great deal of brag and bluster over their claim that Governor BUTLER has disgraced the State, but they are really mad because they have not been able to control the offices.

For many years they have been able to get together like a family party, and decide that A. shall have this office, B. shall take that one, C. the other, and so on to the end of the list. It was a nice little arrangement for the gentlemen who had the power, and Republicans were put on guard with no more regard for civil service or any other reform than for the laws of the Medes and Persians. The idea that fifty, seventy-five or an hundred thousand Democrats had any right to an office of any kind was too absurd to be tolerated for a moment. Republican States were for Republicans, and the famous sentence which Mr. FLANAGAN of Texas threw at Colonel Cop-MAN's head in the Chicago convention, "What are we here for, if not to secure the offices." has ever been the motto of the party in this State.

This year the case has been different. The Democratic party has had a fair show for the first time in the history of the present generation. In spite of the Republican Council, Governor BUTLER has been able to upset the old practice, and there is wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Republican ranks. Instead of standing behind the throne and tween the rounds, was fourteen minutes and the leading Republicans have been obliged to cool their beels outside the Council chamber. Trying to get councillors to defeat Governor BUTLER's nominations has been the height of their ambition. Because the Governor has had the independence to assert his rights they have talked of "usurpation of power" or anything else which will hide their chagrin at their loss of

Although he is HENRY CABOT LODGE and has, months the grand jury sat, determined unani- life in legal training and had devoted several at 30, had the sublime courage to dissect great | started to a fire within thirty-two minutes after

men like ALEXANDER HAMILTON and DANIEL WEBSTER, the chairman of the Republican committee has not stalked into the executive chamber. as in days of vore, to suggest how the offices had better be distributed. FRANK SANBORN'S Springfield Republican venom has had no terrors for this administration, as has been the case in years past

It is this state of affairs which surprises the Republicans more than any other feature of this administration. Governor BUTLER's appointments average as well as those of any of his predecessors, but they have not been dictated by the Republican leaders or selected from the regular stock list.

The people do not revolt at this change. They rather like it, and propose to continue Governor BUTLER another year, and put these Republican rings still more completely away from power.

Governor BUTLER will go-in again for another

THE INDIANA INFAMY.

One of Dorsey's assistants in the Indiana campaign, a Republican officeholder, specially detailed for political duty while drawing pay from the government, has given the New York Sun a sworn detailed account of how the corruption fund was used to carry Indiana. The money was paid out on the orders of DORSEY and GEORGE C. GORHAM, and special agents of the post office were employed to arrange bargains with politicians for influence and votes. Letter-carriers, petty officeholders and ward strikers were imported from the East to do the work at the polls, and Dorsey directed the whole business. Senator Don Cameron obtained \$60,000 from the manufacturers of Pennsylvania, and personally carried the money to Indiana in satchel. Among the men who were cognizant of these facts, says the Sun's informant, were Marshal Dunn of Delaware, Special Agents TIDBALL and HENDERSON of the Post Office Department, Surveyor CAULK and Major WIEGEL of Baltimore, THOMAS CHAPPELL and THOMAS CAVANAUGH of the Treasury Department. The last named was the deputy sergeantat-arms of the last House.

And so the evidence accumulates that the Republican party's campaign of great moral ideas was a campaign of corruption and infamous political jobbery. The Republican party must not control this government after 1884.

Civil service reform is making great progress in the departments at Washington. Superintendent SEATON of the Census Bureau having to cut down his force of 170 clerks one half, wrote the names of the 170 on 170 slips of paper, blindfolded a boy and had him draw out eighty-five names. The eighty-five clerks to whom these names belonged are furloughed without pay until such time as the secretary of the interior can provide for them elsewhere in the Interior Department. The eightyfive whose names remained in the box will be retained at present. Where is the Civil Service Commission, and what is it there for?

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

Tom Trotter felt good when he bought for \$10 a venerable and melancholy horse at a police auc tion sale Saturday in Jersey City. When the man who had been keeping the venerable and melancholy animal while his owner was in jail presented a board bill for \$12, which Tretter had to pay, a change came o'er the spirit of his dreams.

A Somerville book agent, who has been wearing a small circular bit of court plaster on his face, moved it while shaving a few mornings since and replaced it when his toilet was completed. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day, he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass he was somewhat taken aback to discover that, instead of the court plaster, he had affixed to his face a little round printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new mantel clock pur chased the day before, and which bore the appro-

Houlihan's hen caused the death of John last week. He saw an unknown man carrying it off, and threw two stones at the thief, one of which struck hard and solid against his ribs. The thief drew a knife and stabbed Phillips fatally, then running away. It was a common little brown hen, and was not worth twenty cents.

We are told that when Jacob kissed Rachel he "lifted up his voice and wept." The cause does not appear, but perhaps Rachel had been eating onions .- [Lowell Citizen.] No, that's not it. A famous philosopher settled that question long ago: When Jacob kissed Rachel his mouth watered: and the lifting up of his voice forced the water out of his eyes.

"How long have you been drinking?" asked a ing feature about the cruel Newport travesty of a Pittsburg justice of a man arrested during a pro-liunt. How any woman can take part in such an tracted spree. "Ever since I was born," was the frank reply. Then the prisoner shambled off to serve a sentence of thirty days.

There is nothing mean about one young man from Winnipeg. He got married the other day, and generously took his mother, brother and newly-made sister-in-law with him on his wedding trip to Montreal.

A man worth \$350,000 died in Lowell not long ago. An inventory made of his estate contained these items: Household furniture, \$200; two horses, \$75; carriage, \$25.

A woman living on the coast of Maine went down to the beach one day to commit suicide. She jumped into the breakers three separate times. but the tide was coming in, and each time she was landed high and dry upon the shore—as alive as ever. After the third time she gave up the idea of suicide in disgust, and went home to dry her clothes. Fact.

The wild agony of a man as he kisses his wife and children good-by at the depot before they "go to see grandma" is only equalled by his intense exuberance as he applauds the trapeze act at the circus a few hours later.

A Chicago girl imagines herself to be an angel. This illusion will be dispelled the moment she attempts to fly. There must necessarily be a transmigration of soles before a Chicago girl can flutter like a seraph.

A Chicago Tribune reporter has discovered that it was the banana, not the apple, which caused the fall of man. It is always a pleasure to give pleasure. Just

guess a lady's age ten years less than you know it to be and you have made a friend for life.—[New York Herald. News comes from Monterey that the alleged in sult to the American flag through an attack by a Mexican mob on the house of the United States

consul, was nothing but a common burglary. Fifty color, will not paint a flower! Anything but that
—a furred mantle, a jewelled zone, a silken gown,
a brazen corslet, nay, an old leathern chair or a
wall paper if you will, with utmost care and delight; but a flower by no manner of means, if
avoidable. Titian, in his early work, sometimes
carries a biossom or two out with affection, as the
columbines in our Bacchus and Arladne. In his
portrait of Lavinia the roses are just touched
finely enough to fil their place, with the most
subdued red possible; while in a later portrait of
the same there are no roses at all, but a belt of
chased golden balls on every stud of which Titian
has concentrated his strength, and, it is believed,
forgot the face a little, so much has his mind been color, will not paint a flower! Anything but that odd millions of people may now breathe easier. The North Carolina young man who committed suicide by swallowing a paper of pins because he was disappointed in love really must have experienced poignant anguish. Georgia planters have proved that they can

syrup. The syrup, they say, has a delicious peach-Flood's new house in San Francisco will cost \$5,000,000. And yet every architect who ever had any experience with women knows that Mrs. Flood will find extensive alterations absolutely

make money by converting watermelon juice into

necessary before she has lived there a month. (Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.)

There has been a good deal of imaginative writing since the recent catastrophe at Niagara about the "frightful vortex," "fearful maelstrom" and the "raging waters of the whirlpool." There is no great vortex; there is no maelstrom. The whirlpool basin is filled with a slowly revolving body of smooth water broken by "boilers," eddies and occasionally swirts on the surface. The raging fury of the waters is to be seen in the rapids above. The whirlpool is smooth and treacherous. [Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.] St. Paul, Minn., is proud and happy in the pros pective possession of a new million-dollar hotel. more imposing than the Grand Pacific of Chicago and a vaster pile than the far-famed Potter Palmer of Chicago, which cost \$2,000,000. The Grand Pacific covers an area of 37,800 square feet, the Potter Palmer 50,800 square feet, and the new hotel will cover 75,000 square feet. These are not Chicago feet.

Another bull-fighter has been killed in combat at GR. V. Pierce, M. D.: Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.

Yours truly. "Homas J. Methvin, Hatcher's Station, Ga. the City of Mexico. Prize-fighting as a business brings in \$6000 a night in New York. Let's talk some more about the mighty march of civilization in this glorious nineteenth century. London firemen crow when they get an engine

the alarm is given. In Boston, New York or Chi-THE BAD BOY.

"Look here, Pompey, I've got you now. What

did you steal all my best melons for last night?"

said the irate owner of a dispoiled "patch" as he

grasped the supposed dusky culprit by the collar.

but me. Who tole yer I did it?"

the commoner points of the valley.

habits.

men were discharged.

\$1.250,000 per annun

the slightest danger.

he will lose his laurels.

ompany for \$600 damages.

from a bad attack of colic.

"Golly, mas'er! No one know anything 'bout that

They say that the Hon. David Davis "did" the

Yosemite valley by proxy, so to speak. He

couldn't find a horse stout enough to hold him, so

instead of fluttering around on horseback he sat

on the porch of the hotel and drank in the scenery,

while his more ambitious spouse "did" some of

"Donana Loralela" writes to the Sun to denv

ndignantly that all women who smoke cigarettes

are "fast." She says that in Spain all ladies

smoke cigarettes, from the poorest peasant to the

Queen. She herself has smoked cigarettes since

she was 6 years old. Just so. The Esquimaux

ladies eat blubber. Is that any reason why the

Fifth avenue belles should adopt blubber as an

article of diet? Away from Rome, do not do as

the Romans do. At least do not adopt their bad

One of the queerest sentences ever imposed on

criminal was that given to William Hannah,

found guilty before Judge Krehel of St. Louis of selling liquor to Indians. Hannah pleaded igno-

rance of the law as an excuse, saying he could not

read or write. Judge Krehel sentenced him to

the county jail till he could learn to write, and

sentenced another criminal to fail till he should

have taught Hannah the art. In three weeks both

The glorious work of publishing every year, at

the expense of the nation, millions of ponderous

volumes to be ground up as waste paper is carried

on as industriously in England as it is with us.

Among the first of the many communications that

a new member of Parliament receives are printed

circulars from the various dealers in waste paper.

offering the highest current price for his Blue

these books on the average cost the people about

An agent of the West Shore railroad ran out in

his shirt sleeves to meet a train the other day. With-

in two hours after he received orders from head-

quarters not to appear on the platform in that

way again. The West Shore is evidently ambi-

Murder is a black crime enough at any time

but would the Brooklyn Eagle headliner have us

believe that it is any blacker when a negro shoots

A Syracuse man arrested for being drunk ex-

plained that he had taken bourbon and ginger for

summer complaint, and the credulous justice let

There are very few politicians in Washington

now. Strangers can visit the city without incurring

Three men met in a hotel a few days ago. One

was from Worcester county, one from Norfolk and

the other from Plymouth county. One, at least,

was a Repullican and had always voted the Re

publican ticket, but all conceded that Butler was

almost sure of an election this fail. Another gen-

tleman acknowledged that he had the fear of such

a thing, but didn't think it was best to talk that

The Detroit Free Press begins an article thus

"A member of the New York Legislature was

possessed of a Bible." That beats the Texas

meteor story. If Joe Mulhaltan doesn't look out

An old maid countess in England keeps eighteen

cats and nine dogs. When they once get fairly

started she climbs up on top of the piano and says

she feels just as though she were really married.

A novel suit, growing out of a dispute over one

cent, is in progress at Pittsburg. A passenger

put off a train because he refused to pay seven

cents fare, instead of six, has sued the railroad

Dr. Norvin Green says the telegraph is in its

The New York Morning Journal is a journalistic

yet Editor Pulitzer makes affidavit that its actual,

71,093 copies. Such rapid newspaper growth is

unprecedented in the annals of American journal-

On one side of an ordinary postal card a French

stenographer has written 44,031 words. They are

each line. Thus every line contains about as much

matter as a page of a 12mo. volume! The space

for the words had to be calculated, and this calcu-

Legislative blundering has set off from between

two counties a strip of land in Minnesota sixty-

five miles long and a mile wide without local gov-

"I hate to see a woman with rings in her ears!"

exclaimed the deacon. "They ain't natural. If it

was intended for woman to wear 'em she would

have been born with holes in her ears. The first

woman didn't wear earrings, I'll be bound." "No,"

remarked the quiet little man in the corner, "nor

It is possible that Butler is responsible for these

complications in the Massachusetts leather busi-ness, by breaking up the industry of tanning negro hides.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]
We cannot help thinking that it was a great mis-

take not to discover Noah's ark somewhere near

N. P. Willis once said that what this country

needs is an element in its population that would

give it repose. Let's see. Didn't an old lady by

the name of Winslow have a patent on something

A young lady in Reynolds county, Mo., was

kicked over and seriously hurt while milking a

The massage motto: We knead thee every

Journalism is not such a bad profession after

all. Here is another newspaper man who has

made a fortune. His name is Fargo, and he has

The remark, "Out, damned spots! out, I say!"

inclines Life to the belief that Macbeth must have

A St. Louis paper prints coupon tickets to be

cut out by readers, and returned to the office filled

with the names of the most peautiful women in

the city. The belles of St. Louis are holding their

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that

the new postal note, which we are to have after

October 1, altogether disregards the county

wherein is located the office from which the note

forgot the face a little, so much has his mind been set on the golden beit.

How the Niagara Whir pool Really Looks

just married a rich widow out in Buffalo.

mistaken a tray-spot for an ace.

breath until the result is declared.

cow recently. It was a muley cow, so to speak.

lation forms a frame to the wonderful card.

ernment or official recognition.

some American summer resort.

nothing else."

of that sort?

ious to be called the "Full Dress Line."

a colored woman and her pickaniuny?

books and other parliamentary lumber.

A Boston scientist is trying to invent a machine for storing the force of the wind. When he gets it done he will set it up on Herr Most's chin and start a saw mill.—[Philadelphia Press. He Undertakes to Boss a Rehearsal of Amateur Theatricals, With Amusing But Discouraging Results.

Peck's Sun. "I am thy father's ghost," said a sheeted form in the doorway of the grocery, one evening, and the grocery man got behind the cheese box, while the ghost continued in a sepulchral voice, "doome for a certain time to walk the night," and, wavin a chair round, the ghost strode up to the greetry man, and with the other ghostly hand reached into

"No, you ain't no ghost," said the grocery man recognizing the bad boy. "Ghosts do not g prowling around groceries stealing wormy figs. What do you mean by this sinful massuerade business? My father never had no ghost."
"O, we have struck it now," said the bad boy, as

he pulled off his mask and rolled up the sheet he had worn around him. We are going to have amateur theatricals to raise money to have the church carpeted, and I am going to boss the job. "You don't say," answered the grocery man, a he thought how much he could sell to the church people for a strawberry and ice-cream festival and how little be could sell for amateur theatricals. "Who is going into it, and what are you

going to play?" "Pa and ma, and me, and the minister, and three choir singers, and my chum, and the minister's wife, and two deacons, and an old maid are rehearsing, but we have not decided what to play yet. They all want to play a different play, and I am fixing it so they can all be satisfied. The minister wants to play Hamlet,

Pa Wants to Play Rip Van Winkle. ma wants to play Mary Anderson, the old maio wants to play a boarding-school play, and the cho singers want an opera, and the minister's wife wants to play Lady Macbeth, and my chum and me want to play a double song and dance, and I am going to give them all a show. We had a rehearsal last night, and I am the only one able to be around today. You see they have all been studying different plays, and they all wanted to at once. We let the minister sail in first. He had on a pair of his wife's black stock ings and a mantle made of a linen buggy lar blanket, and he wore a mason's cheese kuife such as these fellows with poke bonnets and white feathers wear when they get an invitation to a funeral or an excursion. Well, you never saw Hamlet murdered the way he did it. His interpretation of the character was that Hamlet was a dude that talked through his nose, and while he was repeating Hamlet's soilloquy, pa, who had come in with an old hunting suit on, as Rip Van Winkle, went to sleep, and didn't wake up till Lady Macbeth came in in the sleep-walking scene. She couldn't find a knife, so I took a slice of watermeion and sharpened it for her, and she made a mistake in the one she was to stab, and she stabbed Hamlet in the neck with a slice of watermeion, and the core of the meion fell on pa's face as he lay asleep as Rip, and when Lady Macbeth said. Out, damned spot, pa woke up and felt the gob of watermeion on his face, and he thought he had been murdered, and blanket, and he wore a mason's cheese knife such

Ma Came In on a Hop, Skip and Jump a Parthenia, and threw her arms around a deacon who was

going to play the grave digger, and began to call him pet names, and pa was mad, and the choir singers they began to sing 'In the North sea lived a whale,' and then they quit acting. You'd a dide to see Hamlet. The piece of watermelon went down his neck, and Lady Macbeth went off and left it in the wound under his collar, and ma had to pull it out, and Hamlet said the seeds and the juice was running down inside his shirt, and he said he wouldn't play if he was going to be stabbed with a slice of melon; so, while his wife was getting the lemon seeds out of his neck, and drying the juice on his shirt, I sharpened a cucumber for Lady Macbeth to use for a dagger, but Hamlet kicked on cucumbers, too, and I had more trouble than any stage manager ever had. Then pa wanted to rehearse the drunken scene in "Rip Van Winkle." where he hugs Grechten and drinks out of a flask behind her back, and he got one of the choir singers to act as Grechten, and I guess he would have been hugging her till this time, and have swallowed the flask if ma had not took him by the ear, and said a little of that would go a good ways in an entertainment for the church. Pa said he didn't know as it was any worse than her prancing up to a grave-digger and hugging him fill the filling came out of his teeth, and then the minister decided that we wouldn't have any hugging at all in the play, and the choir girls said they wouldn't play, and the old maid struck, and the play come to a standstill."

"Well, that beats anything I ever heard tell off. It's a sname for people outside of the profession to do play-acting, and I won't go to the entertainment unless I get a pass," said the grocery man.

"Did You Rehearse Any More!" stabbed with a slice of melon; so, while his wife

mfancy yet. Just now it seems to be suffering phenomenon. It has only reached No. 249, and "Did You Rehearse Any More!" genuine, cash-paid circulation August 6 was "Yes, the minister wanted to try the ghos

scene," said the boy, "and he wanted me to be the Well, they have two 'Markses' and two Topsies' in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and I thought two ghosts in Hamlet would about fill the bill for amateurs, so I got my chum to act as one ghost. We broke them all up. I wanted to have contained in 275 lines, an average of 160 words to something new in ghosts, so my and me got two pair of ma's long stockings, one pair red and one pair blue, and 1 put on a red one and a blue one, and my chum did the same. Then we got some ruffied clothes belonging to ma, with flounces and things on, and put them on so they came most down to our knees, and we put sheets over us that came clear to our feet, and when Hamlet got to yearning for his father's ghost I came in out of the bath-room with the sheet over me, and said I was the huckleberry he was looking for, and my chum followed me out and said he was a twin ghost also, and then Hamlet got on his ear and said he wouldn't play with two ghosts, and he went off pouting, and then my chum and me pulled off the sheets and danced a clog dance. Well, when the rest of the troupe saw our make up, it nearly killed them. Most of them had seen ballet dancers, but they never saw them with different-colored socks. The minister said this benefit was rapidly becoming "a farce," and before we had danced half a minute ma she recognized her socks, and she came for me with a hot box, and made me take them off, and pa was mad and said the dancing was

The Only Thing That was Worth the Price one pair red and one pair blue, and 1 put

The Only Thing That was Worth the Price of admission, and he scolded ma, and the choi girls sided with pa, and just then my chum caught his toe in the carpet and fell down, and tha loosened the plaster overhead, and about a bushel fell on the crowd. Pa thought lightning had struck the house, the minister thought it was a judg-ment on them all for play-acting, and he began to shed his Hamlet costume with one hand and pick the plaster out of his one hand and pick the plaster out of his hair with the other. The women screamed and tried to get the plaster out of their necks, and while pa was brushing off the choir singers ma said the rehearsal was adjourned, and they all went home, bit we are going to rehearse again on Friday night. The play cannot be considered a success, but we will bring it out all right by the time the entertainment comes off."

"By gum," said the grocery man," I would like to have seen that minister as Hamlet. Didn't he look funny?"

to have seen that minister as Hamlet. Didn't he look funny?"
"Funny! Weil, I should remark. He seemed to predominate. That is, he was too fresh, too numerous, as it were. But at the next rehearsal I am going to work in an act from "Richard the Third," and my chum is going to play the Chinaman of the "Danites," and I guess we will take the cake. Say, I want to work in an idiot somewhere. How would you like to play the idiot? You wouldn't have to rehearse or anything—"
At this point the bad boy was seen to go out of the grocery real spry, followed by a box of wooden clothes-pins that the grocery man had thrown after him.

But C. Washington's Servant Beats Them All. Camels live from 40 to 50 years, horses average

is issued. "The name of the county," he says,
"which the Post Office Department informs the
laity should appear upon the superscription of all
letters, it neglects to print upon its own postal
issue." This governmental inconsistency, unless
remedied, is likely to cause some confusion in the
sh pping of goods ordered by mail and paid for
with a postal note. from 25 to 30, oxen about 20, sheep 8 or 9 and dogs 12 to 14. Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals only a few isolated cases are known. The East Indians believe that the life period of the elephant is about 300 years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived 130 years in confinement after capture at an unknown age. Whales are estimated to reach the age of 400 years. Some reptiles are very long-lived, an instance being furnished by a tortoise, which was confined in 1633 and existed until 1753, when it perished by accident. Birds sometimes reach a great age, the eagle and swan having been known to live 100 years. The longevity of fishes is often remarkable. The carp has been known to live 200 years, common river trout 50 years, and a pike 90 years, while Gesner relates that a pike caught in 1497 bore a ring recording the capture of the same fish 267 years before. from 25 to 30, oxen about 20, sheep 8 or 9 and Great men whose lives are spent in the study of

Leopard and Cobra in Terrific Combat (Lahore Gazette.) Search was made, and a leopard and cobra were

found lying dead, side by side; the latter having its head completely severed from below the hood, and the former his tongue and left jaw very much swollen, with a greenish white tint along the surface. At the time the two animals were found, the cobra had its head lying about a couple of inches from the middle of its body. This prevents one arriving at any conclusion as to how the wounds were inflicted; whether by one snap of the leopard's jaws or by several crunches. The mutilated appearance of the head and neck of the cobra leads one to think that the leopard, being bitten in the dark by the cobra, fiew at him; the latter at the same time, making a second dart, wounded the leopard found lying dead, side by side; the latter having time, making a second dart, wounded the leopard in the tongue or the jaw. The leopard, then closing his jaws on the snake, commenced to crunch him at his leisure, as a cat would a mouse.

LADIES! Ayer's Hair Vigor is a superior and economical dressing. It has become an indispensable article for the toilet.

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BOSTON, MASS.

TO OUR READERS.

ments in this paper, please do us the favor so mention that you saw the same in THF BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

THE PECKSNIFFS' PALACE.

Blue Bloods Established in Their Headquarters.

Bedication Ceremonies Which Chairman Lodge Negligently Omitted.

But Which Globe Readers Are Herewith Given the Benefit Of.

The State Republican Committee moved into its elegant new headquarters on Park street recently. By some oversight, Chairman Lodge omitted to have a formal opening. Had he done so, the reports in the papers of this morning would prob-

ably have read somewhat as follows:
"The most interesting political event thus far this season occurred yesterday, when the State Republican Committee took formal possession of its rose-wood, mahogany and marble palace in the Granary burying ground, in the rear of Park street. From an early hour in the morning the approaches leading to No.3 on that lofty thoroughapproaches leading to No.3 on that lofty thoroughfare were densely crowded with men, women and
children, anxious to get a glimpse of the procession of the leaders of the 'best blood of the Commonwealth.' Long lines of policemen under
direction of a competent officer prevented any contamination of the sidewalk for a distance of one
hundred feet on either side of the entrance, none
but those wearing an appropriately inscribed
badge, a pair of velvet slippers and, a complete
dress suit being admitted within the sacred precincts. A beautiful canopy extended from
the doorway to the curbstone, while
a carpet rivalling in richness the fabled
products of the East covered the richly-inlaid tiles
from the carriage-way to the entrance. Servants
in livery were present in profusion to anticipate
the every wish of the distinguished representatives of the better element about to arrive.
Through the richly-curtained windows glimpses
now and then were caught of the princely magnificence within. Rosewood and mahogany, carved
elaborately, constituted the woodwork, and marbie fireplaces of immense cost, beautiful chandeliers and the richest of carbets made
up the permanent outfit, while the mahogany
tables, chairs, ottomans and ornaments were of
a slyle and expensiveness to match. Looking
through the heavy plate-glass windows of the
principal hall of this palace of the better element
of the Republican party, one has a delightful view
of the grave-yard, whose monuments, in their
frigid coldness and purity, seemed to the magnates
of the committee so typical of the immaculate
uprightness and reserve, as well as death, of their
party that they chose it as the one fitting spot on
earth where, 'far from the madding crowd's
ignoble strife,' beneath the shade of Beacon Hill,
the blue blood might course undisturbed through
their hallowed veins. The walls of the various
halls and rooms were appropriately furnished with
paintings and mottoes. The principal object of fare were densely crowded with men, women and halls and rooms were appropriately furnished with paintings and mottoes. The principal object of attraction was a great oil painting over the fire-

A Gentleman of Aristocratic Mien waving from him with lofty disdain several persons of respectable dress and appearance, but who evidently had to make their living by their who evidently had to make their living by their hands or brains. A card attached to the frame bore the inscription: 'Mr. Boston Pecksniff; see catalogue, A 1.' A glauce at this number in the catalogue contained the following: 'A 1. Mr. Boston Pecksniff, painted for the Republican State committee by Mr. Toady of Beacon Heights. The central figure represents the condition of affairs as it should be, and as the State Republican committee. as at present overabled, defairs as it should be, and as the State Republican committee, as at present organized, desires to make it. The inferior classes must be taught their place. Directly across the room was a costly table piled high with untold gold. Immediately above the gold was the motio, I need thee every hour. In a niche near the window is an elegantly framed set of resolutions reading as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS
"STATE REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE, "GRANARY BURIAL GROUND, "BOSTON, August 6, 1883.

"At a duly called meeting of the select lights of the State Republican Committee, called to eneet at the grave, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

were adopted:

"Whereas, nature has unmistakably signified that those born with blue blood in their veins should rule; and

"Whereas, it has been nearly a century now since our fathers ceased selling codfish and Jamaica rum; therefore be it

"Resolved, That, as we constitute the better element of the Commonwealth, we cannot affiliate

ment of the Commonwealth, we cannot affiliate with what is known as the common people, or more properly speaking, the 'oi polloi; and be it "Resolved, That none but the saints can share in the government of this Commonwealth, and that we are the saints, (Signed) "George F. Lagg, Secretary.

(Signed) "GEORGE F. LAGG, Secretary.
"In a conspicuous position near the centre of the
great mahogony table inscribed upon a tablet were
the words, 'No liquors allowed here. This rule
must be enforced, as the Republican party is one
of the strictest temperance as well as of every
other virue.' A beautiful damask curtain was
inst then watted saide from over its place in the just then waited aside from over its place in the corner of the room, and over the richly carved door which it served to hide was gilded the scriptural device: 'A little wine is good for the stomach's sake—when Faxon isn't round.' Within was a display of all that is usually found in a well-appointed cellar on Beacon Hill. It is but just to say in this connection that the servants at once drew the curtain back to place. Down stairs in a room very much resembling a kitchen, and entered through a back door, were long tables loaded with crackers and cheese. Over the entrance was the sign: 'State Republican Committee—for the common herd. Silk-stockings will please understand that they alone are to send their cards up stairs.' just then wafted aside from over its place in the

Welcome, voter; the ox knoweth his owner and

the ass his master's crib.' "At this period in the observations there was a stir outside and a faint effort at a shout was heard ascending from the lungs of Mr. Office H. Older. A single glance sufficed to show that the magnates had arrived. It was about 12.30 when the first A single glance sufficed to show that the magnates had arrived. It was about 12.30 when the first carriage rolled up to the canopy. As the door of the coupe opened, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge was assisted to alight by his body servants. Colonel Charles W. C. Odman was next aided to the carpet. They paused for a moment without any apparent cause. The servants gathered about the carriage, however, and in a moment more lifted out a heavy plateglass case. The air grew perceptibly colder at once. A close examination revealed upon the side of the case the words: 'This is another State; I moved out of Massachusetts on the 8th of last November.' And sure enough, within this new State was one George F. Hoar, formerly of a place called Worcester (on the Boston & Albany railroad, forty miles west from Boston and sixty miles east from Sprinfield, not now put down on the maps, owing to the removal of Mr. Hoar). The new State, with its arctic burden, was then taken within and the next carriage rolled up. From this stepped George F. Lagg and Theodore Limeman. Then came George Gavel Crocker and Charles W. Chifford, the latter bearing a parchment entitled 'What I know about the Crapo campaign, or the dapper of having a blue-blood run a political canvass.' Just before the carriage contaming these gentlement drove away, the driver thrust his hand under the seat and drew out Incampaign, or the danger of naving a blue-blood run a political canvass.' Just before the carriage containing these gentlemen drove away, the driver thrust his hand under the seat and drew out Insect Sawyer, who was so burdened with his great load of the Republican party that helwas unable to extricate himseif from the straps and other paraphernalia usually collected beneath a carriage seat. Mr. Crocker kindly placed Insect in his vest pocket and passed on. Next came Adin Thayer and Theodore C. Bates. Their faces were covered with blood and their hair was aiarmingly dishevelled, but Henry Cabot Lodge explained that this was only the result of the exuberance of the joy of these co-laborers in the Worcester vineyard at seeing each other, and they also passed in a gentleman with blue coat and brass buttons walking between them. Neither looked comfortable in the regulation swallow-tail and kid gloves, and both wished to divest themselves of them, but Mr. Lodge explained that these things constituted the most important feature of the present Republicant was the second of the present Republicant was the properties of the present Republicant was the prop the most important feature of the present Republican campaign, and this seemed to quiet the uneasiness. Several other carriages rolled up in rapid order and deposited their precious freight. Julius L. Clarke, Frank Sanborn, David M. Earle, Colonel Henry Lee and Alanson W. Beard

The Last Carriage Moved Along Very Slowly,

the driver carefully avoiding all pebbles and sticks which might cause a jar. At length the canopy was reached, the door of the carriage was thrown open and the strong arms of the driver lifted out the emaclated form of a gentleman from Newton, Mr. Robert R. B. Ishop. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., followed, the carriages rolled away, the assemblage which had gathered to witness the great exhibition dispersed, and the outward ceremonies were over.

ness the great exhibition dispersed, and the outward ceremonies were over.

"Promptly at 1 o'clock, the assembled bluebloods, with the indispensable commoners like Bruce and Bates, were all well seated in the principal or grav -yard room of the headquarters. The glass case, or new State, stood on a pedestal by itself. Colonel Codman, Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Limeman and Charles Francis Adams, Jr., occupied seats on a platform raised considerably above the ordinary level. A screen of very heavy wire netting stood between Theodore C. Bates and Adin Thayer. At length Henry Cabot Lodge arose and with deep feeling, spoke as tolows.

Lodge arose and with deep feeling, spoke as for lows:

"Fellow—fellow—fellow brethren of the better element, I congratulate you that at last the long cherished hope that the high born might hold the places for which they alone are fitted has arrived. Heretofore, as you know, the State Republican Committee has been managed by men who did not wear kid gloves or carry a cane. Happily those days are past. We shall now be troubled by the common people no more. All we want is their voies. These I think we can have by making them a few promises, and, above

all, by filing their stomachs. Acting upon this idea, I have provided a lunch table in the kitchen below. For ourselves—for us of the favored few—there will be found in the next room all that our refined palates can desire or caterer furnish. We shall be as select as possible, admitting only such commoners as it may seem to us we cannot do without. My friend-Bates and the honorable senator from Middlesex, Mr. Bruce, will not feel offended if I say this plainly, for their blood is not like our blood, nor are their ways like our ways. But this is sufficient. Let us go into the fight united in the one object of creating a higher class. Let us strive with might and main, and if in the end we must die, then let us die with our kid gloves on. I now have the pleasure of calling upon a distinguished visitor to our Commonwealth, Hon. George Frigid Hoar of the newly-established State of "Ego." "The glass door of the new State was opened a trific, and Mr. Hoar spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and persons of a State once honored by my residence—I thank God that I am not like other men. Especially do I thank him that I am not like that man Builer, who caught my sainted brother, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, holding the hat for himself in a Concord caucus. I congratulate the Commonwealth on its good sense in returning me to the Senate, though circumstances, over which I had no control, having caused me to move from the small State of Massachusetts to the infinitely greater one of Ego, she will be

The presence of the man Bates in this room reminds me to warn you to be ever high-toned in minds me to warn you to be ever high-toned in politics. I furnish a shining example. When I wished to be elected I went to this man Bates' house every Sunday, but after he had elected me I threw him aside as a worthless bauble. That is high-toned and independent; after you have used a triend all you can, cast him aside, and if you have any favors to bestow, grant them to some one who has never degraded himself in politics. Again thanking God that I am not like other men, I once more retire to my own sweet self.'

one who has never degraded himself in politics. Again thanking God that I am not like other men, I once more retire to my own sweet self.'

"HenryCabot Lodge said that he would next call upon Hon. Robert R. Bishop, previous to which, in order that all might be in a proper frame of mind, he would ask all to join in singing, 'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound.' At the close of the singing Mr. Bishop spoke as follows:

"Mr. Chairman—It is a useful and a salutary thing to meet in a graveyard on such an occasion. My hopes and those of the party were buried last fall. I do not care for myself, but I regret the misfortune of the Commonwealth in having Benjamin F. Butler for Governor.'

"Colonel Codman was the next speaker. He said:
"Fellow Blue-Bloods—I rejoice to have at last found a body of men with whom I can associate. When I was in the Legislature there were many common people there also. Of course, they are far beneath me. At the State convention, over which I am to preside, let there be a raised platform for me alone, and thus—and thus only—can I show my superiority.'
"Senafor Bruce of Somerville was next an-

show my superiority.'
"Senator Bruce of Somerville was next an-

show my superiority.'

"Senator Bruce of Somerville was next announced. He spoke as follows:

"Mr. President—I feel like a cat in a strange garret. I don't think I belong here; still, as you have some chestnuts which you wish to have pulled out at the State convention, I will submit to this torture and will give a full account of the Christian emperors and the difference between two magna chartas, which difference Governor Butler taught me. I give timely notice that I shall bring the mountain goat.'

"Brief remarks were made by Senator Bates, who gave a history of his investigation of the Governor for the removal of Warden Earle, Julius L. Clarke spoke very forcibly of the necessity of removing Governor Butler; and Frank Sanborn, and the utter worthlessness of anything but himself. Theodore Limeman closed the speaking by reciting for the benefit of young politicians of the 'better element' the most expeditious way of kicking down the ladder by which one climbs.

"The feat that Hon, William W. Crang was con-

"The fact that Hon. William W. Crapo was con-The fact that Hon. William W. Crapo was conspicuously absent caused a remark to that effect to be made by Chairman Lodge, wherenpon, in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, those present sang 'Oh, Willie, how we miss you,' and, after Senator Crocker had again placed Insect Sawyer, who had been playing on the table, in his pocket, the exercises of dedication came to a close."

How the Squire Was Taken in on the Vil-

lage Green by a Driver and His Mules. It was in a backwoods grocery store in the State of Vermont. The usual crowd of farmers had gathered after the labors of the day to chat about the crops, discuss the news and enjoy a social smoke. The squire, as he was called, had been rehearsing the wonderful exploits of his pair of road horses for no one knew how many times it having been his theme since he purchased them a twelvemonth before. In truth there was some reason for the man's pride, as all his neighbors knew, for the horses in question were beauties, some sixteen hands high and with big muscles,

that told of almost unlimited pulling power.

There was a stranger present on the evening in question, rather rough-looking, to be sure, but withal of a rollicking, half-fellow, well-met carriage that won a way into the hearts of the company almost before they knew it. He said he was teaming and was on his way to Concord. When the squire had finished a particularly "large" story about his noted pair, the driver looked up and said:

and said:

"Well. stranger! My animals ain't much to brag of in looks, but I've got a twenty-fiver that says they can pull yours." If a bombshell had falten into the crowded room no greater consternation would have ensued. The idea of the squire's unapproachable pair being challenged to a contest of strength and that by a stranger. The contest of strength, and that by a stranger, squire was taken aback at first, but he had squire was taken aback at first, but he had more money than any man in town, and it wouldn't do, for the honor of the community, for him to back down. Arrangements were at once completed; the contest was to take place on the village green early the next morning. The news spread like wildfire, and at the appointed hour every man and boy in the village was on the green. The squire soon put in an appearance with his magnificent specimens of horseffesh, curried down to a turn and looking as if nothing would be impossible for them after their night's rest. Soon the stranger was seen approaching, but what a shout of derision went up when it was seen that he was driving a pair of mules, hardly bigger than rats, who were trotting along "in a beck basket," as one old man expressed it. But like his military predecessor, "unmindful of jeer and scoff," the owner of the dispised animals unhitched them and declared himself ready. His quiet coolness and seeming confidence had its natural effect, and the on-lookers began questioning among themselves, though still year, intending.

owner of the dispised animals unhitched them and declared himself ready. His quiet coolness and seeming confidence had its natural effect, and the on-lookers began questioning among themselves, though still very incredulous. When the animals were brought hear each other, however, the disparity in size was too great, and the mule owner was freely advised to "put his team in his pocket and take it away." But he was not of that opinion. The animals were hitched up back to back, and then the squire said:

"We'll toss up to see who will start."

"No, no," said the stranger. "It makes no difference. Hit her up." A murmur of surprise went round at the confidence of the man, but the squire cracked his whip, shouted to his horses, and the traces straightened out. The horses seemed to expect an easy job, as well as the people, for on the first trial they didn't haif pull. The mules seemed to be fully as unconcerned, for when the strain came they simply dug their toes into the ground and—stood. The spectators opened their eyes, the stranger smiled to himself, while the squire started in for a second "try." He laid his whip to the roans in earnest this time, and there was no fooling; they buckled down to work like Trojans and pulled tooth and nail until the green sward looked as if it had been ploughed by a whirlwind. But the mules were right where they started to be. Their owner had said never a word, but stood looking on with the same quizzical expression on his face that was there on his first appearance. He knew his animals—they were thoroughbreds. As to pulling them backwards one might as well try to start a mountain. The squire fumed and fretted and whipped and swore until his boasted pair were drenched with sweat, spotted with foam, panting for breath and about tired out. Then the stranger awoke and said he guessed it was his turn. With a "Hi up, there," he touched up his pigmy steeds as a reminder of what was expected of them. Ye gods! Could it be. But it was. The little animals dug in like a terrier at a rat-hole,

The Story of the Eel, the Chub, the Crane and the Very Credulous Fisherman. HANCOCK, N. Y., August 13,-Clark Cable of Willowemoe is a hunter and a fisherman. The other day he was fishing in the Delaware. He hooked a fine chub, but lost it in raising it

hooked a fine chub, but lost it in raising it from the water. Soon afterward a two-pound eel took the bait, but that slipped off, too. Cable quit fishing in disgust. On his way home he discovered a large crane standing in the river watching for a fish. Cable hurried home, got his gun and went back to kill the crane. He got a fair sight at it at short range, fired, but missed it. The crane flew slowly away. Cable said he guessed it wasn't his day for sport, and went home.

The same night Cable placed a set line in the river. When he went to it next morning he saw a crane standing in the water directly over the line. It raised to fity, but something pulled it back. Cable caught it. It had swallowed one of his hooks. Further investigation revealed the hook was because there was a two-pound cel on it at the time, and the further fact that a one-pound chub had taken the hook before the eel had swallowed it. The chub had been caught on the bait; the eel had come along and gobbied the chub; then the crane took in the eel, and Cable took them all in. He insists that the echub, the eel and the crane are the same ones that he had lost during the day.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats."

Don't die in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs. 15c.

LANDLORDISM IN AMERICA.

Efforts of the National League to Check It.

English Capitalists Investing Heavily in Lands in the United States.

Comments of the London Press on the Position of This Government.

English land-owners are excited over the pro-posed agitation in the United States against British investments in American lands. The newspapers contain long discussions on the subject. The excitement was started by despatches from New York giving the history of the recent secret meeting of the American National League at Coney These telegrams stated that the league had appointed a secret committee, composed of first-class title lawyers, to ascertain exactly how many titles to land in the United States are held by persons who remain for-eign subjects, and report the names and possessions to the league. The organization is to issue millions of copies of pamphlets containing so arrange an agitation against the policy of allowing allens to become real estate owners in any of the United States as to make the question a party issue in the next presidential campaign. It is thought here that Mr. Parneil, A. M. Sullivan and Henry George are the direct A. M. Sullivan and Henry George are the direct inspirers of the movement, and it is feared that the agitation may become very serious and troublesome. The ground which will be taken by the agitators, it is understood, will be that British influence is already too great in American affairs, that this influence shows a national tendency to Anglicise the land, laws and landlordism in the American Union, that the influence ought to be checked, that if British altens are allowed to acquire American real estate, there will be a steady growth of English influence in American legislation which may ultimately prove inconveniegislation which may ultimately prove inconveni-ent if not dangerous in the foreign relations of the nited States.

It will also be pointed out that in proportion

It will also be pointed out that in proportion as the opportunities for investment are greater in the United States than they have been in Ireland, will the evils of a non-resident landlordism be more onerous and exasperating to the citizens of the American republic than they have ever been to the people of Ireland? The questionable policy, of allowing the tottering aristocracy of a foreign nation to reinvigorate itself at American expense, and of permitting the laudlords of England to bolster up and perpetuate the caste of Great Britain by allowing them to drain to London the profits of valuable holdings in America, will be dwelt upon. It seems that the national league in America is well informed, well organized and thoroughly determined in the proposed new movement, and it cannot be concealed that the threatened agitation is looked upon with dismay by a very large looked upon with dismay by a very larg number of the greater land-owners of England.
It has for a long time gone hard on the landlord;
profits have been constant y growing less, the disaffection among the tenantry has been increasing,
and the ability of lease-holders to pay fair rent has
been steadily on the decline. From "land rich"
the English real estate proprietor has changed to
"land poor."

and the ability of lease-holders to pay fair rent has been steadily on the decline. From "land rich" the English real estate proprietor has changed to "land poor."

It is perhaps impossible for Americans to realize the vast amount of genteel poverty which at present prevails among a large proportion of the proprietors of the smaller English estates. The incomes of the large holders have been shrinking so rapidly and steadily that for many years past the world has been hunted over for rehef. For some time past the territory of the United States has beeu recognized as the promised land; and, when the facts are made known, as the National League threatens to make them, the American people will be absolutely amazed at the amount of money which has been invested in land in the United States by English landlords, who have no idea of identifying themselves with the American Union any further than is absolutely accessary to enable them to retrieve their waning incomes from the production or rents of their American investments. The Englishman who puts his money in land is a cautious individual, and there are at least a dozen first-class lawyers in London who are perfectly cognizant of how the land laws of the different American States vary, and able to advise as to which do and which do not allow aliens to acquire titles to land. It is stated that the principal source of the financial success of Judah P. Benjamin's law practice in London lay in his ability to correctly direct English investment in American lands. There are several lawyers in London who do a good business in furnishing American agents, who, for considerations, locate, purchase, hold and manage real estate for English investors in those States whose laws prohibits allens from acquiring titles. The purpose of the American league is to create a public feeling in the United States which will demand and secure uniform laws prohibiting allens from owning real estate anywhere within the Union, and English landlords are so fearful of the success of the movement

movement that already many have withdrawn from projected investments.

It may be set down as certain that the present extraordinary exodus of English aristocrats to the Unite. States is due to no wish to either see the people of the United States or to examine into the workings of American institutions, but is mainly, if not entirely, a rush of the vanguard of the great army who are hunting for locations for transfers of estrees.

workings of American institutions, but is mainly, if not entirely, a rush of the vanguard of the great army who are hunting for locations for transfers of estates.

Today a list of British holders of American bonds has been published in London as an outcome of the present discussion. This publication has produced a genuine sensation, which the Tories are tonight attempting to nullify by jeers. One of the printed lists is headed "A list of bloated English-American Londoners." The Tories pronounce the publication "one of the fruits of the communism taught by Henry George in his 'Progress and Poverty.' and they sneeringly advise the American author to attempt to confine the effects of his philosophy to his own country. The Pall Mall Gazette however, treats the matter seriously, and warns the English people that there is much in the threatened agitation to arouse fear, and nothing at all to warrant any ridicule or light treatment. The Gazette points out to Englishmen that the Americans are an intensely practical people, and will look upon this whole question in a business way, and act on it with good, sound, national sense. "If the people of the United States shall conclude that whatever land in the United States is taken up by allens is that much national territory withdrawn from the total amount possessed by the country for the development of American wealth, and so much taken away from the total possible American tenantry, they will put a stop to it in their own way and for their own reasons, and," the Pall Mall Gazette says, "will be doing nothing that England or any other sensible nation properly conserving its welfare would not do." The Gazette, continuing, says that it would be foolish to expect that the Americans would allow any large body of foreign powers; that no self-governing or self-respecting people could be expected to permit such a state of things to exist and grow within their country, and concludes by warning the Tories that they will make a very serious blunder if they assume that the Americans,

A Dog Takes a Trip Over Niagara Falls and Comes Out All Right.

[Niagara Falls Gazette.] Mr. G. Chorman has had in his possession for a time a dog which, although by no means vicious, had become addicted to barking at teams and pedestrians as they passed along the street, much to the annoyance of its owner, who had tried to break him of the habit. Failing in his teachings, Mr. Chorman decided to put the dog out of the way, and, thinking a trip over the falls the most effective, proceeded early Sunday morning, with the assistance of one of his employes, to drop him into the river from the centre of Goat Island bridge. Bidding doggy good-by as he floated down the rapids, he returned home; but doggy would not have it that way. During the afternoon a stranger waiking across the new suspension bridge, observed a dog under the bank, and notified the gate keeper at the American end of the bridge, who, with a glass, recognized the dog, and knowing that he had been sent over the falls, notified Mr. Chorman that the dog was below the bank. Later in the day Mr. Chorman went down the inclined railway, but could not find the animal; but early yesterday morning his son went down and soon discovered the dog, who seemed as frisky as though nothing had happened. All at once the dog has become the hero of the hour and will now be allowed to remain and live out the full measure of his days. drop him into the river from the centre of

A Tantalizing Climpse of Fabulous Wealth (Saratoga Letter in New York Mail and Express.)
"Pa," said a young Saratogian damsel, whose enthusiasm had been touched to lever heat by the enthusiasm had been touched to lever heat by the recently-acquired knowledge that Hathorn had taken in \$10,000 at his spring one season in five and ten-cent pieces at the entrance—"Pa, why don't you go into the back yard and find a spring?" But "pa" is busy planning a Saratoga boarding-house dinner for his guests, and the winter of the maiden's discontent finds no congenial spring. But "pa," busy as he is, is always watching for it, and the slightest favorable sign is sufficient to throw a family into a delirium of trembling anticipation. Such a one was given a household to the north of the village last week. The water from their well began to taste "rich." So they described it to each other and sipped glass after glass with the air of

SHERIDAN'S PET SCHEME. Trying to Influence the President to Adopt

ence with Indians at Fort Washakie.

CHICAGO, August 13 .- The Tribune recently

It-Projects Brought Out in the Confer-

printed a lengthy special from Fort Washakie, Wy. The despatch says: The political object of the presidential trip, and the peculiar composition of the party came out today. Every effort has been made to have the public believe this trip a purely recreative one, with no underlying motives. Genrecreative one, with no underlying motives. General Sheridan has exercised his power not only to keep the press in ignorance, but in order to do so more effectively, summarily threatened and arrested cit zens of the United States on the Shoshone reservation, in order that there might be no witness to the extraordinary transactions of today. During all the time he has been in charge of the department of the Missouri, Sheridan has worked to secure the transfer of the Indians from the Interior to the War Department. So far secretaries of the interior have been successfully upheld by the church in preventing his schemes. At last he has hit on a new plan to attain his ends. To this end he proposed to keep the matter a secret until it had been accomplished, but it has leaked out in spite of all the rigid precautions taken to prevent it. All the Indians on the Shoshone reservation, some 2500 in number, convened in grand council, Wednesday morning, to hear what message the "Great Father" had for them. Next to him sat Great Chief of Snakes Washakie and Black Coal of the Arapahoes. The secretary of war was a silent but interested spectator. Chief Washakie lit the pipe of peace and handed it to the President. The latter drew a short whiff and passed the pipe over to Black Coal. After the leaders had smoked to each other's welfare. Washakie spoke. He assured the Great Father of his perpetual friendship, of his long-buried hatchet and the industry of his tribe. He extended to his pale-face visitors the hospitality of the reservation with its abundance of fish and game. The startling Indian policy of General Sheridan was presented to the tribe. He proposed to daway with all reservations as such and Indian agencies and agents. In the place of the lands thus taken the government would essue bonds bearing interest the same as any other government bonds. These bonds would be interest and the interest of the bonds and the products of the farms thus secured. The interest on the bonds would be payable at certain convenient forts by eral Sheridan has exercised his power not only to The interest on the bonds would be payable at certain convenient forts by the United States officials in the same way as the army is paid. This would effectually release the Indians from the control of the Interior Department, and place them absolutely at the mercy of the Department of War. There would be no agencies, but the citizens would be protected by existing lines of forts. General Sheridan claimed that nearly all the Indian troubles of the last rew years have arisen through the corruption of the agents. Under his methods the Indians would be held responsible as citizens, and would be liable to both civil and military law in the district in which they reside. He claimed that the government would be benefited by the issuance of bonds, and the Indians would secure all that is due them under the present system. In fact the latter would receive more than they do now, as so much is absorbed in passing through different hands. The despatch states that this matter has several times been discussed by the President, Secretary Lincoln and General Crook, Secretary Teller always being left out of the conferences for obvious reasons. Lincoln sympathizes with it, and the President, although apparently noncommittal, will do all in his power to push it. The scheme will be presented to all the Indians before Congress meets. The Indians at this grand council promised to take the matter into consideration.

A Score of Blondes and Brunettes Who Will Star the Southern States. PHILADELPHIA, August 13.-Messrs. Freeman and Howard, two enterprising speculators, have engaged twenty young women to play base ball in the fall and winter in the Southern States, and the female "rounders" are practising daily in an enclosed space on Columbia avenue. One team will be fair-haired, light-complexioned girls, and will be known as the "Blondes." The other team will be brunettes with dark hair and black flashing eyes that express the disgust of their owners when they have to "slide" for a "base." The blondes will wear blue blouses, kickerbockers and short skirts, with scarlet hose. The brunettes will tear around the bases in the same style of costume of a deep crimson and blue stockings. They had a practice game yesterday, but as only eight of them appeared a number f small boys were called in to make up the nines. The boys were alled in to make up the nines. The boys were in their glory, and ordered the girls to "chuck it ter first" or "sneak around ter third" with more than their usual vim. The first-base woman was the only one in full uniform, and, in consequence, made better time in going around the bases than her sisters of the diamond. Rosa is her name, and she is what the boys call a "daisy," though Daisy plays out in "centre garden." Miss Vola, who once played Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cablin, wielded the ash with skill, and on the score card she had two "three-baggers" to her credit. Minnie, who guarded second base, stamped her feet impatiently or black flashing eyes that express the disgust of guarded second base, stamped her feet impatien when she missed the ball, and had to chase it into left field. Mary and two Katles a Pearl, who did her little act out in right field, d rearl, who did her little act out in right next, dis-singuished themselves by masterly and graceful inactivity throughout the game. The teams will begin their season on Saturday, September 1, on the Philadelphia or Athletic grounds, and will play one week. In their tour the managers will carry with them a nine-foot canvas wail to euclose a field, whenever a place is visited that has no ball grounds.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Talking With a Dealer About Styles and Prices.

"What are the coming styles in shoes?" asked a GLOBE reporter of a boot and shoe dealer whom he met at a lunch counter.
"Well," said he, "we are selling gentlemen

shoes with colored leather tops in seal brown, buff and other colors."
"How about the shape?"

and other colors."

"How about the shape?"

"Shoes are cut nigh and low, but high-cut shoes are more in demand. Narrow toes are stylish now, and very few double-sole shoes are sold. Even in winter single-sole shoes are sold. Even in winter single-sole shoes are in demand, as the feet are protected by the stylish overshoes now sold."

"What are the styles in ladies' shoes?"

"Plain black, in fine leather is, most popular. They are made to lace in front or button. The side-lace is entirely out of style. In low-cut shoes green and terra-cotta leather tops are fashionable—what we call the Edison ties."

"What are the styles in slippers?"

"What are the styles in slippers?"

"There is no fixed style in slippers. We sell for gentlemen Morocco and alligator-skin goods, trimmed with patent leather. Some embroidered slippers are sold. For ladies the plain, low-cut opera slipper is most popular."

"What are the prices of shoes?"

"Well, we sell men's shoes for from \$8 to \$14, and ladies' shoes for from \$4 to \$15. Of course it depends altogether on the style."

"In men's shoes from 2½s to 4½s. It is not uncommon to find a lady with 1½s, or even 1s. The average man's shoe is No 7."

OVER A CENTURY OLD. Death of Mrs. Mary Lynch of Scranton,

Penn., at the Age of 110. CRANTON, Pa., August 13.-Mrs. Mary Lynch died in this city Thursday at the age of 110. She was born in Sussex county, N. J., in March, 1774. Her father, Jacob Bunsick, served in the revolution, and her husband, to whom sh was married in 1800, was a soldier in 1812. Her parents were settlers in New Jersey. Mrs. Lynch and family moved to Penusylvania in 1840. Of her eight children four are living, the youngest being about 75 years old. Her faculties seemed unimpaired to the last.

A Centenarian Who Never Wore Spectacles.

NEW YORK, August 13.—Barbara Wollum died NEW YORK, August 15.—Barbara Woltin died at 1598 Third avenue on Wednesday at the age of 100 years and 5 months. She was born in Wurtemburg, and was 77 years old when she came to this country. She never wore spectacles. She leaves a daughter, a grandson and several greatgrandchildren. She will be buried today.

One Hundred and Four Years Old. CLEVELAND, August 12 .- John O'Malia, born at Brazo, county Mayo, Ireland, in 1779, died yes Brazo, county Mayo, Ireland, in 1779, died yesterday in this city. He was probably one of the oldest persons in Ohio. He was a remarkably well preserved old man. In speaking of his remarkable health a few days before he died, he said: "I was never sick an hour in my life. I don't know what a headaene, a backache, a sideache or a toothache is. Nevertheless, I can't live "much longer." He came to America twenty-five years ago, then a man of 79 years of age, and followed the occupation of a laborer.

Death at the Age of 102 Years. NATICK, August 13 .- Mrs. Mary Berrigan, who died at the age of 102, at the residence of he daughter, on Spring street, Saturday, had enjoyed good health until within a few weeks, and, although she could not master the English language, she was up to the last quite glib in the Irish tongue. The remains were placed in the Catholic cemetery at Saxonville yesterday.

Chambord Worse.

VIENNA, Aug. 13.—Intelligence from Frohsdorf yesterday stated that the condition of the Count de Chambord is again unfavorable. He is slowly losing strength.

connoisseurs. A mineral spring had surely opened into their well. An investigation disclosed an overwhelming case of dead skunk, and Professor Chandler was not called on for an analysis.

A Declining Market for Refrigerator Beef Dealers.

Interesting Discussion by a Glasgow Man of the Prohibition Bill.

Full Reports from the Stock Yards and Boston Market.

The export of live stock and dressed meats from this port for the week ending August 11, 1883 shows a decrease in cattle, sheep and dressed beef from the shipments of the previous week. Advices received during the week by cable from the various market landings show a decline in values on cattle of 1/2 c. ₽ tb. The sheep market remains firm at last week's decline, with no improvement in the demand. The following have been the ruling rates and general condition of the trade during the week at Liverpool: CATTLE.

There was a moderately active movement in the cattle market, but prices on the whole have declined about ½c. since last week. SHEEP. The sheep trade has been very brisk under the

influence of a small supply and good demand.

Best long woolled.....

offal is not reckoned.]

London and Glasgow markets are reported off, both in the demand and values. The general opinion expressed in this country by exporters of American cattle is that values will, on account of the heavy shipments during the past three weeks show a downward tondency and should of American cattle is that values will, on account of the heavy shipments during the past three weeks, show a downward tendency, and should their opinions prove true, the effect would be detrimental to shippers of live cattle, as cattle have cost higher on these markets. Should values remain firm at foreign markets, sud no further advance take place on these markets, shippers can have no reason for complaint. The retrigerator beet dealers have received a severe blow. Values have declined within the past two weeks 3c \$\phi\$ b, and the prospects are looking towards a still further decline. Freight rates remained unchanged, with all space upon regular lives contracted for during the present month. Insurance premiums remain unchanged. An effort will be made by underwriters to increase the per cent. after August 15 on all sea risks and mortality.

The following have been the shipments from this port during the past week: Cattle, 2154; Sheep, 400; Quarters of beef, 2297.

The Waldensian goes to Glasgow, the Norseman, Bavarian and Palestine to Liverpool.

The Prohibition Bill

is one that now interests shippers of American live cattle. A single case of disease occurring in any part of the United States would exclude the landing of bullocks from any of our ports. The following is the opinion of Mr. T. McQuade of following is the opinion of Mr. T. McQuade of the firm of Young & McQuade, cattle salesmen at Glasgow, and a firm that the prohibition act, should it be enforced against the United States cattle, would affect seriously, as they handle a large number of American cattle: He was of the opinion that no government (administration) would dare enforce total prohibition; that if the landed interest forced Mr. Gladstone to a vote on the matter, and if then beaten he would go before the country on the issue. the country on the issue.

Trade at the Stock Yards

during the past week has been slow for all kind of the week have showed no change for sheep and lambs, and beef cattle from the Northern and lambs, and beef cattle from the Northern and Eastern States from those obtained the previous week. Cattle from the Western States advanced \(\foathernoonup \), \(\foathernoonup \) this strong. Veal calves were held firm and in good request, while drinkers, butternilk and grass-fed were dull of sale. Milch cows and springers were not in good request. There have been in the market some very extra choice dairy cows and springers, for which dealers were unable to obtain prices equal to their home cost. Western sheep and lambs and fat hogs are not placed upon these markets for sale, but are consigned to slaughterers, and taken direct from cars to slaughter-house. Therefore, no knowledge can be obtained as to the fluctuations that would occur from week to week were they offered upon these markets. The only way that prices can be given is by the cost at Western markets, adding the cost of transportation and shrinkage.

during the past week has been more active than the previous week and values have advanced, owing to the heavy demand made from the seashore and mountain resorts for choice cuts. There has also been a more active home demand; these with the increased cost at the West have forced values up. The following have been the ruling prices during the past week for choice Brighton slaughtered beef: Whole steers, 9½@10c. P fb; hluds, 12½@13c. P fb; fore-quarters. 6@7c. P fb; rump and ioins, 16@17c P P; loins, 19@20c. P fb; rumps, 13@14c. P fs; ribs, 7½@8½c. P fb; rattles, 5¼@5½c. P fb; fine cut ribs, 14½@15c. P fb; chucks, 6@6½c. P fb; rounds, 9c. P fb. The sheep, lamb and veal trade has been more active, and values have been a shade suronger than those noted the previous week. On the whole, trade at Boston market during the week has been in a healthy condition, and the demand and values satisfactory to the selling interests.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

Carlisle Said to be Gaining in the Race and Randall Losing Ground,

WASHINGTON, August 10 .- While it is premature to forecast the result of the canvass for the speakership of the next House of Representatives. it is evident that Mr. Randall is daily losing ground. Some time ago an item went the rounds giving the names of certainSouthern members-elect of whom the speaker was certain. It would seem. judging from the statements of representatives of the next Congress who have visited this city for the next congress who have visited this city for the past ten days, that a reaction has set in, and that Mr. Carlisle of Kentucky is gaining support-ers, not only from the South, but also in the West and Middle States. It is admitted that Randall is a better organizer than his Kentucky competitor, but it is claimed that the latter's conservatism, general strength and ability, will win in the lor

TO PEOPLE IN THE **COUNTRY:**

THREE LINES FOR TEN CENTS.

To meet the demands of the people, THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE now publishes "Wants" and similar announcements at the popular price of three lines one day (either Daily or Sunday) for only ten cents.

The low rate applies only to certain kinds of small advertising which we designate be-

IF YOU WANT A SITUATION, IF YOU WANT A CHANCE FOR BUSINESS, IF YOU WANT TO SELL YOUR BUSINESS,

IF YOR WANT BOARD OR LODGINGS,

IF YOU WANT BOARDERS OR LODGERS,

IF YOU HAVE LOST OR FOUND ANYTHING IF YON WANT TO HIRE OR LET A TENE-MENT, IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR HIRE REAL ESTATE.

IF YOU WANT TO RENT OR HIRE A STORE, HOUSE OR OFFICE, IF YOU WANT AN AGENT OR PARTNER.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL A HORSE You can advertise in THE DAILY GLOBE or

SUNDAY GLOBE, three lines for ten cents a

day. Paste this in your hat. Address THE DAILY GLOBE, 238 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Postage stamps

will answer.

TO OUR READERS.

When you answer any of the advertise ments in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE BOGTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Boston Money and Stocks and General State Street Gosslp. STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON,

August 11, 1883. §

The local money market closes today under the same conditions which have ruled during the previous days of the week. While the banks are freely supplied with loanable funds, they are put to use to but a limited extent, for, after meeting the wants of their own depositors, they show considerable disinclination in providing for the wants of outside customers and knowing this, the applications for the latter are not very brisk,

wants of outside customers, and, knowing this, the applications for the latter are not very brisk, and many large firms and business houses who do not wish to have their credit or standing called in question are now doing business on a cash basis.

The financial atmosphere, so far as the money market is concerned, continues rather thick, although many bank officers profess to believe that there will be some clearing away during the coming week, but in this respect the belief may be derived from the wish.

The banks take care of their own depositors at a range of 5%5½ per cent, while the general run of good mercantile paper is quoted as ranging from 5½ @6 per cent. In prime corporation notes and acceptances but little is doing; the rate for such paper having four months or less to run is nominally quoted at an average ruling price of 4½ per cent, while collateral loans on call range from 4@5½ per cent, and in some instances at 6 per cent, per annum, the rate depending upon the nature of the security.

The country banks are supplying the requirements of local business at an average rate of 5½ per cent.

Between banks during the week, the rate for

Between banks, during the week, the rate for

per cent.

Between banks, during the week, the rate for balances has been steady at 3 per cent.

At the clearing house the gross exchanges for the week were \$59,762.047, and today were \$10,345,301; the balances for the week were \$7,235,362, and today \$1,032,739.

New York funds sold today at par to 17 cents discount per \$1000.

Foreign exchange closes steady, at prices which have ruled during the week, as follows: Sight, \$4 87½; \$60 days,\$4 83½; commercial bills, \$4 82; francs, sight, \$5 17½@5 18¾; 60 days, \$5 20%@5 21½.

In New York money on the street has ruled quite steady, with 2 per cent, as the usual closing figure. This atternoon, however, the rate was pushed up to 5 per cent, but closed offered at 2, with the final loan at this figure.

The bank statement today shows but few changes from that of last week, as will be seen by the following items:

The banks are now \$9,333,905 in excess of legal requirements, against \$9,246,605 in excess last week and \$3,832,300 in excess same time last year.

Covernment Bonds. The feature of the government bond market

ontinues to be dulness, with some demand, however, for some issues, and an advance in the prices of long issues has been made, but at the close today they were fractionally lower in many issues. In comparing the closing bids of today with those of last Saturday the following changes are shown: The 3 per cents and the registered 4½s are ½ per cent. better, while the 4 per cents. and coupon 4½s are ½ lower.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 3 P. M. [Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.:

COMMERCIAL MATTERS. BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, 1

COAL.—Only a small quantity of Coal has been anoved at July prices, and there is no advance for the pre eat month. Camberland and Clearfield continue quiet at unsettled prices. Gas Coals have been sold in small tots to gas companies to fili p with at old prices. In Nova Scotia there is nothing doing in care in the companies of the continue of

ern Timothy, \$16@17 % ton; Swale Hay, \$8 @9 ton; choice Rive Straw, \$14@14 50 % ton; do common to good, \$13.90@... % ton; car Straw \$9.80 to son. HEMP.—There is a quiet market for Manila Hemp at \$101-260.09 % the Sisal Hemp has sold at 54/26% % b. June Butts at 1%@24/20 % b for paper and bagging orandes.

range from \$38@40 % ton for immediate and fall delivery.

LEAD.—The market for Pig Lead has been quiet and we quote large lats at \$4.35 % 1000 pounds. Lead Pipe has been selling at 6% % % h. and Sheet lead at 7½ 6 % h. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 4½ 6 for sold and 3% 6 for tea.

LEATHER.—The demand for Sole Leather has been steady; sales of Hemlock have been at 20½ 625 % h, as to quality. Union tanned ranges from \$4.63 % for backs, and \$2.63 % for coron. Rough Upper has sold at 21 62 % 22 % at 0 quality. The different kinds of finished Leather have been in fair demand.

finished Calf ranges from 60@90c, as to quality. The different kinds of finished Leather have been in Tail different kinds of finished Leather have been in Tail count.

LIME.—There have been saies of Rockiand at 95cg \$1 \(\text{R} \) cask for cargo lots; jobbing lots have sold at \$1 \(\text{L} \) in \$\text{R} \) cask for cargo lots; jobbing lots have sold at \$1 \(\text{L} \) in \$\text{R} \) cask for cargo lots; jobbing lots have sold at \$1 \(\text{L} \) in \$\text{R} \) cask for cargo lots; jobbing lots have sold at \$1 \(\text{L} \) in \$\text{R} \) cask for cargo lots; jobbing lots have sold at \$1 \(\text{L} \) in \$\text{R} \) case the quotations; Clear Pine, Nos 1 and 2, \$25@26. Coarse pine—No 5, \$17@18. Spruce—Nos 1 and 2, \$12 00@13 00; Hemilock boards—Nos 1 and 2, \$10 00@11 50; refuse, \$1.\(\text{R} \). Southern pine—Flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, \$32@33; flooring boards, \$14 \) and \$1/2 \) step, \$33 00@34 00; ship stock, \$23@30; at 0 \) stock, \$23@30; at 0 \(\text{R} \) case in \$38\(\text{R} \) 955@36. White wood, inch, \$25\(\text{R} \) 950\(\text{R} \) 30 \(\text{R} \) 10 \(\text{R} \) 85\(\text{R} \) 25\(\text{R} \) 30 \(\text{R} \) 31 \(\text{R} \) 30 \(\text

main without change.

ON IONS.—We quote sales of Oulons at \$2 50@3 04

Bibl.

PEAS.—The demand has been steady for Peas and prices are steady We quote the sales of choice Canada Feasat \$1 10@\$1 15 \$\text{g}\$ bush: docommon. \$52\text{g}\$56\$ \$2 \$\text{s}\$ bush: docommon. \$52\text{g}\$56\$ \$2 \$\text{s}\$ bush: docommon. \$52\text{g}\$56\$ \$2 \$\text{s}\$ bush: docommon. \$52\text{g}\$56\$ \$2 \$\text{g}\$ bush: docommon. \$52\text{g}\$50\$ \$2 \$\text{g}\$ bush: docommon. \$72\text{g}\$00\$ \$2 \$\text{g}\$ bush: docks. \$19 50\text{g}\$20\$ \$2 \$\text{g}\$ bush: docommon. \$152\text{g}\$20\$ \$2 \$\text{g}\$ bush: docommon. \$152\text{g}\$20

A fb. Grease has been selling at 6.07c & fb, as to quality.

TIN.—There have been sales of Straits at 21½2
224c: and English at the same price.

TIN PLATES.—There has been a moderate demand and sales have been at 55 25.07 75 fb box, as to quaity.

WOUL.—Washed fleeces have been in good demand and prices remain quite steady. Sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces have been at 36.037c for X and 36.039c for XX, and XX and above. In No 1 Ohio sales have been at 41c & fb. In Michigan fleeces sales have been at 334.035c. Combing and delaine fleeces have been in good demand, with the sales of fine Michigan and Ohio delaine at 38.040c, and fine and No 1 combing at 42.044c & fb. in other grades of combing very little has been done. In unwashed fleeces sales have been quite large, and prices have ranged orincipally from 23.027c & fb; unwashed Western fleeces have been quite large, and prices have ranged orincipally from 23.027c & fb; unwashed Western fleeces have soid principally in the range of 23.028c & fb for fine and medium, with choice selec-

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, August 11.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Flour very firm and in some instances higher; sales of 16,000 bils.

GRAIN — wheat for futures less active at a slight decline; sales, 276,000 bils. No 2 red at \$117.9; £1 201.261 211.4 for October, \$1 221.261 213.4 for November, and \$1 243.661 251.4 for December. Wheat on the spot was firmer, though also less active; sales, 163.000 bush, including No 2 red at \$1 217.961 22 in elevator, \$1 18 for \$6 for the store; No 3 do, \$1 15.9; £1 17; No. 4 \$1 0.1 ungraded red, \$76.81 20; unraded white at \$4.261 22. Kyo firmer, sales, 64.000 bill in the store; No 3 do, \$1 15.9; £1 17; No. 4 \$1 0.1 ungraded red, \$76.81 20; unraded white at \$4.261 22. Kyo firmer, sales, 64.000 bill in the store; No 3 do, \$1 15.9; £1 17; No. 4 \$1 0.1 ungraded red, \$76.81 20; unraded white at \$4.261 22. Kyo firmer, sales, 64.000 bill in the store; No. 2 mixed and \$30.350e for white, including No 2 at \$36.34, 363.40 for mixed, \$41.362 for white; also No 2 mixed at \$34.363.30 for November. Indian corn fucures were quiet and \$4.261.30 for August, \$11.3661.30 bush at \$36.363.60 for November. Indian corn fucures were quiet and \$4.261.30 for August, \$11.360.00 bush, including ungraded mixed, \$50.621.30 for August, \$11.360.00 bush, including ungraded mixed, \$50.621.30 for August, \$11.360.00 bush, including ungraded mixed, \$50.621.30 for ungraded white, \$60. After 'change-Wheat closed steadier; No 2 red, for August, \$1 175.8; September, \$1.849.0 cotober, \$1 20.32; November, \$1 22.32; December, \$1.249. Corn firmer; No 2 mixed, August, \$2.189.0 cotober, \$1.360. Cot

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, August 10, 1883; Western cattle, 425; Eastern cattle, 93; Northern cattle, 651. Total, 4169. Western sheep and lambs, 9890; Northern sheep and lambs, 651; Eastern sheep and lambs, 66 and lambs, 651: Eastern sheep and la Total, 14.641. Swine, 12.477. Veals, 750. Horses, 133.

Swine, 12,477. Veals, 750. Horses, 133.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality \$6 371/2@6 80

First quality \$5 25 \overline{0}6 25

Second quality \$5 25 \overline{0}6 25

Third quality \$5 25 \overline{0}6 25

Third quality \$5 25 \overline{0}6 25

Third quality \$5 25 \overline{0}6 25

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Brigh. hides. \$8 \overline{0}6 \overline{0}6 \overline{0}6 25

Brigh. tallow.64/2@7 \overline{0}6 \overline{0}6 25

Country tids. \$34/2@7 \overline{0}6 16 25

Country tids. \$34/2@7 \overline{0}6 16 25

Country tids. \$34/2@7 \overline{0}6 16 25

Brices of beef cattle, \$100 pounds, dressed weight, \$400/209 00.

THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

Long Days of Anxiety and Long Nights of Danger.

Mule Steaks and Root Soups Pronounced Good Eating-Extreme Resorts.

Good Work and Plenty of Pluck on Both Sides the Besieged Lines.

Detroit Free Press.]
After the failure of the second assault on Vicksburg, Grant made up his mind to a siege which he knew would be dragged through many weeks. It was neither the lack of good generalship nor desperate fighting that had beaten the Federals back. Vicksburg was impregnable. Pemberton could hold his lines against infantry, and Porter might hurl shot and shell all day long at the bluffs without doing enough damage to pay for the powder.

When the real investment began a cat could not have crept out of Vicksburg without being discovered. Every yard of river and foot of land was watched and guarded, and the horrors of a siege were felt alike in the streets of the city and the trenches at the front.

Grant learned here what he afterwards put in practice at Petersburg. If he could not hurl Pemberton from his works, he could wear him out. Sharpshooters were advanced as close as possible at every point, artillery pushed forward, new pieces mounted and every arrangement made to keep the Confederates on the anxious seat. The crack of the rifles of the sharpshooters was never nushed, even at night, and scarcely a day passed that some demonstration was not made to create that some demonstration was not made to create appreheusion. A regiment would make an advance at some point on the lines, as if an assault were intended, and the Confederates would be stirred up on a front a mile long. At night some bold Federal would ereep forward among the Confederate rifle pits and raise an alarm that would extend to a thousand men. There was not an hour in the twenty-four that the besieged felt safe in resting, and anything like

Sound Sleep was Out of the Question. While a constant artillery fire was maintained on both sides, most of the loss was occasioned by the sharpshooters. The Federals were in rifle pits or behind rocks, and in some cases near enough to have killed a sparrow resting on the Confederate works. One of their objects was to silence their big guns by picking off artillerists, and in a few instances they were quite successful. There were cannon in the Confederate forts which were struck by as many as sixty bullets. A wooden shield in use to protect the man at one of the guns was in eight hours hit by forty-four balls. A Confederate soldier had only to raise his hat above the works to have it plugged by from two to five bullets, and the man reckless enough to expose hinself at any point was certain to be hit on the linstant. the sharpshooters. The Federals were in rifle

to expose hinself at any point was certain to be int on the instant.

On the other hand the Federals suffered even more from the Confederate sharpshooters, because less sheltered and almost constantly making new movements and taking new positions. A Louisiana rifleman who had dug a hole for himself in front of Fort Hill and rendered himself a dangerius object, made a long shot one day and killed or wounded an officer. Within five minutes, as he relates, five or six pieces of light artillery were turned upon the spot where he was concealed, and a score of Federal sharpshooters likewise gave him their attention. For thirty minutes he was doubled up in a hole just deep enough to shelter him, and over and around him swept shot, shell and bullet in a way that left the ground a sight to see. While he was not nurt, a piece of shell, and two spent bullets rolled into his door, and he was almost

Buried Alive by the Dirt Flung into the

Hole. One who looks over the battle-fields of Vicksburg will wonder that the peninsula (now an island) opposite the city was not captured long before the event took place. Porter's mortars were so far up stream that they were of little service, and whenever he came down with his gunboats to run past or engage the batteries, the distance he had to make was so great that the Confederates had warning and were fully prepared for his coming. The Confederate force holding the peninsula was aiways weak in numbers, and could have been routed weeks before it was. When the Federals finally took possession of the ground the mortarscows were brought down within rifle-range of the city. The wooded peninsula hid them from sight and served as a protection, while they had but to elevate their pieces to clear the tree-tops and their missiles would carry to the Vicksburg banks. After the siege began, and after Porter secured the new position, the Confederates could never look forward to an hour of rest.

Porter's fire against the batteries along the bluffs was steady and annoying, but attended with far less loss of life than one would anticipate. It was, indeed, a rare thing when a man was killed in one of the forts. The missiles from the ironclads and the gunboats buried themselves in walls of earth from twelve to twenty feet thick, and the descending bombs were not particularly dangerisland) opposite the city was not captured long be-

descending bombs were not particularly dangerous, generally falling beyond the works. A Confederate relates that he counted thirty-two bombs which fell and exploded without injury to life, and that only two out of 108 created any destruction whatever. Nevertheless,

The Bombardment Was a Terrible Thing

to bear, and though so many shells were thrown away no one was safe from being torn to pieces at any moment. Here it was demonstrated that an nonlead, there is was demonstrated that an ironclad which could be kept on the move was hit only by chance. Those which attacked Fort Sumfer made a square stand-up fight, bow or broadside on and stationary. Those at Vicksburg fought while under motion, and though one vessel was often a target for fifty guns the damage was been serious. The Cincinnation of the statement to a hever serious. The Cincinnati, in advancing to a position within pistol-shot of a battery located at the water's edge, was fired at over forty times without being hit. She was then sunk by a single shot, and about twenty of her crew were either balls and about twenty of her crew were either

shot, and about twenty of her crew were either killed or drowned.

It was not until near the close of the siege that the Federals knew of the existence of the caves in Yicksburg. During the day, when a lively bombardment was in progress, the hillsides would be covered with women and children. Of a sudden they would disappear, but in five minutes they were back again. Women learned to distinguish one missile from another by sound, and to anticipate the points against which the heaviest Federal five would be concentrated. Seated on the hillsides, with umbrellas held up to shade them, they would watch the bombardment with deep interest until a shell came too close. Then there would be a scattering,

and in a short time all would return. The cave were resorted to at first upon the firing of a single gun, but during the last two weeks of the siege, when the fire was hottest, many tamilies remained in their houses and trusted to good luck

siege, when the fire was hottest, many tamilies remained in their houses and trusted to good luck to escape death.

In June the rations of the solders were again decreused, and citizens were brought face face to face with the fact that nothing must be wasted. There was little or nothing for sale, the city was entirely cut off by river and land, and the woman who could invent seme new dish from the crumbs of a former meal fared the best. It was not until the last week that mule meat was resorted to, and it was still later on that rats came to be looked upon as good eating. A negro woman told me that she killed and ate a dog and never tasted better meat, and another made soup of a piece of raw hide and found it very palatable. The mule meat was pass able good eating, though tough and stringy, and soldiers ate it in preference to some of the pork and bacon issued with their rations.

Although the troops in Vicksburg were cut down to the lowest possible point in issuing rations, it was not so much from lack of supplies as from seeking to carry out Penberton's ideas. His first was to take the garrison out in case Johnston came to his relief by an attack. The second was to protract the slege to the last hour. If he got out with his garrison his army must have rations. If he could not get out, every day that he held Vicksburg held Grant's army there, and was

An Advantage to the Confederacy. In his official report he says he had in store or the day of the surrender, 40,000 pounds of pork and bacon, 50,000 pounds of rice, 5000 bushels of peas, 2000 pounds of sugar, 400,000 pounds of salt, and various other commissary stores. Thus it came about that the garrison turned to rats and roots while their storehouses at their backs contained plenty of good rations. Grant was impatient at delay, and when neither assault nor bombardment would bring victory, he began to approach the Confederate works at various points by sap and mine. The most important mines were driven under Fort Hill, and late in June there were two explosions there which nearly shook the fort to pieces. With each explosion there was a rush of Federals to get in, and a rally of Confederates to keep them out, and no material advantage was gamed. The first explosion caught about a dozen Confederates in a counter-mine outside. Four of the men were blown so high into space that their bodies were almost lost sight of, and those who saw them after they had descended could find no resemblance to human beings. They were simply blackened balls of pulp. It became certain after a while that Grant would get into Vicksburg if he had to tunnel under every hill, and rate sat down with Pemberton whenever he rested, and glided along beside him whenever he rode. Johnston could not gather force enough and bacon, 50,000 pounds of rice, 5000 bushels

To Warrant an Attack Upon Grant. He was a menace, but not a danger. It was the same with Taylor. The only chance promising with a sortie by Pembertion. This plan would certainly have been tried could the details have been perfected. The Confederate couriers were intercepted going or coming, and Pembertion could not arrange the details. Without a perfect under-

standing as to the hour and point it was useless to attack.

In the last days of June, Pemberton fully realized his position. He might repulse another assault upon his lines, and the river batteries might now and then disable a gunboat, but the end must come. Grant was determined, and Porter full of courage. Neither Johnston nor Taylor could furnish aid, and the Confederate troops were beginning to weaken under the rule of short rations and constant vigilance. From the 20th of June to the 2d of July no Confederate let go of his musket, and no man slept for an hour at a time. Every foot of the lines was under fire, and every fort was being approached by a mine. In the city it was still worse. Porter had opened with a vengeance, ammunition was giving out in the batteries, and men who had been under call for over forty days and nights were at last wearing out. Grant never exhibited better generalship and greater pluck. Porter never showed his fleet to better advantage than right there. Then let history, no matter by whom written, add that the Confederates standing as to the hour and point it was useless

Had Done All That Brave Men Could Do. On the 3d of July, having given up all hopes of outside aid, and feeling that further defence was but useless slaughter. Pemberton raised the white flag of surrender, and next day Vicksburg was in possession of those who had fought so long and well to win it. It has been charged that Pemberton was a man of great parsonal vanity. If so, he was also a good fighter. It has been charged that he disobeyed the orders of Johnston to evacuate Vicksburg. If so, where are the charges and the court-martials? It has been written that he defended Vicksburg by the positive order of President Davis. If true, the President had the right to make the order, and he must have felt that Pemberton made the best possible fight under the circumstances.

THE GUITAR PERIOD.

A Critical Time in the Life of a Boy-Remedies Recommended and Their Applica-

There is a time in the life of every boy when he is taken with the fever to learn to play the guitar. The fever comes on, says Peck's Sun, about the time when he first falls in love, and that is at the age of fourteen or fifteen. He may think he is in love at twelve years of age, but that is only a symptom. At fourteen he is in love to such an extent that it actually makes him tired to carry it around. He has been reading novels in which there is always a Spaniard or an Italian lover, dressed in fantastic costume, who takes a guitar and goes to serenade the girl in the novel, and she comes to the window and throws a kiss at the lover, and then comes down herself, and they lally-gag on the grass and talk foreign love and catch cold, and the boy thinks that is about the finest scheme that he ever read of, and he decides to obtain a guitar. It is some days before he can muster up courage enough to speak to his mother about buying a guitar, and he wouldn't dare to speak to his father about it. His mother has noticed that he has not seemed well lately, and as she has watched him moping around and sighing she has felt that he is having his young life sapped away by study, or that worms are feeding on his damask stomach. The old man, who has been there, knows that the kid is in love, and his recipe would be weeding onions, or carrying in coal, but and goes to serenade the girl in the novel, and she

The Good Mother's Tender Heart is

Touched. and she consents to the guitar scheme, and shortly afterward there is a weird, ghostly sound coming from the attic that is a cross between the æclian music of a breeze sighing through a wire window screen, and a couple of cats tuning up for a gooseberry-bush symphony in E flat, with boota gooseberry-bush symphony in E flat, with bootjack bouquets. The boy thumbs the strings of the
guitar in silence when his father is not around,
and dreams of the time when he can play an accompaniment to a love song, and put on a velvet
jacket, trimmed with gold lace, a wide sombrero,
and go to the house of his firl and warble through
the black moustache which he is sure will soon
put in an appearance on his lip. O, how he suffers,
as he thumbs the strings and fails to detect the
first principles of a time, but how patiently he as he thumbs the strings and fails to detect the first principles of a time, but how patiently he works. He keeps it up until he wears the skin off his fingers, about which time he is surprised by his father, who follows up the strange, weird sound, and takes the boy by the neck and in two minutes shakes the love all out of him and sets him at work mowing away hay in the barn. There is no one thing that will take the incipient four-teen-year-old love out of a boy like mowing hay in a barn. He does not have time to dream of the Spaniard with the guitar, and the beautiful girl at the casement dressed in flowing robes, and her hair gathered in blue ribbon.

and so he pitches hay. The guitar period is one of the most critical periods in the life of a boy. If ne succeeds in learning to play a tune, and his voice becomes trained to such an extent that he can sing without being frightened at the noise, then he is gone. From that out he becomes a dude, whose sole ambition is be called upon to sing, and he will try to look sweet, and will sing love songs at private parties, with his hand in his bosom, and think the ladies all yearn for him, when they feel as though they would like to take him across their knees, and caress him with a press-board. He will be no good on earth, and will haunt music stores, and have no ambition but to go to some place where there is to be music, and where he will be called upon to "favor the company." He becomes the laughing-stock of his friends, his parents are ashamed of him, and his voice becomes his sole care, and he never amounts to a row of pins. When a boy arrives at the guitar voice becomes trained to such an extent that he period, and begins to go around as though he was too weak to walk and too lazy to eat, and crawls off to read novels, and sighs when his mother looks lovingly at him, then is the time to wake him up, and the father is the only one to do it. It has got to be done right away, or

It Will Be Everlastingly too Late. for every day that the fever is allowed to remain in his system makes it harder to break it up. Some fathers can talk a boy out of the guitar disease. and show him that he is liable to graduate as a dude, and some try the method of shaking. One man was very successful with his boy, by following him to the attie and catching him in the act of fumbling the guitar, and taking him by the collar with one hand, and the guitar by the neck with the ather, and wearing up the guitar over the iower level of the boy's spine, and sending the boy out into the pasture to wean a calf and teach it to drink out of a pail; but that always seemed a little harsh, as we had to pay for the guitar in instalments afterwards, and the mother of the calf drove us over a fence real spry. However, a boy wants to be attended to at the guitar period and shown the folly of it, or he will hate himself forever atter. When parents find it coming on they should consult each other, and take prompt action, or the boy that is their pride wiff go through life singing through his nose: "Odly a Padzy Blossom," or, "O, Cub, O, Cub with Be, the Bood is Beebing." man was very successful with his boy, by fol-

The Teacher as a Table Waiter.

[New York Tribune.]

Lizzie was her name. She taught a school and waited on the table. I feit like holding up my hand when I wanted beans, so strong had been early associations, as if to say: "Teacher, may I hand when wanted beans, as sit to say: "Teacher, may I have something?" Her black hair fell in the curls of lang syne, corkscrew, the cynics call them, but there, as in other things, she was a reminiscence of thirty years ago, when curls of that form, long and separate, and sharing in every laugh, end waving with every form of animation, instigated the juvenile soul with dreams he scarcely comprehended, like the soul in the pollen straying through the air on match-making zephyrs toward the mystic bells of mournful petals striking in the amorous wind. How many urchins in those days felt the first instincts of love, not from the uniformed hoydens around him, but from the mis ress' ample charms! "Lizzie." said I, as I sat at the table end and took the bill of fare, "is it not true that intelligence greatly increases the productive capacity of labor?" "Forty per cent.," she recited, like one prepared to go up to a higher grade. "Then, Lizzie, see that you get me three boiled eggs instead of two, and a proportionately larger piece of the beef; for, Lizzie, they do cut it mild."

One of the white exhibitors in the main building of the Santa Fe exhibition was, formerly, a frequent visitor to the agency, and was thrown a good deal in contact with the Indians. In time he good deal in contact with the Indians. In time he discovered in one of the maidens a warm feeling toward himself which he was not disposed to regard as other than of friendliness and gratitude for numerous trifles and small favors that it had been in his way to bestow on her. That was several years ago. On the second day of the exposition, as he was arranging his wares, his wrist was grasped from behind, and he turned to see the figure of an Apache woman vanishing in the crowd, leaving with him a silver circlet from her own arm. "That means," he explained in the evening, as he pulled back his cult to show the ornament, "that I must see her before cither of us leaves here. She is probably married, but she don't forget. It would be as much as my life is worth to take off this bracelet for an hour while I stay in Santa Fe, and I shall not dare go away or let her go without hunting her up and learning what she wants to say to me."

A Good Word for the "Smoker."

(Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.) Many man, though they may not wish to smoke on taking a train for a short trip, usually prefer a seat in the smoking car. They say that in case of a crowd, when once they get a seat in the smoking ear, it is theirs until they choose to give it upBesides they like the company there; it is free and
easy, good-natured and jolly. One seldom sees a
sour face in the smoking car. If there is one, it
soon vanishes to the rear after it has finished
puffing its own cigar. Most of the pleasant stories
of the train are told in the smoking ear, many
good songs are there sung, and no one objects to
music or hearty laughter. Contagious diseases
and insects don't like to hang around in the tobacco-smelling upholstery of the old "smoker"—
often older and more rickety than it ought to be.
The good railroad manager provides a comfortably
constructed, bright, cheery coach for his cigarloving passengers, and as they smoke they bless
him. The smoking car is one of the institutions of
American travel. Long may it rollcrowd, when once they get a seat in the smok

A MINER'S SUNDAY.

A Day of Rest from Gold Washing-Going to Camp.

Metropolis of the Diggers-Welcomed at the Magnelia-The First "Long Drink."

News of the Week and Doings of the Day-Homeward Bound.

This is the Sunday sun that streams through the cabin window and through the chinks of the cabin wall. It is the same sunshine as that of the week day. Yet, as the miner wakes and realizes it is Sunday, it has a different appearance and conveys different impression from that of the week-day sun, writes Prentice Mulford in the San Francisco Chronicle. Everything seems more quiet, more restful and even more staid and serious. There belongs to it and to the landscape, as he looks out, a flavor of far-away Eastern Sabbath bells and Sunday morning's hush, and longer family prayer than usual and Sunday school. But there is not a church bell with ten miles and there never will be one heard on this flat. There is not, so far as known, so much as a man in the least religiously inclined. We are a hard lot. No work on the claim today. The pick and shovel will rest where thrown Saturday afternoon, and only a trickle of yellowish water from the reservoir wil seep through the long line of sluices instead of yesterday's muddy surge rushing through-sand, gravel and grating, pebble and bowlder.

But there is work of another sort to be done and a great deal of it. After breakfast, shaving. Black a great deal of it. After breakfast, snaving, black pantaloons, a white shirt, a felt or str. w hat, a linen duster and the Sunday boots. This is his dandy outfit. In his pocket is a buckskin purse, once yellow, now faded to a dull gray, holding gold dust, a few ounces more or less, perhaps five, perhaps ten. It is the company dust and is to be sold and turned into bright, yellow gold pieces.

And Why All This Preparation? "To go to camp." Camp is three miles away over the mountains yonder. A group of ramshackle cabins, alternating with saloons, three grocery stores, a hotel, an express office and a justice of the peace, all in a hot gulch, with hill-sides long ago swept of trees, scarred with cuts sides long ago swept of trees, scarred with cuts and streaked with patches of dry yellowish ledge. "Camp" to him has all the importance and interest of a great metropolis. It is the centre of news. The stage passes through it on its way to a larger camp. Two boss gamblers reside there. There is a faro game on occasions, a bilhard table with a mountainous sort of bed, where the balls roll as they please and after an eccentric fashion of their

own.

Camp is reached after a long, hot walk. He sufters in his store clothes from the heat. In his
working, every-day fiannels he would not so much
mind it, but the restraint and chokiness of starched

working, every-day hannels he would not so indending the but the restraint and chokiness of starched linen are fatiguing.

He repairs first to the Magnolia. He has long in magination seen it from afar. How cool is the big bar-room. The landlord keeps the floor well wet down. That Magnolia floor is one of the few places where water, unmixed with other fluid, is useful and grateful. How comforting and soothing is the first drink. A long drink in a long tumbler, with plenty of ice, soda-water and whiskey. If heaven be anywhere as a material locality it is in that first cool drink after a three-mile July tramp over the kiln-dried hils and herbage of the California foothills. The Magnolia is the social heart-centre of camp. There he finds the doctor. The doctor drinks with him. The judge drinks with him. The judge generally drinks. The principal camp gambler is at the Magnolia. He takes a light drink. He is a wise man, and knows the advantage and profit of keeping a cool head.

The Regular Camp Drunkard Sits in the Rear

in one of the arm-chairs back of the billiard table He looks so humble, so respectful-and so dry, that our miner's heart moves to pity, and he "asks him up." He complies, but not with undue haste. This treats; of the era between 1865 and 1870. They stand in a row at the bar. The barkeeper is This treats of the era between 1865 and 1870. They stand in a row at the bar. The barkeeper is mixing the "long" and the short drinks. Each man waits, says nothing and eyes every motion of the bartender. The silence is impressive. All is ready. Each glass is grasped and raised, and then from each to each, and more than all, from all to the drink donor, there is a nod, that incantatory phrase is uttered, "Well, here's luck," and the poison is down. As it rasps they cry "Ahem!" with a varied degree of modulation. But this is a careful and prudent miner, and he now repairs to the store. There his dust is weighed, sold and the week's provisions ordered. His combined partners' "divvys" are put aside in a lump and safely stored. Now the weight is off his mind. He returns to the attractions of camp.

These are not numerous. There is the Magnolia, the Belle Union, the Court Exchange, the post and express offices. There are the "boys." He learns the news of the county or district. The Mount Vernon is paying \$4 per day. Long Shortman has gone on a spree and hasn't done any work for the past ten days. Jimmy McNeil has sent for his wife's sister. She is unmarried. Sullivan has had another row with his wife and she has complained to the authorities. Sam Gedney is going to run for county clerk, "Chquita' and "Cut-Face" are in camp and expect to stay a week. Bob Delmame lost \$200 at the game the other night. A San Francisco company has bought the Crazy Gulch quartz lead and will put a ten-stamp mill on it.

last Friday night. Ford shot at McGillis th other night, but did not hit him. The Wiley girls. two sisters, who have recently moved into camp, are making a sensation, and their small parlor at times won't hold the crowd of semi-bald and unconsciously middle-aged miners and others who are calling on them with possible matrimony in consciously middle-aged miners and others who are calling on them with possible matrimony in prospective. They may pass along the street in the middle of the afternoon and such "ragging out" was never seen before in this camp. The curious have investigated the tracks made by their little gaiters in the red dust of the upper road and report them the smallest feet ever seen in this section. Billy Devins of the Blue pay claim is thought to have the best show with the eldest, and Golberry of the livery stable with the youngest. No. He won't let his best horse and buggy to anybody now, and takes her out riding three times a week. But they're snappy and uncertain, and nobody can count on them for a certainty. So runs the week's news, which he picks up with sundry drinks. He enjoys the luxury of a hotel dinner—a dinner he is not obliged to prepare with his own hands—a decidedly plain dinner in metropolitan estimation, but to him, commencing with soup and ending with pie, a sumptuous repast. It is moonlight, and he takes his way back by the old trail home—old, not in years, but in association. It is but the track of twenty years or so, yet for him how old is it in thought. How many, many times he has travelled over it. So he sets out on his lonely walk. Of how much has he thought while plodding over it. Here the same big buckeye brushes against his face as it did in the "spring of '50," when he was twenty years younger and had a sweetheart in the "States,"

It has all died out since. The letters became less and less, the years more and more, and then all came to a dead standstill, and he received the village paper, and there, appropriately below the village paper, and there, appropriately below the column of deaths, he read of her marriage, whereat he went to camp and plunged wildly into all the concert saloon could give and made things howl, and boldly challenged the chronic poker game and won. The trail turns suddenly. It has run over the rocks by the river, its trail at times for many feet almost illegible, a vague, smoothlyworn streak over ledge and loose bowlders, polished and strewn with new white sand and pebbles by some unusually high freshet. But here the shelving bank suddenly ceased. It becomes a precipice. Up the hard-worn path in the red earth he climbs forty, fifty, sixty feet. It is closely hedged with chemisal. Now he emerges near the row of the high rocky bluff. In all its moonlit glory surges, bubbles and roars the river below. Its yellow muddiness of the day is now changed to a dark shade of brown, with tremulous silver bars. Night and moon are the artists.

Two lovers, both of whom hall from St. Louis, made up their minds that they would be married thus, and so marched into the sea together, standing in water to the depth of the bride's shoulders. ing in water to the depth of the bride's shoulders. The bathers had withdrawn and the bridal party had the beach to themselves. A few friends stood at the edge of the white sand when the clergyman stepped in and did his best to tie the knot Jack Tan style. The sky was bright, the breeze was grateful, and the waves were just frisky enough to lend zest to this undertaking. Indeed, the whole occasion was pleasant, and nothing marred it save when Neptune, seeking to kiss the bride, ducked her in as bouncing a billow as ever buffeted a mermaid. Perhaps the bride shed a tear at the thought that she never would have a real rich wedding gown to stow away in camphor, but if so, the pearly drop must have heen counterbalanced by the laugh that came away from her father's boots when he reflected that he would have no milliner's bills to pay.

An Atmosphere of Bullets. (Valentine (Neb.) Correspondence Omaha Bee.)
This is the home of the cow-puncher. Here he stands, tall, well-formed, with muscles of iron and bronzed, generally handsome face. High boots, always blue shirt and heavy pants, an immense white hat, at the hip a glistening revolver of the largest pattern, always loaded, and always accompanied by a belt filled with cartridges. This is the cowboy's toy. He plays with this as children play with toy pietols, and fires it off whenever he feels like it. The night is merry with its general

fusilade. The cowboy shoots dogs with it, shoots at slovepipe hats if they appear on the street, shoots at the ground in front of the "tenderfoot" and scatters the dirt over his shoes; he flourishes it in the moonlight, he plays tunes on it, he serenades with it. The wind blew off a stranger's stiff hat the other night, an urchin caught it and tossed it into the air, twenty revolvers were whipped out and the hat fell to the ground riddled with holes, I picked up a bullet last night which was fired into the hard ground two inches, just in front of the leading store. It was fired "just for fun."

POLL PARROT.

Once Prime Favorite of the Spinster and the Sailor Boarding-House Alone-Fashion in Pets.

We have never been able to discover either common logic, or common sense or common feeling in the old-fashioned sneers upon the love of certain spinsters for certain pets, says a writer in Harper's Bazar.

If women condemned to solitary lives denied the love of husbands, the caresses of children, the companionship and the protection, both of the present and the future, that family life affords—if women can find in the love of cat or dog or parrot or any other pet any solace or compensation, however small, for the loss of the blessings that are the privilege of their sisters, what is there that are the privilege of their sisters, what is there ridiculous about it, or worthy of the least notice or mention? People must love and be loved by something; pity them if they have nothing better. Only vulgar observation and a low order of will could have originated the idea that there was anything absurd in the business rather than something really touching and pathetic. The purse may not be sufficient for the adoption of children, the reason may not be convinced of the wisdom of bringing up the inheritor of unknown traits to break one's heart at last; but the bird and the cat are within the means of the poorest and offer no suggestion of folly to the wisest.

But though spinisters are beginning in this country, as they have long done in England, to hold a position of much more consideration than they used to do, it is perhaps still fortunate for them in this matter that there is a fashion in pets, a fashion by whose revolution certain others are banished, and the little marmoset and the larger monkey are brought into the drawing-room, and which makes paroquet and lory, long

Relegated to the Spinster or to the Sailor

Relegated to the Spinster or to the Sailor

Boarding-House. now held as a charming addition to the pictur esqueness of the modern parlor-the poor parrots that used to take from the original proprietor a goodly share of respect for daring to love anything not human and a man.

There is something picturesque in the very thought of the way the pretty creature does come to us, those that we see being seldom bred in capivity, but made prisoners when ravaging semiiropical harvest fields, or swinging from bough to bough of the forests that lift their rank growth just under the equator. Some old Jack Tar, ashore on his holiday, captured it, or some negro or Indian child brought it down to the strand and the ships to sell, and it has been the pet of Jack over all the long, lonesome seas between his port and its home, and has learned far more than it will ever tell, for all its talking. As it sits chained to its perch, what memories it has, and what strange hints it gives of groves with their guins and spices in distant archipelagoes glittering in the morning sun! Those welrd eyes have seen Canopus and the Southern Cross; that black tongue guards the secret of nights in the forecastle, and all with a grim uncanniness, as if it were leagued with dark powers; and when it speaks, and when it bursts into peals of clattering laughter, it seems no less than the Witch of Endor herself in disguise, or makes no believe in all the enchantments of the There is something picturesque in the very than the Witch of Endor herself in disguise, or makes us believe in all the enchantments of the Arabian Nights. No one possessing a parrot can really be quite destitute of imagination, so much does it force upon any with the most meagre outfit in this regard thoughts beyond the bounds of the customary commonplace existence—the Black Prince of the Fairy Isles, one-half of whom was marble, is no longer a marvel and an impossibility. Here is some cunning and articulate being who thinks our thoughts and talks our tongue, The Whole of Whom is Feathers.

And what a benefactor to a community is she who keeps a parrot, and is not niggardly with it providing she has the sheltering cage cloth to providing she has the sheltering cage cloth to envelop it for the benefit of neighbors whenever he remembers its wild life of the woods and attempts its field cries. As far as the school children are concerned she is the one person in the village; it is about her garden and her window that they flock, and only a band-organ and a monkey are capable of rivalling it, and they not for long if Polly, stimulated by music, lifts her own voice and reclaims their allegiance. She fills the gaps in conversation too, does Polly, sometimes, as well as the short-comings of Bridget or the existence of the weather, entertains the uproarious baby brought on a visit or scares him into quiet, keeps the cat out of mischief with her warning voice, frightens off house-breakers and tramps and book agents, and is a live and seemingly intelligent companion. And if it is but the simulacrum of a companion, somenow it is such a cunning simulacrum, helped by the unknown agencies that always seem to make its speech so pat and apropos, that, in a growing attachment, one never finds it out. Poor pretty Poll brings to us, in our plain lives of the temperate zone all the richness of the tropics, although she is cousin to the great snowy owl of the arctic regions; and while that ominous bird and all its cogeners are associated in our minds with scenes of desolation, of deserts and ruins and empty church towers where the fallen bells no longer lay the ghosts of the churchyard, this bird seems hardly less than a patron bird of home and the home-staying spinster. envelop it for the benefit of neighbors whenever

something for Newly-Married Couples

Stick Up Where It Will Be Seen.

It was twenty-five minutes past 7. The buggy was at the door to take him to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good-by," he called out. There came from somewhere up-stairs, through the half-open door, a feminine voice, "Good-by"; then he had gone out into the glad spring air, odorous with the foretokens of coming life and musical with the songs of the nest-builders. But there was no song in his heart—no spring hope and light in his life as he took the reins out of his groom's hand and spoke to his impatient horse a sharp "Get on!" And as he rode through the royal avenue that led up to his house this is what he thought: Stick Up Where It Will Be Seen.

he thought:

"If I had been a guest Martha would have been up and dressed. She would have had a spray of fresh flowers at my plate. She would have sat at the table and seen that my coffee was good, and my eggs hot, and my toast browned. And I should have at least a parting shake of the hand and a hope expressed that I would come again, and perhaps a wave of the handkerchief from the balcony. And I should have carried away with me that smile that is brighter than the sunshine, as the last gift of her gracious hospitality. It is a chance if she would not even have proposed to ride to the station with me to see me off. For she knows, if ever woman did, how to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest. But I am only her husband; and I can eat my breakfast alone as if I were a bachelor; and get my coffee muddy or clear, hot or cold, as Bridget happens to make it; and take eggs hard or soft, and toast burnt or soggy, as it chances to come from a careless cook. And nobody cares. And when I go, "Good-by' is flung after me like a dry bone after an ill-cared-for cur. Heigho! What's the use of being married, anyhow?"

And this is what she thought as she put the last touches to her hair before the giass and tried hard to keep the tears back from her eyes before she went down to see that the family breakfast was ready.

"I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me he thought:
"If I had been a guest Martha would have been

went down to see that the family breakfast was ready.

"I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me any more? When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way, with a careless "good-by" tossed up-stairs as he might toss a well-cleaned bone to a hungry dog. He would have found time to run up and kiss me good-by, and tell me that he missed me at his breakfast, and ask was I siek. He is gracious to his friends; a perfect gentleman to every one but his wife. I believe he is tired of me. I wish I could let him go. It would be hard for me, but it would be better for him. Well, well! I mush't think such things as these. Perhaps he does love me, after all. But—but—it is coming to be hard to believe it."

And so, with a heavy heart, she went to her work. And the April sun laughed in at the open windows, and the birds chirped cheer to her al day, and flowers waved their most graceful beck onings to her in vain; all for want of that farewel

Impressions of Colorado.

(Exchange.)
The wildest dreams of Oriental poets and romancers, all the resplendent creations of magi and geni become waking facts among these miracle-wrought crags and canons. All the sub-limest glories of the Swiss and Italian Alps, all the picturesque savagery of the Tyroi, and all the softer beauties of Killarney and Como and Naples dwindle into twisting and company with the picturesque savagery of the Tyrol, and all the softer beauties of Killarney and Como and Naples dwindle into insignificance by comparison with the stupendous scenes that meet the gaze at every turn in Colorado's vast peaks, whose crowns of everlasting snow and ice glitter in the sunlicht far above where storms and torrents roar; chasms so profound that their yawning depths seem glimpses of the bottoniess caverns where Flutonian shadows walk and Titans strive; cataracts whose crystal floods dissolve to snowy foam and spray long before they strike the rocky basin's dizzy distance below. It is a land of glant crags and fathomless abysses, carved by unending ages of whirlpools and eddies; a land of cloud-wreathed heights and awful depths, of whirling waters, of rocks and tumbling streams and flying spray. Rainbows cast their glittering coronets around the mountains' lofty brows, and radiant irises dance in many a romante gorge. Colorado is Fairylatd, a region where elves and gnomes might sport and make their homes. Among all the regions of earth it is pre-eminently the tourist's paradise, the land of sight-seers and lovers of nature in her sublimest and loveliest moods. It is the great world's sanitarium. Amid these inspiring scenes the air is dry and pure. Catarrh, hay fever and asthma vanish beneath its balmy influence. From the Deity-wrought laboratories of the mountain sides all over the State burst forth the magical fountains of healing for every class of invalids. Every variety of medicinal water is found somewhere in this wonderland.

TRAIN THOUGHTS.

Incidents of a Wakeful Night In a Day-Coach.

The Woman Who Talks Bass-Apollo in Overalls-The Tenor of Railroad Music.

He Who Gets Carried By-The Dignified D. H.-"Human Various."

Don't go into the Pullman tonight, come into the day-coach, says Hawkeye Burdette, in the Commercial Travellers' Magazine. If you desire to study character and amuse yourself watching people, avoid the barren waste of unbending and one-type "respectability" that grades the parlor car to one mediocre level. Sit in the day-coach; if you want variety, you'll find it. In the daycoach, people assimilate, they fraternize; in the parlor car, they hate each other. In the Pullman your particular seat, numbered and ticketed to your very self, is so much your own that you experience an uncomfortable, cat-in-a-strange-gar-ret-y feeling if by accident or through weariness you sit anywhere else. And you will yield your seat or your berth to no other human being. In the democratic day-coach there is now and then a thrill of excitement, caused by some new passengers-usually a woman and two or three children -"jumping your claim" while you are forward in the smoker. Sometimes one determined woman

the smoker. Sometimes one determined woman turns you out of your pre-emption bodily.

There she is now. Her step is heavy, and her resolute brow is not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought so much as some healthier brows you have seen. Her mouth is straight as a rule, and the firm lines at its corners are not there for nothing. The little man finidly keeping close by her side is her husband, her very own—body, boots and breeches. She holds you with her glittering eye, eftsoons she standeth still; you listen to a three-years' child; the Gorgon hath her will."

"Would this gentleman be polite enough to occupy a seat with this other gentleman that she and her husband might sit together?"

Would You! Ah, Won't You, Just! You do, and she thanks you in thorough bass. They sit, and the little man holds the bundles and runs errands, while the Gorgon looks around for new victims. "Make that man put out that cigar." Obedient as a tender to a man-of-war the little man goes and returns. "It isn't lighted." "Make him take it out of his mouth; this isn't a "Make him take it out of his mouth; this isn't a smoking-car." Again the little man goes and comes. "It's a lead pencil, and he says he'll hold it in his eye if he wants to." A few people begin to smile, but one glare freezes them in the midst of their presumptuous levity. "Tell that man to close his window; I feel a draught." Another round trip for the meek little man. 'He is asleep." "Wake him up!" And she speaks as one having authority, and not as a woman who married because she wanted to lean on somebody. Away goes the little married man. A gentle shake, a timid—

timid—
"Sir, would it discommode you too much if I asked you to—"
A smothered roar and a volley of savage language, a half-lifted head showing a fierce pair of eyes and a most forbidding countenance, a threatening movement of a fist like the hand of fate, an ening movement of a fist like the hand of fate, an earnest pledge to fire somebody out of the window if the request was repeated, and the meek Mercury returns meeker than ever.

"He says he can't; he has heart disease, and he will faint if the window is closed."

Measureless liar! The little man is a giant in some things; after all, he has the soul of a man.

"Bah!" like a pistol shot. "Anything but a sick man!"

The Very Lights Burn Blue

in the glare of her flerce contempt. A majestic stride carries her to the seat of rebellion. She bends above the snoring "slugger." Baug! The window comes down, like a wooden imprecation, in a little puff of dust and cinders. The slumberer lifts his wrathful head, and begins a savage snarl, which ends as abruptly as a stub switch, and his

which ends as abruptly as a stub switch, and his threatening frame shrinks into a placid heap of invertebrate limpness,—protoplasm in clothes. Trumphant Euryale resumes her seat, with one ejaculation, "Heart disease!" and glares up and down the ear, hoping to catch some man lighting a clgar, that she may turn him into stone.

"All tickets, please!" Lo! the conductor, nonchalant, quick in movement, brusque in manner, keen of eye, seeing everything, missing nothing, terse of speech, a very Spartan in conversation, answering a volume with a sentence, making three words withstand a thousand questions, Much need hath he of this economy of speech, "for we are the same that our fathers have been; we see the same sights that our fathers have seen"; on the very same train, the same seat, the same run, we ask the same "when" and "what," every one. How far? and What time? and How much? and Which way? How close the connection? At night? Or by day? What hotel? Which junction? How? Which? Where? and When? And the next car will ask them all over again. But nothing seems to disturb him. What a fortune that immobile face would be for a poker fortune that immobile face would be for a poker player! How he

Answers the Wisest Questions Without Show of Admiration,

the stupidest and silliest without a sign of contempt! Can you carry a lantern tucked up on your arm like that? Yes, with both hands you could. See, when you try it, all the passengers laugh to see the lantern fall behind you. Can you laugh to see the lantern fall behind you. Can you make your lantern at home burn one-half so brightly? Not if you put an electric light in it. Can he, does he, read all those tickets so rapidly as he affects to? There, now! You saw him bunch that one without ever looking at it. You think so? Well, try him on an expired limited ticket sometime, or hand him some fraudulent pasteboard you bought of a scalper. Give it to him some night when he is behind time, dreadfully crowded, and too busy to think, and you will soon know whether or not he is given to punching tickets without looking at them.

There, he is talking to that young man in polited shoes and tight pantaloons on this very subject. The young man evidently thought as you did. Listen to the pleading accents of the tender-heafted conductor;—

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Pittsburg," says the young man, defiantly; "and that ticket is good until it is used."

"Certainly it is," replies the conductor, apparently greatly terrified by the young man's resolute attitude. "You're right about that,—it is good until it's used; but as it is a ticket on the Boston & Maine railroad from South Lawrence to Kennebunk, you'll have to go there to use it. Keep that ticket; it may come useful some time; but it won't ride you on the Pennsylvania. I only go to Harrisburg. Three dollars and twenty-six cents, please. Better get a ticket at Harrisburg—plenty of time." make your lantern at home burn one-half

And Having Paid Ten Cents Extra for having no ticket, that young man is making up his mind that wasting a local ticket to get through

the gate doesn't pay.

Could you stand up and write, as the conductor does? You could write very well, but no living creature could read what you wrote. Still, writing on the train in these days of spirit-level grades is not the difficult art it used to be. A great many busy people write on the trains. During the seven years past at least 70 per cent. of my daily newspaper work, during the winters, has been done on the trains. There was a time when I used pen and link in my railway correspondence; not that erratic aggravation born in an evil hour and called a stylograph, but with a good, old-fashioned pen and a glass ink-bottle. I have also upset a bottle of link in my lap. Without going into particulars, I will merely say that the quiet old ettizen sitting behind me, at the close of my remarks, which were, conversely, remarks about my clothes, tapped me on the shoulder and said:

"Young man, if I could use the English language as fluidly as you, I'd lecture."

I believed him.

All newspaper correspondents frequently write their despatches and letters on the train, and make good enough copy for any printer to mangle.

See the man standing up holding his hat in his hand. That passenger is travening on his first pass. He calls the conductor "sir," and has an impression that amounts to conviction that the busy official, recognizing in him a guest of the company, will pause and hold a few monents' conversation with him. To the passenger's amazement on the train in these days of spirit-level grades i

as unceremoniously as a local ticket, turned over like a flash for a glimpse of the signature on the back, one quick glance at the passenger's face, that the conductor may be able to recognize him i any question arises about that pass any time

that the conductor may be able to recognize him it any question arises about that pass any time within the next five years,—the paper is punched full of holes and the conductor is gone, without even stopping to shake hands. A pained look of offended friendship, frost-nipped cordiality, creeps into the grieving face of the passenger, lightly tinged with dignified wrath. "Pil report that fellow, see if I don't!"

"What for?" asked his fellow-traveller, who, having paid three cents a mile for his ride, is half determined to be a Nihilist and do something dreadful,—"what for?"

But the offended "D. H."—for even so are all "dead heads" stingingly entered on the official reports—doesn't know just exactly for what, or rather he doesn't just like to tell, so he contents himself with shaking his head darkly and looking things that are fortunately unutierable.

A little girl and her mother get on. They wear sun-bonnets. Don't peer around into their faces now, but just look at them as they sit before us and tell me which is the girl and which is the mother. The crowning peculiarity of the sunbonnet is, that it makes the maiden of 20 and the woman of 60 look like twins. There are only two types of faces seen in sun-bonnets. One is faded, listings—"searled, seamed by the hand of care, and

the other is rosy and pretty and bashful. Did you ever kiss a girl in a sun-bonnet—one of the old-fashioned "calico slats"? Man,

There is a Sense of Quiet Seclusion, of peaceful possession, a kind of "the world forgetting, by the world forgot" feeling comes over you, back in its shadowy portals, into which not even the all-beholding sun can peer until his fiery chariot touches the horizon line, that— But I

charlot touches the horizon line, that— But I digress.

Look up if you want to envy somebody. He hasn't shaved this week; and his shoulders are broad as his face is grizzled—six feet two—and never had a toothache since he knew how to bile; wears a coat that doesn't fit him, and a collar that nearly kills him on the Fourth of July—never at any other time: conceives it to be his patriotic duty to suffer for his country on that glorious day. Eyes as bright as his face is brown, can't help looking like a rough-cast Apollo, in a blue shirt and jean overalls, and never saw the day that he wasn't hungry three times. Isn't worth a dollar in the world, save what he can get at day's work on the farm in the summer, and in the pine woods in the winter; but he has a digestion that Wall street can't buy. He is halled by a friend; and harken to his response, "Hallo, Leander! How's your bein'?" The whole car hears and smiles in reply. Leander is the usual sick man of the train. He and the deaf old gentleman have been exchanging vociferous medical receipts for carefully selected ailments for the past twenty-five miles. Leander is telling how ill he was just afore hay harvest. First stage, he couldn't work; second, he couldn't stand up; third, he couldn't sit up; fourth, he couldn't lie down; fifth, he couldn't furk, sixth, he couldn't eat. Just here the entrance of the rough-cast Apollo interrupted him, and we will never hear what was the seventh stage of that fell disease. But it is my firm opinion that

In the Seventh Stage Leander Bied. The man with the oil-cloth "carpet-sack." who s storming at the conductor, is the man who gets carried by. He never misses it. If he is to only going fifteen miles, the first thing he does is go to sleep. He declares that the brakeman never called "Mount Joy." "As though," says the indignant "Mount Joy." "As though," says the indignant brakeman, "I couldn't waken a dead man on that station. Now, if it was Dillersville, or Swissheid, or some little thin name like that, all I's and e's, maybe I couldn't shake 'em up quite so boisterously, but a big mouthful like Mount Joy or Tyrone, where your voice has something to catch on to, why, man, I can put the headlight out with it!" Confidential y the brakeman lowers his voice. "Why, yes," he says; "somebody gets carried by every run, unless I bounce him, just like a tramp. I believe when the last day comes, and Gabriel sounds his awful trumpet, and the dead rise up and answer the summons, there'll be some men won't know anything about it till the next day, and then they'll say 'Well, you never blowed at Snyder's Crossing!"

The man just in front of us is whistling. Now listen. The man opposite has beard him, and now he is whistling too. The same air or another one; nobody ever knows what tune a man on the train is whistling save only the whistler's self. The sad passenger just behind us cannot whistle, so he sings.

And the Man on the Wood-Box Plays Little Accompaniment

to the sibilant aria which he whistles between his teeth by drumming with his heels. This sets four or five other men to drumming on the windows with their fingers. Sad indeed at this hour, devoted to railway minstrelsy, is the lot of the man who is crowded to the end of the seat and has no window to drum upon.

The tall, thin passenger adds a little variety to the general effect by whistling against the strident edges of the leaves of a book. Not one of all these

the general effect by whistling against the strident edges of the leaves of a book. Not one of all these passengers hears the mellow piping of his fellow-passengers. Each man is absorbed in his own hum or whistle. And if you can by listening intently, and by calling to your aid a very vivid and charitable imagination, detect a tune in any of the whistles, you rarely heir a lively air. The general tenor of railroad music is tinged with melancholy, like the dash of the wild waves on the shingly beach. It has a plaintive, longing quality, a nocturne builded on a theme of home-sickness; for it is when the day is done that the whistling madness seizes upon the traveller; when the hurrying landscape robes itself in cool shadows, and a quiet and peace, hallowed as an Easter dawn, broods over the farms where lie "the penned flocks in their wattled lodge, and sweet-breathed kine, with Here's eyes, stand in the perfuned clover, or move slowly down the darkening lane; when, as the night draws on and the stars come out, the train dashes past a cottage set in the background of a wooded knoll; in the open door, bathed in a flood of light from lamp and cheery fireplace, a woman stands shading her face with open hand, as she peers down the winding road, and the little child at her side,

Waving a Merry Signal With Dimpled Hand to the passing train, turns the rosy face and in the direction of the mother's look to welcome "papa" home; when cosy tea-tables seen through quick glimpses of the windows in the towns paint beautiful pletures of far-away homes on the heart of the traveller, then it is that he breathes his soul's plaintive longing through his puckered lips, and the tenderness of his dream softens the grotesque lines of the pucker, lest he might see its wrinkled carleature, and, like Athene, cast away his preathing flute forever. Listen, and you shall hear that songs of home and old love dittles are all the airs they blow who whistle in the cars at eventime.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BATHING SUIT.

Times Sounds

Interesting as it is to watch the process of evolution, it is unquestionably the duty of the conscientions observer to sound the note of alarm when he finds that evolution in any given case is fraught with disaster. The time has come when the public should be warned that the evolution of the bathing dress has reached a point where it must be permanently checked, or else our seaside resorts must be abandoned by every sensible man. Ten years ago the female bathing dress consisted of a pair of blue fiannel trousers gathered close around the ankles, a long blue flannel gown, a pair of canvas shoes, and the largest and ugliest straw hat ever invented by an insine-rag-picker. Nothing uglier than this dress could have been devised, but it was a perfectly safe one. It reduced all women to the same level of innocuous hideousness.

women to the same level of innocuous hideousness.

About the year 1875 the first visible change in the female bathing dress appeared. The trousers ceased to be gathered at the ankle, and were made to reach only about half-way below the knee, while stockings were used to cover the gap between the trousers and the shoes. A year later the straw hat began to be superseded by the oil-cloth cap, and in the fall of 1877 a distinguished scientific observer met with the first specimen of a short-sleeved flannel gown.

Since that time evolution has done its work steadily and rapidly. The flannel gown grew shorter and shorter until it became a belted blouse, reaching not quite to the knee. The sleeves became first rudimentary, and then utterly disappeared. The trousers shrank until they became invisible under the skirt of the blouse, and the stockings lengthened inversely as the trousers shrank.

At this point several scientific persons became

At this point several scientific persons became alarmed, and at least one of them publicly expressed his fears, without, however, receiving any attention. In 1881 these fears were fully justified by the total disappearance of the oil-cloth can and the simultaneous discovery of a new species of bathing-dress made of a material lighter than flannel and clinging more closely to the person. Last year the stockings and shoes began to disappear, and this summer they have been found wanting in hundreds of specimens of bathing-dresses. Thus at present the female bathing-dress is a short sleeveless blouse and a pair of invisible trousers. Only those and nothing more. Is it not time for prudent men to ask what is to be the next change which the bathing-dress is to undergo? lergo?
It is already believed that the sleeveless blouse

It is already believed that the sleeveless blouse is to be superseded by the sleeveless "jersey." This may perhaps prove little more dangerous than the present blouse, but whatever the next change in the bathing-dress may be, there is only too much reason to believe that it will have the effect of driving all but the boldest and hardest men from the beach. Already nothing but devotion to science enables a man of ordinary courage to study the female bathing-dress with any closeness of observation, and though science will never lack devotees ready to win the cr. wn of martyrdom by going down to the beach unprotected even by colored spectacles, the prospect that men will be compelled to fiee from the seashore to the mountains, and that excursion steamers with male passengers will be forced to avoid the neighborhood of beaches as carefully as they now avoid dangerous reefs, is one which no sincere philanthropist can contemplate without terror and dismay.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, writing to the Hartford Courant of the natural bridge of Virginia, says: Exactly overhead, on the highest spring of the arch, is the figure of a gigantic spread eagle. It is the eagle of our coat-of-arms. The head, the spread wings, the claws with the arrows, are perfect. It seems to be formed by discoloration of the rock rather than by lichen. However it is made—and it could not be more striking if it were painted—it is ancient. The French engineers who made a survey and measurements.

Virginia's Natural Bridge.

striking if it were painted—it is ancient. The French engineers who made a survey and measurement of the bridge during the Revolutionary war noticed it with wonder, and in their printed report they drew from it a happy augury of the success of the Americans in the struggle. What makes the figure itself more remarkable is that a discolored patch under it is a very fair representation of a crouching hon!

A Forid Description. Augusta is a Georgia mountain that.

viewed from the right point, presents the outline of a prone Indian, and incites a spectator to this of a prone indian, and incites a spectator to this florid description: "As the sun dipped beyond the verge there was a general configration, and Sky Augusta was seeningly burned upon his funeral pyre, as no Roman or Greek or later pagan was ever wripped in fire. And yet a little later, unconsumed and everlasting, we beheld the mighty Indian still bathed in rosy floods of radiance."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Shallows Murmur Though the Deeps

Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean. fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

A Sweetheart's Solicitude. "I'm so alarmed, Lizzie," exclaimed a St. Louis girl, who was engaged to be married to a young army officer; "he hasn't written me in three days." "There is no occasion to get excit d," was the reassuring reply; "he is out of the reach of Indians, there is no epidemic prevailing where he is stationed, and when he last wrote you he was in perfect health." "Oh, yes, I know all that Lizzie." said the thimid, agitated creature, "but then there's the army worm."

"He Loved His Fellows," [Richard Re If.]

He was a-weary; but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the argust broadening of the light,
And new worlds heaving heavenward from the void,
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet;
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

"In This Time O' Th' Year." (Puck.)
Now, as the untuneful mosquito buzzes around

and the potato-bug sits down on his haunches and and the potato-bug sits down on his nathenes and smacks his lips over the paris green, and the blackberry-pie blossoms sweetly on every table, we wish to rise up on the scene of fragrance and golden repose long enough to remark to young ladies with gardens that this is the proper time of the year to cease pinching Japanese and Chinese chrysanthemums, and to pinch Pomprones. It is also the time of the year that a lady will go out riding, and keep the cover of the wagon down, and almost break her arm holding a parasol up, just because the latter cost \$25.

A Legend of the Dews. (Lucy M. Blinn.)

Earth had no dews until a baby died—
A dimpled, fair- aced baby, whose dear eyes
Peeped through the swinging gates of Paradise,
And, seeing wonderous treasures scattered wide,
Sought them with truttless grasp and homesick cries;
And when the eager, trembling intile hand Sought them with fruitless grasp and homesick cries And when the eager, trembling firtle hand Wearied in reaching for the luring things, Fluttered and folded—like the drooping wings of Noah's dove, sent out to find the land. Where no land was then angels wept their woe for the sweet, sealed lids, and cheeks of snow; And all their rueful tears the zephyrs bland Gathered in dainty cups of moonlight nue, To break on babies' graves in snowers of dew!

Where to Look for the Human Girl. Your real frivolous girl, fictitious, audacious, nendacious, is seldom found at a greater altitude above the sea than 1000 feet. She belongs to a lower formation. Her proper plane is the horizon. Given a sandy beach, drowsy with an ebbing tide, for footlights the reflected brilliancy of the twinkling stars, a bold cavalier equal to airy nothings, sotto voce, and her small part has a fitting theatre. She has no fellowships with mountain peaks and sylvan solitudes. A rocky path plays sad havoc with French heels and the early dew disconcerts the most carefully prepared crimps. A variety of what the humorist calls "the human gir!," much in vogue on hotel plazzas in mountain resorts at this time, is the girl with ideas. She is a magazine of information on subjects generally recondite and unexpected. She is sober, proper, and yet primed to the lips with retort and repartee. above the sea than 1000 feet. She belongs to a

Under an Umbrella.

Under an Umbrella.

Of all the joys that summer brings,
The one that doth excel, ah!
It is to lounge upon the beach
heneath a big umbrella.
The sea quite near, and nearer still
Some charming rustic belle, ah!
And wach the girls in bathing suits
Of red and blue and yeliah
Go through all sorts of pretty tricks
To fascinate a feliah;
To feel the spray bedew your cheek,
And briny tracrance smell, ah!
And scoop from out the glistening sand
A crab or mussel shell, ah!
To think you're in enchanted land,
Heid by a fairy spell, ah!
And dreamily a tale of love
In whi pered tones to tell, ah!
And then perhaps a kiss to get
That makes your bosom swell, ah!
With pride and joy. There's naught, I vow,
Such pleasure can excel, ah!
And if you doubt, ro seeks a heach

With pride and joy. There's naug Such pleasure can excel, al.! And if you doubt, go seek a beach, Find some bewitching belle, ah! And wille away au hour or two Beneath a big umbrella.

Where Are the Men? Now arises the question, "Where do the male bipeds summer?" Camping out in the mountains, fishing and hunting, on their own or their friends' yacht, anywhere but at a fashionable watering yacht, anywhere but at a fashionable watering place. They do not mind paying brief visits over sunday or for a few days, but they find it impossible to rise to the dignity of one's best clothes and best behavior the intre season. They must have some escape valve for the accumulated social bile caused by too much restraint and conventionality during the winter season, so they betake themselves to the woods and the waves, and revel in suspenderless trousers, starchless shirts and old shoes, with scarcely a thought of the girls they have left behind them. Who can blame them? The average man is not born conventional. A vicorous course of training from his childhood up may bring him to a proper observance of les conventances, but m his heart he hates it; he likes to do what he pleases, when he pleases and as he

do what he pleases, when he pleases and as he pleases, and so the watering-place belle languishes and wastes her sweetness upon the salty air. Old Letters.

(Harper's Bazar.) Ay, better burn them. What does it avail
To treasure the dumb words so dear to us?
Like dead leaves tossed before the autonn gale
Will be each written page we cherish thus
When Time's great wind has swept-them allaws
The smiles, loves, tears, hatred of today. Living, we heard our letters, holding them
Sacred and safe as almost sentient things;
So strong the yearning tide of grief to stem,
So true when doubt creens in or treason stings;
Parting may smile, such golden bridge between;
Change cannot come, where such stamped faith has

Dying, we leave them to our children's care, Our well-prized solace, records of the time When life lay spread before us, rich and fair, And love and hope spoke prophecies sublime Lore slowly gathered through laborious bours Wit's playful dashes, sweet poetic flawers. So let us burn them all—the tottering words
The guided bary fingers wrote us first.
The school-boy scribble, lines the man affords
To the old eyes that watched, old hands that
nursed.
The girl's sweet nonsense, confidence of friend,
And these, our own, ours only, till the end.

The Owl and the Farmer. (Detroit Free Press.]

An Owl, who was reconnoitering a Farmer's hencoop, was caught by the leg in a steel trap, and held fast until the toil-hardened agriculturist came

out in the morning to finish him.
"Sir! What is the meaning of this outrage!" de "Str! What is the meaning of this outrage!" demanded the Owl.

"You were after my Poultry," was the reply.

"We will let the Law settle that point. I will see if a free born American Owl is to be treated in this lawless manner!"

Being taken into Court, the Owl put in the defence that no Farmer had any legal right to keep Hens, and the Judge closed the case by saying:

"While the presence of the Owl in the vicinity of the hennery goes to show that he would prefer Fowl to Hash, the Farmer has falled to prove whether the trap was bought of a man with a squint eye or a wart on his nose. The Owl is entitled to \$100 damages for his injuries, and the Farmer is jugged for thirty days for unlawfully obstructing the United States Mail."

MORAL: Keep Owis instead of Hens.

The Old Pano. How still and dusky is the long closed room!
What lingering shadows and what faint perfume
Of Eastern treasures!—sandal wood and scent
With nard and cassis and with roses blent,
Quaint cabinets are here, boxes and fans,
And hoarded letters full of hopes and plans;
I pass them by. I come once more to see
The old plane, dear to memory,
In past day's mine.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years.

In past day's mine.

Of all sad voices from forgotten years,
It is the saddest; see what tender tears,
Drop on the yellow keys as, soft and slow,
I play some inclody of long a 'o.
How strange it seems!
The thin, weak in test that once were rich and strong
Give only now the shadow of a song—
The dying echo of the fuller strain
That I shall never, never hear again,
Unless in dreams.

Popular Characters Overworked. "My gracious, ole fellow," said the Slice of lemon peel to the Oyster, "you look mighty pale," "Pale?" exclaimed the other, "and why wouldn't 1? Here I've been up, night after night, attending church socials, church choir oyster suppers, and so on, and I'm about played out. Me and two more was engaged to furnish the stews at pers, and so on, and I'm about played out. Me and two more was engaged to furnish the stews at the Blim Street Methodist two nights ago; next evening the Wesleyan choir borrowed me for their oyster blow out; all the work comes on my shoulders, and I asked myself, as I wandered about the stew looking for a chum, 'Oh! Solitude,' where are thy charms?' I tell you, old Slice, it was mighty lonesome swimming around in that great treen."

"Must have been," the other agreed; "but you'll get a rest now, eh?"

"Must have been," the other agreed; "but you'll get a rest now, eh?"

"Rest! not much," answered the Oyster, sitting down exhausted, "I've got to play a lone hand at the Congregational school teachers' oyster supper tonight. They borrowed one for the occasion."

"It's stew bad," said the Lemon, sympathizingly; "but you're no worse off than I am. I, all alone, furnished lemonade for 565 scholars at the Sunday school pienic two weeks ago, and since that I've done dully 150 lemonades."

"My goodness, old man, you're as badly off as I am," said the Oyster. "Its a lemoncholly business, ain't it?"

"You bet," replied the Slice; "but I must be off and sour up for another gallon of lemonade; tra-la."

"By-by."

THAT DREADFUL BOY.

By MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

For reasons of his own Mr. Livingston kept Weaver employed in his own office when the man was able to work. His life of dissipation and his long residence in Africa made him very susceptible to atmospheric changes. He seemed like a man who knew he was breaking up and would not admit it, like a doggedly obstinate person, yet too weak in his present state of health to do more than bluster and threaten. On the whole, it was rather comfortable to be housed and fed and supplied with money enough for ordinary expenses.

Mr. Livingston watched him closely. He knew all about his correspondence, and, unknown to Weaver, knew also his favorite haunts.

As spring advanced and Weaver grew physically weak he insisted on returning to Zanzibar, promising to bring living witnesses to the truth of his statements, but a physician told him the journey would prove fatal, and Weaver decided to wait until midsummer. DICK INVESTS IN HUMANITY.

would prove fatal, and Weaver decided to wait until midsummer.

"Why he should be so anxious to go I cannot imagine," said the lawyer to Mrs. Sylvester; "he does not receive letters from there, and seems to have sundered all ties, if he ever had any. The rascal has been such a rover one does not know what to expect. He does hear from Bombay now and then, but the letters are unsatisfactory, and he usually goes on a spree after receiving one."

While the lawyer was meditating in Boston, Tom was caring for the victim of the man's broken ties, and using all the skill he could exert or procure to aid her recovery.

At Brockford, Dick, all unconscious of threatened disgrace or loss of fortune, was going on in his own independent, fearless fashion, delighting all who loved him and surprising friends and foes.

and foes.
One day in the spring, when every heart was re One day in the spring, when every heart was rejoicing in freedom and sunlight, the two grandmothers and Bessie event into the city for the
laudable parpose of purchasing the boy's first
pants. For weeks he had coaxed and entreated,
but Bessie, mother-like, disliked to lose her baby
in his pretty kilts and take to her arms a boy
decked in the ungraceful garb of his sex.

The evil day had been put off as long as possible,
but even "Skim" alded and abetted the boy, and
he was at last measured for the garments which
would raise him at once in his estimation to the
full stature of a man.

The grandmothers decided that it would be unwise to take the boy in town, and as other shopping must be attended to, he was despatched, as
usual, to the school-room.

Bessie looked long and earnestly at his retreating figure, and tried in vain to smile when her
mother joked merrily about "the last view of her
baby."

"It means more than mere change in dress," she said, thoughtfully; "It marks another step toward manhood, and I begin to doubt my ability to guide him on the way."
"Your doubt proves your conscientiousness and fitness for the work," said Mrs. Sylvester.

The three women weut their way, the mother filled with high thought and purpose, Mrs. Wentworth wondering, concerning the becomingness of the new outfit, and Mrs. Sylvester dreaming of the time so near, and yet so tar away, when her own boy stood before her in the full giory of his first pantaloons. first pantaloons.

The day proved rather exhausting, for Mr. Livingston met the ladies with a budget of letters and Mr. Scrimmager asked aid and counsel of Mrs. Sylvester.

and Mr. Scrimmager asked aid and counsel of Mrs. Sylvester.

Almost before they were aware of it, the day had fled, and Mrs. Wentworth had returned to her own home, while the mother-in-law and Bessie were hurrying to Brookeford in time for their late dinner. Mr. Scrimmager, who was very busy, would follow later.

At the end of the avenue Dick met the party, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Dear child," said his grandmother; "he has been impatient for his new suit."

Dick's first words did not imply it.

"Mamma," he said, "mamma, our David is awful; I have just discharged him."

"My dear child," began Bessie.

"Yes'm; David persumes; papa said cook persumed, but David persumes worse."

"What has he presumed to do?" asked Bessie, as she resigned some small packages to the boy.

"Why, you see, I heard you say that you would get a baby sister for me if you could afford it, and so I thought it was mean for Claude and the other boys to have sisters and me without one, when I boys to have sisters and me without one, when was going to wear pants and be a man, so bought one."

bought one."
"Dick, my dear!" exclaimed Bessie, as she blowly mounted the steps.
She had pictured a pretty scene with the boy when he should receive his long-coveted garments, but this was unlooked for.
She entered the house and dropped into a chair. Mrs. Sylvester followed her and both were speechless

less.
Dick continued his story; his greatest merit was his exact truthfulness; his stories were always told in full, even when they reflected severely upon himself.
"Yes," said Dick, while his mother removed her "Yes," said Dick, while his mother removed her wraps, "I took the money out of my bank; it was just six dollars and forty-two cents and the Canada penny Mr. Smiley gave me, and I went over to Bob Welsh's house, 'cause he said his mother was like the old woman in the shoe, and he wished some one would carry off their baby, for his mother went away every day to work, and his sister lived out, and the rest of 'em went to school and he had to stay in to rest of 'em went to school and he had to stay in to mind it, 'cause he is the oldest, and he said his mother said she was worn out with it nights, and so I paid him the money and I brought it home every step of the way in my arms, and it's upstairs now on my bed, sleeping like anything, and she's real pretty; I bought the baby for you 'cause you were so nice to buy the pants for me."

Bessle did not know whether to laugh or cry. Mrs. Welsh would not be alarmed when she knew the destination of her baby girl, but Dick considered it a bona fide purchase, and what could be

ered it a bona fide purchase, and what could be done?

She tried to explain the rights of purchase as she went up stairs, but Dick did not hear one word. she went up stairs, but Dick did not hear one word.

There lay the baby, one of those rarely beautiful children that drop into forlorn homes like a flower from the garden of Eden; its luttle fair checks were round and rosy, its long lashes falling upon them, and the dimpled hands resting gracefully on the snowy quilt.

Dick bent over it in admiration; it was his baby, he said, all his, and its little fingers were the cunningest in all the world.

How to reconcile the boy without wounding him was a nuzzle.

was a puzzle. "What did you tell me about David?" asked Bessie.
"He persumed and I discharged him," repeated

"He persumed and I discharged him," repeated Dick.

"Indeed he did, marm," said the cook, "for David told him to carry it straight back, and Master Dick would not."

"Yes," said Dick, "he tried to take her right out of my arms and I told him I had paid for it and it was mine: I shall never like David again."

"You see, marm," said cook, "I thought it was your bushness to settle it, and so I gave the little thing some milk and it went to sleep in Master Dick's arms, and we put it here."

"And when Skim comes I'll ask him to see about a crib for it, and it can sleep here always, so you won't be wore out nights, like Mrs. Welsh, and it can have all my baby ciothes. Ain't she a beauty, grandma?"

The child was indeed a beauty, and Bessie did not wonder that her boy was proud of his purchase.

Before she could rest or dine she wrote a brief

not wonder that her boy was proud of his purchase.

Before she could rest or dine she wrote a brief note to Mrs. Welsh and sent it by the "discharged" David, who was now calmer and disposed to laugh over his conflict with the little master.

Later in the evening, when Dick slept peacefully, with his pants on the pillow above his head and the baby's plump hand in his, Mrs. Welsh came and carried away little Dick's first purchase. She returned also the six dollars, but the forty two cents had been spent for taffy and cakes, and the Canada penny had been swapped for some marbles.

marbles.
When morning came Dick was somewhat comwhen morning came blue was somewas countries of the with the thought of appearing before claude and Robbie in his new clothes, and Mrs. Welsh's promise that the baby should visit him very often. His exploit proved a blessing, for Bessie found means to lighten the poor woman's burdens.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE OLD, OLD COURT OF JUSTICE.
One day, shortly after Dick's adventure with the baby, an earnest consultation was held concerning the boy's studies.

He was too old now for Miss Greenough's kindergarten, and almost too young to go in town. Several other mothers were equally distressed, but the matter was settled by Dick in his usual executive manner. Mr. Smiley chanced to be out one day to dinner, and the subject was broached. "Don't you hack college boys?" asked Dick. "Hack them, no: I help them when they are a little stupid or a little lazy, sometimes, when they are anxious to get on faster."

"I thought papa said you hacked them." Mr. Smiley laugned.
"He said i had to 'coach' a half-dozen fellows—was that It?"

"Yes, but 'fiack' and 'coach' means the same. Well, you come coach Robbie and me, will you?"

"The very thing," said Mr. Scrimmager; "It would please Mr. Thomas, I am sure. Do you not think so, Mr. Sylvester?"

Bessie did, provided Mr. Smiley could spare time, and would not find It tedious.

Mr. Smiley would enjoy it; he was fond of children, and Tom's boy would always seem very dear to him. He would undertake it until his friend returned.

Dick was delighted; he even enjoyed the hard

returned.
Dick was delighted; he even enjoyed the hard

asks given; he liked overcoming difficulties, and required neither reproof nor spur.

Mr. Smiley's method of instruction was that of Colonel Parker; he believed that "facts are eyes through which we see the laws," and his pupils spent more time among facts than books, although the latter became valued more and more as knowledge grew.

although the latter became valued more and held as knowledge grew.

Dick's growth was astonishing; he lost nothing of his old daring and independence, but thought for himself. Now and then he would startle his tutor with some departure from established cus-tom, but the custom was usually wrong and the

tom, but the custom was added, who will be designed to boy right.

"He is a very queer boy," said Robbie's mother;
"I am afraid he will never amount to much; he is so odd and unlike other children."

"Yea, responded a hearer, "I feel very sorry for

Mrs. Sylvester, she is such a charming woman, it must be a great trial."
"I wonder if he does such dreadful things now since they have a private tutor?" asked a neigh-

since they have a private tutor?" asked a neighbor.

"Oh, no; they did not dare send him in town to school, you know."

Poor Dick, he was wholly unconscious of wrongdoing, and certainly free from evil intent, but the world assalls all who step out of the beaten path, either from choice or by reason of inherited traits, and many a boy has suffered quite unjustly.

His mother took, him into her confidence, and was surprised to find how exant his sense of justice was, how little he valued externals, although luxury had always been his portion.

"Dick, dear," she said one day, when a long letter from Tom had made the family quite destonding, "If mamma and papa should lose their money and be compelled to live in a very small house and in a very quiet way, what would you do?"

"I would go to work, like Bob Welsh, and earn money for you," was the prompt answer.

"But Dick dear, you would have hard, soiled."

"I would go to work, like Bob Weish, and earn money for you," was the prompt answer.
"But, Dick, dear, you would have hard, soiled hands, and get very weary; you would miss your pony and all your comforts, and every night you would go to bed very tired."

"I know," said Dick, manfully; "just like Rob and some of the other fellows; if they stand it, I could; so don't you mind, if papa loses everything I'll work for you, and you said you would rather have me an honest poor man rather than a dishonest rich one."

Surely Bessie need not fear for her boy.
So the days and weeks wore away, and at last Tom came, not alone, but bringing with him a sallow, dark-eyed woman, who won Bessle's heart at once and caused Dick to offer her tributes of rabbits, games and books, because she was lonely and sorrowful.

Mrs. Sylvester, cared for her with a sister's

Mrs. Sylvester caree for her with a sister stenderness, and the dark eyes began to lose their hopeless look under new influences.

They gave her time to rest and grow stronger before they talked of her errand, and as she grew into their home life her purpose also grew to defeat the monstrous wrong intended.

Dick was her cherished companion; he sat for hours at her feet listening to her stories of the faraway countries she had seen, of the strange people she had met, and the little children less fortunate than himself.

Tom never tired of watching them; the sadfaced woman, who remembered his tather so well, and this boy, with his broad brow and straight, lithe figure. He had changed so much, Tom wondered, as he gazed, and sometimes started from a reverie when the boy called "papa."

There came a day when the sad woman told her story to the httle family circle, and not an eye was dry when she ceased. Later, Mr. Livingston came and spent some hours with her, leaving at last with some important paners in his pocket.

was dry when she ceased. Later, Mr. Livingston came and spent some hours with her, leaving at last with some important papers in his pocket and a smile on his fine face.

Soon after, one day, when all the family were assembled, and Mr. Scrimmager left his desk to join them, Mr. Livingston came up the walk, bringing with him a man with iron gray hair and a worn, thin face. He entered and seated him, desiring him to repeat the story told more than two years before with such defiant force.

He complied with many protestations of regret, and had just said;

He complied with many protestations of regret, and had just said;

"The rightful heir still lives, a man some years the senior of Mr. Sylvester here present, and his name is also Thomas Sylvester. This, madam, he added turning with mock courtesy to Mrs. Sylvester, proves your marriage illegal and—"Without warning or note thre portiere parted, and a woman stood before the group, saying in clear, bell-like tones:
"It is false; all false."

The man fell back and gazed at her as one might upon an appartition.

The man fell back and gazed at her as one might upon an apparition.

"It Is faise," replied the woman. "That man deceived and robbed his friend; he deceived me also; with his iil-gotten gain he took me to Bombay, and there my child was born; in my agony and loneliness I remembered the kindest friend I had ever known since death robbed me of my father, and I named the boy Thomas Sylvester. At birth he was bright and beautiful, but a cruel whipping given him in early boyhood caused a deformity and convulsions, which ended in imbecility; he died five years ago, and was buried in the ocean."

The woman's voice faitered now for the first time, and Bessie drew her to a seat, while Mr. Livingston and Tom turned to the once confident imposter, to find him sinking lower and lower in

imposter, to find him sinking lower and lower in his chair with his eyes still fixed upon the curtains where he had seen the woman.
"The law," began Mr. Livingston—
"Hush," said Bessie softly, "the higher law rules

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DICK EARNS MONEY.

The boy had never been brought face to face with death before, and his first knowledge of the sad visitor came to him when they told him Aunt Mary's husband had died in the house.

Tom and Bessie questioned the propriety of informing the child, but Mary told him herself, told him so wisely and gently that the boy neither feared the grim visitor or was surprised.

He insisted on seeing the strange, still sleeper in the library who was honored in death by those he once sought to ruin.

then why should such a grand woman marry any man?

He insisted on seeing the strange, still sleeper in the library who was honored in death by those he once sought to ruin.

"For Mary's sake," said Mrs. Sylvester, "we will give him decent burial," and Mary's tired, sad eyes thanked her, for she alone remembered the time when the man's gray hair was black and glossy, his sunken eyes bright and tender, and his lips parted for a lover's words.

It was all over now, the cruel wrong, the hard life, the little suffering boy, the imbecile youth and manhood, and the cruel taunts and sneers.

Dick went with Mary to look on the face of the dead and comfort her with his childish wisdom. Memories of her once happy youth, of his old tenderness, and the little child caused the woman's eyes to overflow.

As she stood with clasped hands weeping over the silent figure the child looked earnestly, now at her, now at the cold, still face. The mysteries of life, which appal so many, were accepted by the boy is simply as anything the large of the content of the

at her, now at the cold, still face. The mysteries of life, which appal so many, were accepted by the boy as simply as any other daily occurrence. He saw, all about, strange plants, growing animals and insects of marvellous shape and size, and why should this surprise or strike him with terror?

His mother had wisely left him to his own thoughts and observations in such matters, thinking it worse than futile to attempt instruction where the wisest must confess ignorance.

Dick saw lile as it was and drew his own conclusions. A funeral passing by was a necessity.

Dick saw lile as it was and drew his own conclusions. A funeral passing by was a necessity, he thought, so also his food and clothing. His mind had never been poisoned by frightful stories, or his active fancy cumbered with ghostly and ghastly visions. He was strong and healthy, without morbid fancies or toolish fears.

It troub ed him, however, to see Mary weeping, she was so kind to him, so gentle to every one, and had been good to Grandpa Sylvester in that long ago which Dick thought he knew about, although his pilgrimage had been so short.

Ever since Mary came he had taken her under his protection, and, without knowing it, the boy had helped her more than all the doctors or the remedies her friends procured for her.

The servants knew her as Mrs. Sontar, the name she had long been known by, but Dick cailed her "Aunt Mary."

The servants knew her as Mrs. Sontar, the name she had long been known by, but Dick cailed her "Aunt Mary."

In his love for her the woman found the sweetest solace of her bitter life, and it was meet that he should stand by her side, over the coffin of her early love, over the wreck of every hope.

She stood weeping sil ntly, thinking and weeping as women weep who have passed through the Gaiden of Gethsemane alone, while the world stands by. Only those who have passed through the deepest brilows of the ocean of sorrow know the secret arony of quiet grief.

Dick watched Mary as her thin fingers were clasped and unclasped, while slow, blinding tears fell on the dead man's face for some time, and then, being her protector, he was led to remonstrate.

"I wouldn't cry for him any more, Aunt Mary." he said, as he reached her arm and laid his sunny head upon it. "I wouldn't cry another minute, 'cause you see if he was real good he don't want to come back here, and if he wasn't real good you don't want him."

Mary looked down upon the child one moment, and then sitting down upon the floor gathered him her arms, and kissed him again and again.

Dick knew that the caresses were tearfully given, that the woman's neart was throbbing close to his own, but he did not know that the starved heart was seeking its own, and all the pent-up affection and tenderness denied expression since the sea closed over her unfortunate darling would hence forth be his.

"That's a good Aunt Mary." he said, patting her cheek; "don't you cry any more, for I will always take care of you, and when you die you always take care of you, and when you die you

"That's a good Aunt Mary," he said, patting her cheek; "don't you cry any more, for I will always take care of you, and when you die you shall have a better casket than this, 'cause you are better than he is."

Oh, marvenous philosophy of childhood, bounding like a shuttlecock from the deepths of pathos to the dead level of reality or absurdity.

Mary's eyes were dried before the child had ceased prattling, and together they went hand in hand to join the family. Still hand in hand they followed the remains to its last resting-place, and more than one stood aside with bowed head as the frail woman passed, leading, or being led, by a sunny-haired boy.

"Papa," asked Dick the night after the funeral, "Papa, have I any money all my own?"

"You will have, boy, when you are old enough to use it."

"You will have, boy, when you are old enough to use it."
"But now, I mean; some I can give away?"
"Grandma gives you a generous allowance every week for such a little chap; why do you want money?"
"'Cause—I am going to take care of Aunt Mary now, always, and I want to give her some money every week, just as you do mama."
Tom smiled.
"I will double your allowance, Dick, if you will show me the accounts as you do grandma."

"I will double your allowance, Dick, if you will show me the accounts as you do grandma."
"Smiley says I ought to earn it as you do."
"Smiley is quite right; we only value things when they cost us something."
To the great surprise of Tom no further reference was made to money at that thine, but a few days later, on his return from town, he was surprised to see a little figure trudging over the hill toward the carriage-drive—a figure wearing a pair of overa is and bearing a small basket.

"Bessie," exclaimed Tom, "come here, I beg of you; do tell me if this can be our boy?"
Bessie came at once.

Bessie came at once.

"Oh, yes," she said; "he went out fishing with David, and now we shall have an amusing account of it. David cannot be far away."

The boy came slowly up the avenue; he was evidently tired, and also engaged in deep thought. When he saw the group on the piazza waiting for him he said:

When he saw the group on the plazza waiting for him he sald:

"Where is Aunt Mary?"

"In the room mourning for you; she was afraid you might fall into the river."

"Well, here is fifteen cents for her."

"Fitcen cents!" exclaimed Tom.

"Yes, I earned it. David helped me clean my fish, and I sold them to the governor—"

"Dick Sylvester!" exclaimed Bessie.

Dick was unmoved.

"He said they were beauties, and he would buy all I could catch if I only brought them once a week." week."

Tom was highly amused. Bessie looked at the solled face and dirty overalls with motherly chagrin. What might have followed neither Tom or Bessie could even guess, but Aunt Mary appeared on the scene in time to save her little protector trans seene in time to save her little protector

on the scene in time to save her little protector from reproof or injudicious remarks.
"Here, Aunt Mary," said the boy, "I have earned some money for you; it will buy you something nice; papa, I didn't know that it took so long to earn fitteen cents."
"It depends upon how you earn it, my boy."
"Smiley says if it is honestly earned, it does not matter what you do."
Tom you have the save here little protector.

matter what you do."
Tom pondered. Was Smiley making a democrat of the boy? Was he ignoring the family position and inherited wealth? His boy, a Sylvester, selling a string or fish to the governor. Somehow, Tom did not like it, even with all his boasted inde-Bessie's practical good sense came to the res

cue.
"Dick, dear," she said, "it is a good thing to be able to earn money, and a better thing to know how to use it."

CHAPTER XXX.

DICK IN PERIL.

Never did innocent fish produce a greater sensa-Dick's father told the governor about the boy's use of the money, and the genial executive declared that the little chap would make his own way in the world, without material assistance.

When Grandpa Winthrop heard of the transaction he made a special offer to the boy—in fact, agreed to purchase all fish, of whatsoever kind or degree, sculpins excepted, which Dick would deliver at his bones.

deliver at his house,
"It is not a bad idea," said the old gentleman,
"to let the boy feel that work wins wages, and if
he chooses to sit patiently waiting for bites it is
no more than we do on change, or did once."

he chooses to sit patiently waiting for bites. It is no more than we do on 'change, or did once.'

Grandpa Winthrop's brain was not injured even by his second shock of paralysis.

"I do not wish to encourage a mercenary spirit," said Mrs. Winthrop, "and poor boys need the money he earns."

"Then let them earn it," responded grandpa, "as he does. There is little danger of a mercenary spirit when the child devotes it to such a purpose. He is true to his promise and Bessie is quite right; he has assumed the guardianship of Aunt Mary, and it will be well for us all to watch his course. Let the boy develop in the right direction without thwarting him."

"I wonder if it was quite wise in Tom to introduce that woman into his home?" asked curious Mrs. Winthrop.

"Right, my dear? Why, she has been a blessing ever since her coming there, and the little chap could not get on w'thout her."

In a few days "ack's fish were quite forgotten, for the restless spirit entered into the lad and once more the household was anxious and distressed.

Unconsciously to either Tom or Bessie, the

ensciously to either Tom or Bessie, the

gers and many of its beautiful ornamentations removed to Brookeford or Newport, Mrs. Sylvester gladly shared her son's home until his return. When he came her going was still delayed, and her devotion to her children made the thought of separation difficult.

Mr. Livingston's visits amused Dick and approved faithful old. They Per Cont. who still made

her devotion to her children made the thought of separation difficult.

Mr. Livingston's visits amused Dick and annoyed faithful old Ten Per Cent, who still made his little trips to Brookeford, and still devoted himself to his little friend.

This little friend astonished the family circle one evening by running into the library with the announcement that "Judge Livingston had just called grandma precious darling out in the summer house, and he thought he was very rude to speak so to a lady."

This announcement and criticism caused Mr. Scrimmager to rise hastily to his feet, and also caused Tom to whistle the "Star Spangled Banner." Tom always whistled that when perturbed in spirit.

Banner." Tom always whistled that when perturbed in spirit.

Bessie and Mr. Smiley exchanged glances before the former reproved her son, while Aunt Mary sighted deeply.

"Why not?" said Tom to himself, as Bessie took the boy upon her lap and tried to show him some enertaining pietures. "Why not? My mother is still young, Livingston leads a solitary life in many respects, and—but hang it all; I don't want to see her dancing attendance on any man's whims; she is too good, too beautiful, too wealthy.

Tom quite forgot that such a trio of attractions only emboldened her lover.

Mr. Scrimmager saw innumerable objections; the chief one, and the best in his estimation, being that it would interfere with the business. And then, why should such a grand woman marry any man?

examine some property.

"Put them into the open buggy, Duncan," he aid. "I will drive myself; you may leave them at he side door." he side door."
"Tom, my boy," said Mr. Livingston, "are not rou a little careless about these horses; they are rery high-spirited, and Duncan has not even tied

"We never do; there is not a gentler pair in all Boston; wny, a baby could handle them."

Sir Careless went on with the examination of certain papers in his pocket-book. He was looking, he said, for a description of the farm they were to visit a friend had sent to him, perhaps it was up stairs in his dressing room—he would run up and see.

Mr. Livingston followed as far as the front hall to be a far as the ground to be

Mr. Livingston followed as far as the front hall to bring hat and gloves, and no one chanced to be near at hand—no one, save Dick.

Tom's impatience in not securing the desired article at once caused Bessie and his mother to join in the cearch. The bustle attendant on this made every one indifferent to the crinching of wheels on the driveway until Duncan appeared saying, breathlessly:

"Oh missis! Oh master!" and then darted away, closely followed by poor rheumatic old David.

One glance from the windows explained all.

Dick had listened in silence to his father's remarks concerning the chestnuts, and in a few moments had driven them around the house and down the avenue before the astonished Duncan could move.

move.

As Bessie looked from the window she saw Dick As Bessie looked from the window she saw Dick standing erect in the buggy, hatless and fearless, with golden locks flying in the wind, while he firmly held the reins.

The chestnuts, glad to find themselves upon the road, had taken their best pace and were now fairly flying over the grounds.

"The cars!" gasped Tom, as he rushed down stairs and hurried to the stable.

Bessie's little mare, Veda, was still eating her breakfast as he hurried in and drew her from the stall.

stall.

Dick's little pony gave a low whinnie, begging to join her, but Tom passed her without one glance or thought.

Veda seemed to understand that trouble called the for the hold bet load abutlantly for the

her forth, for she held her head obediently for the bridle, and fairly dashed away as soon as Tom was seated.

No boy in sight, no chestnuts.
Tom rode like a madman. He waited neither for man nor beast, but pushed on until the station was reached. The boy was not there; thank heaven for that. He must be now on the broad roadway leading to the next town.

Tom had not seen David, aithough the poor old man had seen him. He had not heard Duncan, who called aloud, as he flew past, "The bridge!" On and on went Tom, and on and on went the

On and on went Tom, and on and on went the chestnuts.

Suddenly, as if the echo of Duncan's cry travelled with the wind and reached Tom, he remembered the bridge spanning the river—a spot so ferrible, for some unknown cause, to the chestnuts that they never crossed it without great excitment and much urging.

"The bridge! the bridge!" said Tom, as he urged poor Veda on her way.

A little rise in the roadway, another turn and the bridge was in sight.

Could Tom believe his eyes? The buggy had crossed in safety, and just beyond, so far away that the microscopic power of love could alone discern it, was the little figure of a boy with golden hair, still standing erect, as the excited horses dashed on.

"Easter Veda faster" cried Tom, and the little

hair, still standing erect, as the excited horses dashed on.

"Faster, Veda, faster," cried Tom, and the little mare leaped forward at the sound of his voice. He had never ridden her before; indeed he had rallied Bessie on her fondness for the sedate little creature; now he patted her neck and called her, as she indieed was, "a treasure."

Faster and faster, over another bridge, under the railroad, down by the river bank, and there Tom saw something which made him forget all the world beside, for little Dick was safe, and stood like a conqueror by the side of the steaming horses. horses.

Tom caught the boy in his arms and sank down upon the ground, hearing nothing, knowing nothing, save that the child was his once more.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GOOD-BY.

When Tom Sylvester became conscious of passing events he found a group of men busily engaged in rubbing down his horses and Dick still nestled in his arms.

Some one, perhaps one of the women near, with tired seamed faces, but tender of heart, had given Tom a glass of rasuberry cordial, some 'made years before,' and some one else had brought a handkerchief wet from the river to wipe his brow; while still another was saying: "Those brutes know as much as folks."

Brutes! Could Tom ever permit them to be called that after this morning's work?

He was strangely jaded and miserably weak; it must be the result of trying to travel as fast as one's thoughts; and there was Dick in his arms, with sushed face and a strange whiteness about

LUKE LEIGHTON;

Loyal Hearts at the South.

The Story of a Scout in the Creat Rebellion.

BY ERNEST A. YOUNG, AUTHOR OF "FLURRY BROOK FARM," THE "DONALD DVKE" SERIES, ETC.

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THE EVE OF A GREAT STRUGGLE. "Mark Hamilton, you are walking into the worst of perils."

The young man to whom the above quoted re-

mark was directed halted abruptly, and faced the speaker. The locale of the incident which we are about to detail was the city of Washington, at the junction of two prominent streets—the date noonday, Feb-

ruary 25, 1861. It was toward the close of the day. The air was chill and damp. Yet the streets were far from be-ing deserted, for the fleeting hours were so overcharged with public excitement that motley and mysterious throngs filled the thoroughfares and by-ways. The very atmosphere seemed full of threats and warnings; groups and knots of people gathered and dispersed; faces, blanched and anxous, encountered glances full of menace or eager questioning.

Not a soul could pass along those streets, how-

ever quietly, without being subjected to keenest scrutiny. It was such a scene as can only occur in the hour of national and domestic peril, when strong, pulsating humanity becomes divided upon ques-

tions of vital moment, and the opposing factions are maddened or terrified by the situation. The man whose words open our story had been dogging the footsteps of the other, to whom they were addressed.

The latter was on the point of entering the

He was a handsome, blue-eyed fellow, with a frank, intelligent countenance. Courage and mnate nobility of character were stamped upon every feature. "Perils!" he echoed, with a wondering glance toward the mansion.

The other lifted one hand warningly. There

was something in the simple gesture which was singularly impressive-even thrilling. "Not so loud, my friend; we may not be alone," was the accompanying injunction.

Mark Hamilton drew a pace nearer his companion, and, in a more cautious tone, said:
"I wish you would explain, Mr. Leighton. Has

anything happened to the ex-senator or-his daugh-There was deep anxiety in the voice and face of the young man.

Luke Leighton laid one hand upon Hamilton's

shoulder in a gentle, reassuring way.
"They are safe from physical harm, my boy. Yet they are unfortunately situated," he quietly

ex-sena or's mansion:
"A short time ago I saw George Creston come here with a stranger, the latter wearing a soldler's uniform. They were met at the door by ex-Senator Edgeworth, who seemed very glad to see them. Since, others have arrived—persons whom I know to be leaders in the conspiracy which, if successful, will prevent the inauguration of Lincoln, the president-elect, one week from today. This a plain statement of the case. I will leave it for you to decide concerning the prudence of intruding at this hour. The fact that Creston is one of Edgeworth's visitors augurs ill for your reception,"
As he listened to Leighton's words a shadow of

deep yet vague apprehension clouded the face of Mark Hamilton.

The name of George Creston was sufficient to

cloud his brow at any time, for a most cordial emity had existed between the two young men since they had first met.

Hamilton vividly recalled to mind a scene which had transpired a month before. It was in the drawing-room of the Edgeworth residence, and the actors were George Creston and himself. The face of Creston had been pale with passion, and as he entered the room he had seized the arm of Hamilton and fixeely explained.

ne entered the room he had seized the arm of Hamilton and fiercely exclaimed:

"Louise Edgeworth has this hour confessed to me that she is your betrothed wife. She also confessed that, had she never known you, my suit for her hand might have been successful. This is more than human nature can calmiy bear, and I will not submit!"

This was all that he had said. But his attitude, tones and gestures were full of tragic threatening, and, as the great social and political dangers had rapidly gathered like a ferrible storm-cloud over the nation's capital, Hamilton realized that the implied menace of his would-be rival might not be wholly an empty one.

Luke Leighton was cognizant of all these circumstances and of many others relating to the nation's peril. In truth, he knew all the secret workings amongst the contending factions in and around the city of Washington.

Under the direction of General Scott, Leighton had thus early began his career as a scout and spy—a career for which he was fitted by peculiar endowments of the highest order.

He was bold, yet cautious; strongly loyal to the Union, and yet considerate of the many extenuating motives which gave birth to the rebeillon. His skill and strategy lad already been tested, and the result had caused General Scott to say of him:

"In the military struggle which threatens, a few such scouts as Luke Leighton is destined to become would place all the power in the hands of the North."

This introduction of our hero must suffice for the present.

This introduction of our hero must suffice for the present.

His personal appearance was somewhat eccentric. His face was round and so oothly shaven; his eyes small, also very round and penetrating in their glances; his remaining features somewhat delicate and mobile, capable of changing quickly in expression from stern resoluteness to womanly gentleness.

Mark Hamilton's frown darkened as the significance of Leighton's declaration dawned upon him.

him. "You say that Mr. Edgeworth seemed glad to see Creston and the latter's companion?" Mark questioned, as though loath to credit the statement.

Leighton's keen gaze studied the countenance of his companion for a moment, eagerly, questioningly.

Leighton's keen gaze studied the countenance of his companion for a moment, eagerly, questioningly.

"Is there anything strange in that?" he asked.
"I had reason to hope that the ex-senator understood the character of George Creston," was the slowly uttered reply.

The other snapped his fingers, his round, black eyes flashing significantly. "They understand each other, of course," he returned. Then, suddenly plucking his companion by the arm, he added:

"Come with me, Mark; we must not be noticed in company with each other by the inmates of that house."

Vaguely wondering, the young man allowed himself to be led away from the locality. They entered another street, and presently paused before a high, marble building. Pointing upward at the tower which surmounted the edifice, Luke Leighton quietly said:

"The Stars and Stripes floated above that tower this morning. Now they are trampled in the dust. George Creston led the traitorous act, and exsentor Edgeworth abetted it."

"Impossible!" Mark exclaimed. Yet he realized instinctively that the crisp utterances of Luke Leighton were true.

"Why impossible?" the latter demanded.

Leighton were true.
"Why impossible?" the latter demanded.
"Because Mr. Edgeworth is an honorable gentleman." leman."
"Granted."
"He would not countenance baseness of any

"He would not countenance baseness of any kind."
"Very true, providing that he were incapable of error. But he is not. He is an honorable man, and as such is ready to stand firm for what he believes to be the rights of his countrymen. He considers secession honorable, as a self-protective necessity. He has been drifting in that direction for some time, and, as a spy and detective, I know that he is a leader, with brain and money, in the great conspiracy. As a man I still respect and admire him; and yet, within a short period, it may become my duty to testify against him as a traitor and rebel?"

Leighton spoke rapidly and in thrilling accents.

and rebel?"
Leighton spoke rapidly and in thrilling accents.
And Mark Hamilton, in his impetuous patriotism,
exclaimed with clenched hands:
"Would it were in my power to crush every traitor who dares pollute this fair city with his presence!" Again the hand of Leighton fell lightly upon the

Again the hand of Leighton fell lightly upon the young man's arm.
"You forget, Mark!" he quickly said.
"Forget—what?",
"Your promised bride, Louise Edgeworth,"
"She is not a traiter."
"Wait—you may be mistaken. We will not eall her a traitress, however; the term is not applicable to one who merely errs in honest convictions. Yet, let me assure you, Miss Edgeworth's sentiments are in full sympathy with those of her father. Doubtless you have each avoided the subject when together. Yet you cannot doubt my assertions."

Mark Hamilton's cheeks blanched. For a moment he seemed overcome by the sudden realization of a dreadful truth. He looked up into the

countenance of Leighton, and saw there expressed a gentle, kindly sympathy that thrilled his whole

A MYSTERIOUS CONCOURSE. Pedestrians and vehicles passed to and fro; the nurmur of voices filled the air; the murky atmos phere seemed to grow heavier; a deep-toned clock clanged the hour of 6 from the tower whence the nation's banner had been ignoming

ously lowered.

Mark Hamilton'swept one hand across his brow, as though he could not think nor reason quite

"Yes, I fear that Louise is in sympathy with her father," he slowly said. Then, with a flush of "But, under my influence, she will surely be brought to see her error."

Leighton did not take his eyes from the young

man's face. In the same quiet tones, which seemed to convey a deeper significance than words alone could do, the spy asked: "Do you expect her love for you to alter the sentiments and principles which are inborn?"

"I expect her to have confidence in my interpretation of the truth."

"I fear, then, that you are to be cruelly disappeared."

"Hear, then, that you are to be cruely disappointed."

"Why do you fear that?"

"It is not reasonable to expect that she will readily yield her opinions to yours."

"If she refuses to do so, then—"

Mark hesitated, and Leighton interpolated:

"Then you will yield your views to hers, I suppose?"

ose?"
"No, no," was the vehement retort.
"Wily not?"
"Because I should be acting traitorously toward

"Wey not?"
"Because I should be acting traitorously toward my own conscience."
"Very true. And so would Miss Edgeworth act falsely to her beliefs should she merely yield to you, on the strength of her love, against her own convictions. If you can change her views, well and good. Otherwise, she will prove herself a truer woman by remaining a stanch secessionist."
The brief conversation which we have quoted was carried on in cautious undertones. The speakers in the meanwhile had walked leisurely to and fro before the marble building.
As we have stated, numerous pedestrians and vehicles passed the point. At this juncture, however, one of the latter drew up before the edifice and halted.
The dusk of early evening prevailed, and our friends could observe the persons who alighted and entered the building only with indistinctness. There were three persons. Leighton, watching them sharply, exclaimed in a low tone:
"One is ex-Senator Edgeworth; the other two are George Creston and the man in uniform. I must watch them."

must watch them."
Reluctantly Mark Hamilton turned away and walked down the street.
For half an hour he wandered aimlessly about.
Then, under the impetus of a sudden determination, he bent his steps toward the Edgeworth resi-

dence.

He was admitted by a colored servant, whose sleek, contented expression of countenance showed that, though a slave, he was not dissatisfied with his situation.

"De missus am gone, sah!" was the negro's response to Mark's inquiry for Louise.

The young man stared at the ebon face in consternation.

The young man stared at the cool face in constenation.

"Gone—whither?" he demanded.

"Don't know, sah. De missus doesn't allus 'suit dis darky when she goes off. She went las' night—took de train, I spec's."

"And did she leave no word for me? She knew I was coming today; it is strange that she should go away."

was coming today; it is strange that she should go away."

Hamilton swept one hand across his brow, his perplexity deepening into alarm. A score of vazue, alarming conjectures tortured him.

Had Louise purposely fled to avoid meeting him? Only a week had elapsed since they had met. But in that week events had culminated in the city of Washington to an alarming point. Was it not possible that influences had been used upon the exsenator's daughter against her lover?

Mark Hamilton was a Southerner by birth. Yet, having possessed the advantages of peculiar influences he was a stanch loyalist. In his intercourse with the Edgeworths, however, the subject of secession had been carefully avoided, although each knew the other's views.

Until now Hamilton had been blind to the approaching crisis. He vaguely hoped that the differences which were agitating the North and South would be eventually settled by legislation. He had not even dreamed that those questions could ever come between Louise Edgeworth and himself.

"I doesn't know, sah," the negro said, in reply to Mark's last query.

Yes; she left Washington last evening," was

Mark observed, succeeding by a strong effort in suppressing any exhibition of the eagerness which he felt.

"Yes; she left Washington last evening," was the reply.

"I think not."

A flush of indignation mantled the young man's cheeks and brow.

"I think I have a right to ask whither Louise has gone? She expected me here today, and it is very singular that she should go away and leave no explanation."

Mark spoke with impetuous warmth. The exsenator flung out one hand with an imperious gesture; he advanced a pace nearer his visitor; the two men looked defiantity at each other.

"My daughter still claims the privilege of going wherever her pleasure dictates, Mr. Hamilton," Edgeworth slowly said, his cold gray eyes meeting those of Mark with unfaltering steadiness.

"I do not dispute her right. Still, I do not believe that she left Washington without leaving a word of explanation for me," the young man persisted.

"Then you dispute my word?"

"You may understaud me as you please."

"I will do so, Mr. Hamilton."

The broad, white forehead of the ex-senator corrugated in a frown, and his large, tair hands suddenly clenched as he went on:

"Your insolence impels me to make the matter plain to you. From this hour you are to consider the relations formerly existing between my daughter and yourself dissolved. I am informed that you bitterly oppose a cause with which I have identified myself. Therefore, I regard you as a partisan of my country's enemies. As we are liable to meet each other in the ranks of opposing armies, the earlier the semblance of friendly relations is banished the better. Concerning Louise, I will say that she accords with me in my views. As Washington is liable at any hour to become unsafe for civilians, I have sent my daughter to my plantation residence, where she will remain for the present."

As Edgeworth ceased speaking he waved one hand toward the door as a sign that he desired to terminate the interview.

Mark Hamilton was too dazed and indignant to utter further remonstrance. Without a word

what did it mean? It seemed like some fantas-

what did it mean? It seemed like some lantastic, dreadful dream. Suddenly Mark felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and the voice of Luke Leighton exclaimed close to his ear: "Come quickly, for your life!"

At the same instant a sharp, warning cry went up from the midst of the strange concourse.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Washington Post.)
Samuel Patch was a simple-minded fellow, who ived at Providence, R. I. One day while at work

lived at Providence, R. I. One day while at work on the roof of a high building that stood beside the Biackstone river, at the head of the Pawtucket the Biackstone river, at the head of the Pawtucket falls, Patch slipped, and, seeing that he must go, jumped with all his might into the raging torrent. A few moments later he landed safely some distance below the cataract. There was a deal of talk about the exploit, then deemed a marvel, and Patch took it into his head that jumping falls would be a paying business. He treld it successfully in many places, but tried it once too often. The mother of Samuel Patch survived him many years, living at Pawtucket in respectable widowhood, and often relating to visitors the story of her sen's strange career.

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A gentleman in East Saginaw, Michigan, reports, after using Compound Oxygen: "My nervousness, headache and inability to sleep have been almost entirely overcome. I feel better in every way than I had before in ten years." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Penn.

FRITZ MULLER, Lawrence, Mass., says:
"Brown's Iron Bitters has cured me of rheu-matism of five years' standing."

A NOBLE VAGRANT.

A Nobleman's Daughter Tramp ing Across America.

Strange Adventures of a Woman Who Married Judah P. Benjamin's Nephew.

Walking Nearly All the Way From San Francisco to New York.

[Letter in the Philadelphia Press.] PORT JERVIS, N. Y., July 6.—A romance in real life has just come to light in this town. A wo man, apparently about 43 years of age, shabbily dressed and feeble, has been seen on the streets for several days. She slept every night in the po-lice station, where she gave the name of Elizabeth Benjamin, and said she was born in Staffordshire, England. Yesterday she disappeared and turned up in Middletown, thirty-eight miles from here.

Inquiry develops the fact that she is on her way to New York, and that she has walked nearly all the way from San Francisco. Mrs. Benjamin has had a most wonderful and romantic career. She was born near Merthyr Tydvil, in Wales, and was the daughter of Sir Edward Harcourt, at one time one of the most brilliant young English orators. Her mother was a variety actress, who lived in Wales to escape the persecutions of Sir Edward's family, who op-posed his mesalliance. When the babe was born posed his mesalliance. When the babe was born she was christened Pauline Elizabeth Harcourt. She was given all the advantages of a superior education, and early in life evinced great poetical genius, some of her poems, composed when she was 14. having appeared in the leading magazines of Great Britain. Her mother was a direct descendant of Sir Philip Francis, who is believed to have been the author of the celebrated political essays which startled all England from 1769 to 1777, and which were signed Junius.

She Meets Her Affaity. When she was but 17 years of age Miss Pauline met at Swansea, where she was visiting some young friends and writing poetry descriptive of the coast of Wales, Mr. Walter P. Benjamin, a nephew of Judah P. Benjamin, at one time treasurer of the Confederate States of America. The young man, who was a South Carolinian by birth, was handsome and clever, but, unfortunately, poor. Pauline felt that she loved him so deeply she could marry no one but him. Her father died while she was at Swansea, and she was summoned by telegraph to Merthyr Tydvil. Young Benjamin, who was but 22, followed her there, and contrived to see her occasionally. Finally the young lady's mother learned of these stolen interviews, and a terrible scene ensued. Pauline begged to be allowed to marry her American sweetheart, but her mother remained firm, and finally sent her to St. Andrew's, in Scotland, to school.

By means of pre-arranged signals the young lady, previous to leaving home, managed to inform her lover whither she was going. Young Benjamin found it convenient to visit St. Andrew's frequently, and in 1860 they were married on Pauline's twentieth birthday. When Lady Harcourt heard the news of her daughter's secret marriage, and learned that she had fled from the school at St. Andrew's, she was stricken with paralysis and died shortly afterward. Young Benjamin came to the coast of Wales, Mr. Walter P. Benjamin, a

learned that she had fled from the school at St. Andrew's, she was stricken with paralysis and died shortly afterward. Young Benjamin came to the United States at once on hearing of the rebellion and enlisted in the Confederale navy, where he remained until the close of the war. He then speculated in cotton, made considerable money, and started by water for California accompanied by his wife in 1870. They had one child, who died on the voyage to the isthmus. They were delayed in leaving Aspinwall and Pauline and her husband were both stricken with a terrible fever, which resulted in the death of Mr. Benjamin, and left Mrs. Benjamin very weak.

Left a Widow at Sea. m. He had not even dreamed that those questions could ever come between Louise Edgeworth and himself.

"I doesn't know, sah," the negro said, in reply to Mark's last query.

"De massa'll know if she lef' any word, I s'pecs. He's done gone, dough, with Massa Creston."

Hamilton made a gesture of impatience.

"And Massa Creston is at the bottom of Louise's sudden departure, I haven't a doubt," the young man exclaimed.

He mused a moment; then he asked:

"When will Mr. Edgeworth return?"

"Some time dis evenin'."

"I doesn't know, sah."

"He mused a moment; then he asked:

"White reston return with him?"

"I doesn't know, sah."

"Some time dis evenin'."

"All right, sah."

The ebon face disappeared, and the guest was left alone in the spacious, richly-appointed apartment.

He had only about an hour to wait. Then the ex-senator entered, greeting Mark with cold courtesy. He was a well-preserved man of fifty-eight, and of dignified and aristocratic bearing.

"Pete mforms me that Louise has gone away."

Mark observed, succeeding by a strong effort in suppressing any exhibition of the eagerness which he felt.

"Yes; she left Washington last evening," was the remained at sea. Mrs. Benjamin's weak nerves gave way, and for days she raved, and when the ship reached San Francisco she was partly destroyed, and for six years she remained in California. She then made her escape and waked the entire distance to Virginia City. Nev., where she remained is California. She then made her escape and waked the entire distance to Virginia City. Nev., where she remained in California. She then made her escape and waked the entire distance to Virginia City. Nev., where she remained in California. She then wa Her husband was buried at sea. Mrs. Benja-min's weak nerves gave way, and for days she

She Began Her Tramp Eastward, bringing up at the great railway centre, Fort Wayne, Ind. From here she was lucky enough to bringing up at the great railway centre, Fort Wayne, Ind. From here she was lucky enough to get a ride to Toledo, where the city authorities treated her so badly that she tramped on to Cleveland, where she found comfortable quarters and remained until last New Year's day. She began the New Year with the resolution to push on to New York without stopping. Following the turnpike road she found herself at length in Olean, N. Y., from where she rode in an empty freight car to Hornellsyille. When she tried to steal another ride from Hornellsville to Painted Post she was unfortunate; the car in which she had secreted herself was locked and run upon a side track and she remained in it, without food or water, three days, until her pounding upon the side of the car attracted the attention of one of the yard men and she was released almost dead. When she reached Elmira she got a ride on the bumper of the express car, but one of the sparks from the engine fell upon her dress and the rapid motion of the train fanned the spark into a blaze and she had another narrow escape from death. Her injuries necessitated her remaining some weeks at Binghamton, from where she waiked to Port Jervis, arriving here via the Delaware & Hudson Canal towpath.

She has but sixty miles to tramp from Middletown, and she hoped to reach New York in time to catch a steamer for England on Saturday, July 7. She has the key of a safe deposit vanit in New York City, where she says her husband had a snug sum of money stowed away, enough to take her to her home in Wales and keep her in comfort among the triends of her youth.

[New York Herald.]

It is our opinion that New York people are a emarkably good-natured people, but there are certain cynics who were born in envious Boston who tell us that we are crusty. We deny the allegation and throw it back on the allegator. We should like to inquire whether our neighbors in Boston could stand the baking we get in August, with the mercury soaring above the nineties and out of sight, and not be crusty?

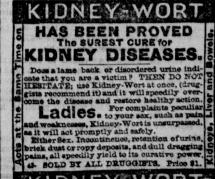
Pard Lumps in Breast.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my breast as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription," and "Pellets" in June, and the lump is gone.

Yours gratefully. Mrs. R. R. CLARK, Irvington, Mich.



I was troubled from boyhood with Catarrh and Hay-Fever, and never obtained permanent relief until I used Ely's Cream Balm. It cured me. E. L. CLICKENER. New Brunswick, N. J. Hay-Fever for years I gave Ely's Cream Balm at trial. I have had no attack since using it. E. R. RAUGH, Editor Carbon Co. Democrat, Mauch Chunk, Penn. CHEAN BALM will, when applied by the fluor into the nestrils, be absorbed, effectually cleansing the masal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal limings of the head of the care. CREAN BALM will be nestriled to sore and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will care. Unequalted for cold in the head. Agreeable to use, send for circular, 50 cents a package by mail or at druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y. WFSUMWy au8



the lips: his boy, his one darling, and safe. Some how, he must tell Bessie.
"Can you send a telegram from here?" asked Tom of a man who was devoting himself to Veda.
"Yes, you kin, by riding as far as the Corners; but it wont take you long to go yourself if you ride as you did comin" up." but it wont take you long to go yourself if you ride as you did comin' up."

Tom put Dick down and attempted to rise. As he did so, he held the child's hand in his. The boy hastily withdrew it, with:
"Don't, papa; please don't, it's sore, You see, they pulled hard and I wouldn't let them go into the river; I could hold them if a baby could."

Tom looked down. Yes, both little hands were destitute of skin from palm to finger tips, but not a tear escaped the child.

Again the women hurried for remedies and soon both were bandaged, while the boy looked about upon the group thinking his own thoughts, in his own way.

"How far is it from here to Brookeford?" asked Tom.

"How far is it from here to Brookeford?" asked Tom.
"Strong nine miles, sir, by the way your horses took; you see they turned sharp to the right down by the Junction, and that's what saved him."
"Better say his guardian angel watched over him." said a woman; "when I see him strike the river road I shnt my eyes and prayed; it was all you could do."
"Much good your prayers would a done, Hanner, ef the little chap hadn't reel old Andrew Jackson grit. Why, them horses knew they had a master, ef he warn't no bigger'n a bumble bee."
"Well, I reckon his marm'll hev to take care of his hands a spell." was the response; "praying is a comfort, sometimes, but nothing short of good Balm of Glead salve will cure them."
This simple talk pleased Tom, and gave him time to recover his wits and spirits.

Veda was too much exhausted to return at once, and Tom decided to drive back with his boy, so they went their way, after many kind words and some exchange of coin, for Tom Sylvester could never forget the homely kindness of these honest people.

people.

Later in the day one of the farmers brought Veda home, and when he returned at nightfall to his wife and little ones he was heard to say:

"I teil you what it is, I felt kind of touched when the control of the return of the control "I tel and little ones he was heard to say:
"I tell you what it is, I felt kind of touched when the gentleman took me right in among his folks and the little fellow sat there on a sath sofy with both his hands tied up. His ma, she said she wanted me to tell her every word, cause I'd seen him first, and so we went into another room, where a grandma and a judge was, and I told 'em how I see him a coming like mad, and I did dares't to stir for fear they would throw him out, and how they made for the river at last, and how that little chap kn-li right down on his knees and held 'em like a major until I come up and took 'em by the head, and Joe Lacey lifted the boy out.

"Dear me, 'says the boy's ma, 'we never looked at his knees.' So we all went back to the keepin'-room, where he was lying or sitting. I forgot which, and I hope to die if them poor little legs and knees warn't jest as black as my shoe; he hadn't spoken a word about 'em, but it wasn't many minutes before we had 'em done up, and if he walks in a week's time it'll be as much as he can do.

"I never see better grit. As I cum along I stopped at the washerwoman's where I take pertaters once a week, and she was speaking about it; she says be's got a sort of a bad name, but he's terrible kind hearted and good, and, says she, they call nim that Dreadful Boy round here, and I sez: Well, I reckon he'll come to somethin' anvway, and for my part I want to watch him; you see he's got grit and go in him, and for my part I've taken a terrible snine to him; dreadful boy or or no dreadful, I kind of hated to say good-by to him."

or no dreadin, I kind of nated to say goods; or him."

Dear reader, do you? If so, perchance his future years may be unfolded; now, we must leave him, lying on the "satin sofy" with fond parents and friends near, aibeit we let the pen fall regretfully; for up and down, throughout the land, in many homes and many hearts, are boys near and dear who will well repay the infinite love and patience bestowed upon them; boys who will yet prove the world's heroes and helpers. THE END.

Dreaded for a Decade by the Lonely Traveller, He Meets Death at Last.

[Bellevue Sun.] was killed recently by some parties travelling through the prairie. While the travellers were camped in the foothirls on the edge of the prairie one of them, named Micklehaney, went a few undreds yards from camp to kill some ducks, taking with him a shot-gun loaded with large shot. When only a couple of hundred yards from shot. When only a couple of hundred yards from the camp the "Wild Man of Camas" jumped up from his hiding-place, and after running a snort distance stopped and looked at Mickiehaney through his large, clear eyes for a moment, then, with a shriek that struck terror to the hunter and caused him to shudder as the echo resounded through the forest the man, with the feroeity of a savage beast of the jungle, made for Mickiehaney so fiercely that in order to insure his own safety he emptied both barrels of the gun into him, when he fell, apparently dead. Mickiehaney went to him, when the strange being began to revive, and he put his foot on the man's neck and called to his comrades to bring an axe, which they did with all possible haste. The maa recovered just as they arrived, and with a pitiful which they did with all possible haste. The man recovered just as they arrived, and with a pitiful moan regained his feet and started to run. The axe was thrown at him, and as he turned his head to look back it struck him in the centre of the forehead, and he dropped lifeless to the ground. On examination he was found to be rather tall, with full, clear eyes, and an extraordinary large head; appeared to be about 45 years of age, although not a gray hair could be seen. The wavy black hair of his head hung low down onto his body, and his bushy beard was about two and a half feet long. The body was also covered with a thick growth of hair about two inches in length. This was also black, and very fine. The finger thick growth of hair about two inches in length. This was also black, and very fine. The finger and toe-nails were two inches long, and resembled claws more than nails. He was wrapped in a long robe made of rabbit skins. The skins were sewed together by sinews. On examining the place from which he made his appearance it was found that he had a very comfortable bed, which was made of the soft bark of sage-brush. It was under an overhanging rock, and well protected from the wind. Near the bed were two rabbits, which had most likely been killed by stones.

About ten years ago an insane stage-driver left Roise City, and has never since been heard of. The "Wild Man of Camas" has, since first seen in 1873, been dreaded by the lonely traveller and prospector, who will be relieved to know that he is dead.

A Peculiar Craft With a Queer Name.

[New York Tribune.]

A singular-looking craft called the Yagua Jay is lying in the Atlantic basin, Brooklyn. An ordinary vessel would go to the bottom under the weight of such a name, but the appearance of this one is in delightful harmony with her appellation. She is a stern-wheel steamer, 60 feet long by 20 feet beam, and when loaded she draws only twelve inches of water. A pilot-house, quarters for the crew, an engine-room and a diminutive galley are built on deck. Her engines are of twenty-four horse-power, with eighteen-inch cylinders. The Yagua Jay was built by John G. Boland at Athens-on-the-Hudson for Jose Carbose, who has a sugar plantation on the Yagua Jay river in Cuba, whither the vessel will be taken.

It will be an achievement fraught with no little danger to take a vessel of such light draught and such top works to Cuba, and the captain, it is said, will receive \$2000 if he takes the Yagua Jay there in safety. A Peculiar Craft With a Queer Name.

How They Learn to Shoot in Kentucky. "There are many men," said Representative Culbertson of Kentucky, the other evening, "who can take a deliberate aim and make a fine shot can take a deliberate aim and make a fine shot with a pistol; but to draw, fire at once, and hit the mark is an entirely different matter. We practice that a great deal down in Kentucky." "How?" some one asked. "Why," said the statesman, "we commence when we are boys. When I was a boy we used to go out, stand back to the mark, and then turn and fire instantly; and we became so expert that we could hit every time." "How large was the mark?" "Oh, it was a plank cut out the size of an ordinary man."

The Kind of Readers to Have.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Some time since I noticed in the columns of the Transcript the rumors that The Globe's bragging would not elect B. F. Butler. I would just ging would not elect B. F. Butler. I would just like to say (and I am a careful reader of your paper) that it is the best paper in Boston today, and its Sunday paper is the best in New England, and possibly in the States. That is my opinion after reading The Globe, Herald, Advertiser and Transcript most every day.

Truly yours,

"Butler will be re-elected."

Somerville, August 6.

Bob Toombs' Servants and Slaves. General Robert Toombs and his wife, with the old family servants, have gone to their delightful cottage home at Clarksville, says the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution. General Toombs' servants are of that stock that have been in the family over 150 years. The cook that has gone to Clarksville has been the family cook for forty years. The general left his home in Washington in charge of his old man "Billy." who is 84 years old. Billy was with him in the Indian wars and cooked for him during the late war. He refuses to vote, has never accepted his freedom, and says that he belongs to "old master."

A Georgia Man Who Died Twice. (Atlanta Journal.)
A well-known citizen of Oconee county died A well-known citizen of Oconee county died lately, and was laid out, and afterwards came to life and told his wife that he had been dead, but was conscious all the time and knew everything that was going on around him, and that he would die again at exactly 4 o'clock. He talked to his family and gave directions about his estate. Just before 4 o'clock he closed his eyes and passed away without a struggle.

A servant giri feil on a bracket,
Her skull, sie did nearly crack it,
St. Jacobs Oil applying,
Saved her from dying—
It proved to be "just the racket."
A steamboat captain from Goshen,
Was hurt by a boiler explosion;
On the pains in his hip,
St. Jacobs Oil got the grip,
He calls it the all-healing lotion—

OLD WORLD TIDINGS.

Signs of Impending Revolution in Spain.

Offers of Great Concessions to Mr. Parnell by the British Ministry.

Effect of the Great Rise in the Nile-Little Interest in Captain Webb.

LONDON, August 11. King Alfonzo this afternoon telegraphed to the Duke de Montpensier that the disturbances throughout Spain were suppressed, and that peace and quiet now reigned. While there can be no doubt that, so far as the recent troubles amounted to a military uprising, the movement has practically collapsed, still politically matters in Spain are in a very bad shape. The Carlist feeling has long been nursed, and it is now in a dangerous condition. Recent events in the Spanish capital have so embittered the adherents of Don Carlos against the reigning king, that if no actual revolution occurs, the assassination of Alfonzo, while it is not actually looked for, may transpire at any moment and would occasion no very great surprise. The Carlists have the active sympathy pervades the Spanish soldiery and the degree. The small uprisings that have been going on throughout the country during the past week, were all instigated by Socialists. The events of the week were all accurately foretold weeks ago by the Socialist organ published in To the close observer of Spanish affairs, it is apparent that Spaniards are sufficiently discontented and Socialistic as to be quite ripe for revolution. All they lack is organization under a competent leader. Ruiz Zorilla has been the prime mover in all this dis-Zorilia has been the prime mover in all this discontent, which he has been fomenting, undoubtedly, for the purpose of finally crystaltzing it and directing it against the throne. The turbulence, however, vented itself in spasmodic eruptions before the time Zorilla intended to make his strike and during his absence, so that the district risings were ineffectual because unorganized, and the whole trouble has apparently ended for the present in a sort of national tremor, frightful in its portent, but without result as a revolution. Zorilla started for Spain at the news of the first outbreak, but he was too late to organize anything like a well-defined movement. The people in the north of Spain are still in a state of ferment and may yet organize and put down the local authorities. When Don Carlos was in London recently it was known that he bought large supplies of arms, principally old-fashioned Enfield rifles, and large stores of ammunition, and shipped them out of England. The Enfields he procured from the British war office. The pretender, it is said, also secured the pledge of services from many retired English officers, and some of these have gone to Spain. content, which he has been fomenting, undoubt-

have gone to Spain.

Many of the English newspapers believe that Many of the English newspapers believe that the present uprisings throughout Spain are merely premonitory of a general revolution, which is being well prepared, and which will soon take the shape of a general rebellion against the throne. The Central News agency has sent its Egyptian war correspondent, Burleigh (who succeeded in getting the first account of the taking of Tele-Kebir, to Alexandria, and thence to London, to Spain, to report the outcome of the present troubles. In commercial circles it is feared that the affairs of Spain are about to be subjected to the disasters of a civil war. The value of Spanish securities held in London suffered a shrinkage during the past week, amounting to £11,000,000. The chief holders of these securities are Parisan houses. Financiers in the French capital are predicting a Spanish revolution, and they express fears that a financial crisis on this account is imminent.

of a civil war. The value of Spanish securities held in London suffered a shrinkage during the past week, amounting to £11,000,000. The chief holders of these securities are Parisan houses. Financiers in the French capital are predicting a Spanish revolution, and they express fears that a financial crisis on this account is imminent.

The Unruly Nile.

Late advices from Alexandria state that the rising Nile is higher today than it has been in ten years, and as the rise continues it threatens a great disaster, with which Egypt is not prepared to cope in the presence of cholera. The viruence of the disease increased by the spreading of vegetable matter, to say nothing of the animal matter, which in decaying gets to an extent into the water by filtration through the soil. The harvests are already partially destroyed, but not to such an extent hat further damage might not be stayed if the impoverished government was not embarrassed by the expenditures for relief during the epidemic, whose payment it cannot avoid. Precautions are not being taken, and apparently will not be. Another week of rise in the river will not only increase the death rate from the plague and create fresh outbreaks, but will destroy growing cotton, the principal export staple, now in a condition to be readily injured. The possible damage can only be estimated from the fact that usually the rise goes on until October, and can scarcely fail to be higher. The government receives a reat part of its revenue from the cotton tax, and anything approaching a failure of the crop will greatly empressed be exercised by each of the crop will greatly empress the exercise the covernment as well as entail the deficiency of the country. be higher. The government receives a reat part of its revenue from the cotion tax, and anything approaching a failure of the crop will greatly embarrass the government as well as entail heavy losses on the local proprietors. Without sustenance from the Khedive heavy damage is sure to come, and his ability to aid the people is much to be doubted.

Mr. Gladstone continues to make threats that the government will seek a dissolution if the government programme of parliamen-tary business is retarded so as to the government programme of parliamentary business is retarded so as to prolong the session into September. The Tories and Parnellites, who desire dissolution and a new election, take the premier up on all these threats, and continue to obstruct the public business whenever there is an opportunity. The government is very anxious to bring the session to a close, and it is a public secret that the ministry had agreed with Mr. Parnell to withdraw the emigration clause of the tramway bill and bring in a bill giving £50,000 to help carry out the Irish leader's plans of immigration in Ireland, if he and his followers will abstain from further obstruction until the recess. The Catholic bishops of Ireland have united in a telegram to Parnell urging him to accept the government's proposition, upon the ground that £50,000 expended in Irish immigration will greatly relieve "the congested districts of Ireland by moving poor Irish families to better localities in the country, and that the prestige of naving secured such a concession from the government will ensure the election of Lynch, the Parnellite candidate for Sligo, and greatly contribute to success in all the coming borough contests.

The drama "Freedom," at the Drury Lane Theatre, having proved but a partial success, the revival of "Youth" is being discussed.

Messrs. Harris and Buchanan are engaged in Messrs, Harris and Dochards, the joint production of a new play.

Mr. Burnard has completed a new burlesque called "Tempest," which will be brought out at

called "Tempest," which will be brought out at the Galety next winter.

A sensational drama, founded on the sinking of the excursion steamer, the Princess Alice, in the Thames, will be produced in the Standard on the 29th inst. Some of the scenes will be realistic attempts to portray the horrors of this calamity to a moonlight excursion party, and will exhibit searches for bodies in the river by torchlight. Barry Sullivan was given a great ovation at Liverpool yesterday.

Colonel Mapleson has leased for fifty years the new opera house on the Thames embankment at a silding rent, which is not to be below £2500 in any one year, nor above £6000. The structure is to be finished by June, 1883.

The Austrian government has sent a very curt note to Roumania, asking her to explain the meaning of her recent large additions to her armameaning of her recent large additions to her armaments. Roumania has very quietly purchased 150,000 kilogrammes of gunpowder, large quantities of artillery and infantry munitions, fifty large Krupp guns, many mountain guns and 20,000 tents. These purchases have been made in Russia, Germany and Austria, and the Roumanian government states that they are for the purpose of strengthening her defences on her Russian frontier. Austria, however, is not all satisfied with this rather indefinite statement, and has asked for what practically amounts to "a bill of particulars" from her young but ambitious neighbor. Roumania's reply is looked for with a good deal of interest.

The official statistics state that 20,000 persons died of cholera throughout Egypt up to and including yesterday. The epidemic is now fluctuating, the number of deaths per day increas
ing and decreasing irregularly. The Nile is
now far higher than it has ever been
before recorded at this period of the
year. The country along both banks will undoubtedly be flooded disastrously, and it is feared
that coming crops along the river will all be dostroyed. The Egyptian officials are terror-stricken
over gloomy prospects before unhappy Egypt.

No Monument for Webb.

The meeting which was called to express admiration for Captain Webb and raise a fund to be devoted to the erection of a monument to his memory was almost unattended. The project of the monument has been entirely abandoned, and what money was raised will be given to his widow and her children.

How Admiral Pierre Was Recalled. The Tamatav affair is about to have a queer conclusion. Mr. Gladstone's obstinate struggle to maintain friendly relations with France has already had the effect of suppressing British insistence for reduces. The British

public was informed that the French government had punished Admiral Pierre by recalling and degrading him. The fact is that Admiral Pierre was so recalled, but the French people, who supported his conduct at Tamatave, were not allowed to know this. They were told that their favorite admiral, being very ill, had requested to be relieved from duty in a very unsuitable climate, and that he was allowed to return home in honor. Pierre was never healthler in his life. Admiral Galiber succeeds Admiral Pierre at Tamatav. Instead of receding from the position assumed by Pierre, the French have improved it by landing 600 additional marines, who now occupy the port.

Scheme for a Suez Ship Railway. Mr. Wilmot has given notice that he will ask the government to support the scheme of building a gigantic ship railway across the isthmus of Suez gigantic ship ratiway across the istamus of Suez for the purpose of carrying ships between the Mediterranean and Red seas, in opposition to the De Lesseps Canal Company. It is said that De Lesseps admits the feasibility of this scheme, that he knows there is a large amount of money behind it, and that he fears it more than he does any scheme looking to the construction of rival capals.

Heavy Fees for Lobbying.

Both the Manchester ship canal and the Cardiff dock bills have been rejected in the House of Lords. Each bill cost the promoters £60,000. This large sum went in lawyers' fees, or what might more properly be galled fees for lobbying purposes. The present session has been an unusually fat one for lawyers and lobbyists generally, the above sum giving a fair idea of what the promoters have to pay to engineer a bill through both houses.

Wedding in High Rank. Lord Windsor was married today to the daughter of Sir Augustus Paget. The wedding was a very brilliant affair, and is looked upon in aristocratic circles as the event of the season. The Queen's pre ent to the bride was the inevitable India shawl, which her majesty seems to think is the only proper gift on such occasions. Lord Windsor's income is £60,000 a year, his reuenue being derived chiefly from his large mining estates.

France Has an Eye on Quiet China. The tactics of the Chinese government in regard to the Tonquin troubles are France. Her apparent inactivity is not at all understood and tends to befog and demoralize the French rather than to make them feel sure of their own position. The French government more than suspect that this tranquillity is a ruse, and is keeping a close watch for any movement of troops or vessels.

Wouldn't Stay Dead. Lord Derby is in a great quandary over the Cetewayo case. The government had hoped that his death had relieved them of the care of a very large elephant, as Carey's had; but now that the great Zulu has turned up alive the Aborigines Society is pressing the government to undertake his thorough reinstatement. The public seem to be bored by the whole matter, and the question of Cetewayo's restoration will probably be shelved.

HE LOOMS.

Erskine M. Phelps on Governor Butler-

His Increase of Popularity. A reporter of the Chicago Times, in an interview with Erskine M. Phelps of Chicago, president of the Iroquois Club, one of the leading Democratic clubs of the West, gives that gentleman's statements regarding conversation had by him, with leading Eastern gentlemen, on the subject of poli-

"Were you in Boston?" asked the reporter.
"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Phelps.
"How does Ben Butler loom up in Massachu-

"How does Ben Butler loom up in Massachusetts?"

"He looms. Some people whom I have talked to think he is very strong, and that he is much more popular now than when he was first elected. There are a variety of opinions in regard to him, however. His friends feel that if he is renominated by his own party he will be re-elected by a much larger majority than he was before."
"In your opinion, would Butler's re-election ensure Massachusetts as a Democratic State in 1884?"

"I think such an event would have a tendency

How Meat is Prepared for the Market-

Contests of Speed. No one is allowed to kill and dress cattle within the limits of Boston, except at Brighton abattoir. It is considered good work for one man unassisted to dress one bullock in an hour. At Brighton two men usually work together, and in this case two bullocks an hour is a fairly rapid record. The

bullocks an hour is a fairly rapid record. The bullock is strung up and the dressing consists in removing the hide and entails, preparing the meat for market and the entails for the different industrial purposes to which they are put.

In Chicago and the West it is said that the bullock is considered dressed when the meat is prepared and the entrails removed. It is not every man in the business who understands all the details of dressing an ox. In the smaller slaughterhouses men generally learn every branch of the trade, out in the larger places of the West they become expert only in handling the particular parts to which their daily avocation assigns them. Some men become extremely adept in the use of the knife, and of late years trials of skill have been in order. Last month Charles Smith of Chicago dressed at Cleveland a large bullock in 7 minutes 3 seconds. The shortest time on record is that of Charles Leyden at Bridgeport, Ill., in 1869, he having dressed an ox in 4 minutes 45 seconds. There have been several matches at Brighton. R. Lafferty and James R. Ferguson dressed a bullock there in 1877 in 4 minutes 1½ seconds.

DEATH OF C. D. COBB. One of Boston's Oldest Grocers-Sketch of

C. D. Cobb, senior member of the firm of C. D. Cobb & Co., died at Swampscott Thursday afternoon of cancerous affection of the stomach. The deceased leaves a widow and five children, Miss Fanny, Charles D., Arthur, Millie and one other daughter. Mr. Cobb comes of an old Westboro family, and was the eldest of five sons, the others being Josiah H., Henry E., Marshall M. and John Cobb, all of whom are among the leading grocers of this and adjoining cities and towns. Of this fraternal quintet of grocers, Mr. C. D. Cobb was generally recognized as the pioneer, he having revolutionized this line of business, and laid the corner stone for the immense retail and jobbing houses of which the firms of C.D. Cobb & Co. and Cobb Bates & Verya are the most prominent representations. corner stone for the immense retail and jobbing houses of which the firms of C.D. Cobb & Co. and Cobb, Bates & Yerxa are the most prominent representatives. The deceased, when a boy, received the meagre common-school education at that time vouchsafed a youth in Westboro, and at an early age entered his father's shop and went to work at making shoes. After a time he left the bench and sought his fortune in Boston, entering the employ of Mr. Dennis F. Flagg on Blackstone street. Here he familiarized himself with the grocery business as then conducted. Mr. C.D. Cobb believed that the business could be transacted on a different and better basis. Associating with several of his brothers, and admitting others from time to time, he opened a store on Cambridge street. Boston, which, though modest in size, was made a model of neatness and attractiveness. Believing in the one-priced system, the brothers marked their goods in plain figures, with a small margin of profit, thinking that they should find their account in the great increase in the quantity of goods handled. As time passed on, the other but independent of the original concern. Mr. Marshall N. Cobb, who went out about twelve years ago, became the head of the firm of Cobb, Bates & Yerxa, the growth of which has been very extensive. Still the old firm has been enlarging its sphere of operation year by year, and now claims to be the largest wholesale and retail grocery house in New England.

[Sumter (Ga.) Republican.]
A Georgia engineer not long since carried three queer looking fowls to his wife in Macon, and told her to take good care of them. He said they were the Dago chicken, and would make their fortune, as they were bound to be in great demand. A few weeks after the engineer's wife was feeding her chickens when suddenly all three Dagos made a swoop on the little chickens, each seizing one in its talous and flying off to a neighboring tree, proceeded to eat their breakfast, while the astonished lady called them by their pet names, and cried alternately at their loss. Some one told her they were hawks, and when her husband came in, he had to pay her a pretty steep price for his practical loke. told her to take good care of them. He said they

CHANGES AT TEWKSBURY.

What Has Been Done Under the New Management.

Various Important Improvements Inaugurated at the Famous Institution.

Entrance of Dr. Fisher Upon the Duties of His Office.

Since the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity took charge of the almshouse at Tewksbury, by direction of Governor Butier, several very im-portant changes in the methods of conducting the institution have occurred. A GLOBE reporter, who visited there on Wednesday last, ascertained that in the first place an entire change in the system of receiving and dealing out sup-plies had been inaugurated. While the institution was in charge of Captain Marsh no particular attention was paid to see that the goods ordered were all received. The invoice account was made up from the bills re-ceived. Now every commodity sold by weight that comes there is weighed at the institution and the invoice is made up from that, and every article sold to the institution by count is counted and put down in the invoice at the institution. No attention is paid to the weight or number charged in the bills until the weight or number, ascertained by actual weighing or counting at the institution, is put down. Then if there is a variation between the amounts actually received and the amounts charged in the bills the dealer is notified. In a single lot of meat, received one day this week, the weight as shown by the almshouse scales fell ten pounds short of the weight for which the State was charged. Under the old system this shortage would never have been known, and it is but fair would never have been known, and it is but fair to suppose that, first and last, large amounts have been lost in that way. Again, up to the time of the change in management, no account whatever was kept of the amount of materials delivered to the various departments. The goods as received from the dealers were placed in the storehouses and were then dealt out to the various officials and departments as they were called for. When the supply became exhausted more goods were purchased. And so it went on, year in and year out. Now, however, the institution, as far as The Issuance of Stores

is concerned, is divided into the following departments: The superintendent's, the medical, the

is concerned, is divided into the following departments: The superintendent's, the medical, the asylum, the matron's, the supervisor's, the baker's, the subsistence, the farmer's. Every department is charged with whatever is issued to that department. For instance, all the food that goes to the superintendent's table is charged to the that department, all medicines, bandages, etc., are charged to the medical department, and so on. Thus the exact expense of every department is known, and the average per capita in every branch of the institution may be known. Again, when a call is made on the storekeeper for an article of any kind, say a broom or scrub brush, the old broom or scrub brush which the one called for is to replace must be brought back before the new one is issued. This not only gives the storekeeper an opportunity to see that the new article is really needed, but gives him a chance to preserve the returned article for use in a spot where a well-worn one would answer every purpose.

Another very important change has been made in the way of burial of bodies. Under Captain Marsh's superintendency the graves were dug indiscriminately, with no attempt at system, and with no way-of marking the graves, except by a small wooden cross composed of two small sticks, upon the horizontal one of which were written with lead pencil the name and date of death of the deceased. Under the new management plans have been prepared by a civil engineer, and the ground laid out where in the future all burials will be made. The plans contain three sections, each section divided into several hundred grave lots. Every lot has its number. The lots in one of the three sections will be used for the burial of infants only. Henceforward when panpers die, they will be buried in numerical order. At the head of each grave will be placed a neat cast-iron device, consisting of a shaft, upon which is a wreath, surmounted by a cross. Or, perhaps, it would make it more instance, a cross having cast upon it the humber 12 and the letter of the

Under the New Management the expenses have already been considerably reduced. During the three months that the board has had charge the average expense per inmate has had charge the average expense per inmate. B=30..26 Loses. C=30..25 20..24 Black wins. has had charge the average expense per inmate has been, including what the board considers a fair estimate for fuel and all expenses, \$1.65 per week, as against \$2.09 per week under the old management, though Mr. Fallon and Colonel Tripp think perhaps \$1.65 is more favorable by a few cents than it ordinarily would be, owing to the fact that the salary list is now a little low. As to help, the board seems to be very well satisfied, and no greater expense will be incurred in this direction. Several of the new male nurses are proving very valuable. They are young men who have partly finished their medical studies, and who feel a great interest in the work. Among the new female attendents or nurses are two Roman Catholic ladies, Mr. Fallon and the board feeling that it was but just to give that creed a representation. They were recommended by Father Gigault of Lowell, and are giving excellent satisfaction.

tation. They were recommended by Father Gigault of Lowell, and are giving excellent satisfaction.

Various improvements in the way of comforts for the immates have been added under the new management. As has been previously stated in The Globe, arm chairs have been provided for the female inmates in several of the wards, and have been a source of so great comfort to the feeble that more will be added. Several summer-houses are now in process of construction, and large shade sheds, hitherto maccessible to the patients in one entire section of the insane department, are at present open to the occupants of every part of the building.

Of the expenses of the institution, Colonel Tripp, who has, under the supervision of Mr. Fallon of the board, been acting superintendent since the 1st of May, says there has been a great waste in the manner in which the institution has been conducted. As he expresses it, they have saved at the spigot and let it run at the bunghole." He believes that while they have saved on salaries they have not kept a sharp enough watch to see that things were not wasted or thrown away, and that this defect has become so thoroughly rooted in the system that it will take some time to change it entirely and get it down to an economical basis. Dr. Fisher, the new superintendent and resident. in the system that it will take some time to change it entirely and get it down to an economical basis. Dr. Fisher, the new superintendent and resident physician, has been there but one week now, and of course it is impossible to say what he will do. His appearance, however, is in his favor. He is in the prime of life, is quiet, collected, firm, apparently not easily disturbed, and is withal very genial and pleasant. He has the hearty good wishes of the Governor and of the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, and ail desire him success.

Toads After a Rain

(Warner's "Summer in a Garden.")
Why are the toads so plentiful after a thunder hower? All my life long no one has been able to hower? All my life long no one has been able to answer me that question. Why, after a heavy shower, and in the midst of it, do such multitudes of toads, especially little ones, hop about on the gravel walks? For many years I believed they rained down, and suppose some people think so still. "Thick as toads after a shower" is one of our best proverbs. I asked an explanation of this of a thoughtful woman—indeed a leader in the great movement to have all the toads hop in any direction, without distinction of sex or religion. Her reply was that toads came out during the shower to get water. This, however, is not the fact. I have discovered that they come out not to get water. I deluged a dry flower-bed the other night with pailful after pailful of water. Immediately the toads came out of their holes to escape death by drowning, by tens and twenties and fifties. The big ones fled away in a ridiculous streak of hopping, and the little ones sprang about in the wildest confusion. The toad is just like any other land animal. When his home is full of water he quits it.

(New York Morning Journal.)
Oh, the succulent, seedful watermelon. It is here in tens of thousands. The dark green rind here in tens of thousands. The dark green rind that incloses the bulbous fruit has a cool, satisfying suggestion about it; but it is only when the knife has gone through it, and the delicate pink of the flesh comes to view, that the melon becomes a perfect picture. Happy the fruit of the earth that appeals so largely to two, aye three senses! For the odor is not without its pleasures, but the taste, when the teeth crush through the crisp, delicate morsels, is something worth enduring the heat of summer to enjoy. In the South the colored man is said to picture the clouds of Paradise as edged with sliced watermelon cooled by perpetual snow. Through these he will wing his way. It is, therefore, gratifying to learn that melons will be cheap on earth this season.

"Great haste is not always good speed." Yet you must not dilly-dally in caring for your health. Liver, kidneys and bowels must be kept healthy by the use of that prince of medicines, Kidney-Wort, which comes in liquid form or dry-both thoroughly efficacious. Have it always ready.

CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER......EDITOR Boston, August 14, 1883.
All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Chess and checker players' headquarters, No. 15

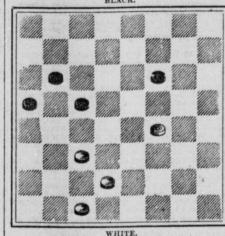
Notice.

During the months of July and August this Checker department will be published every other week, and after that period it will be conducted as heretofore.—[ED.

Now Ready,

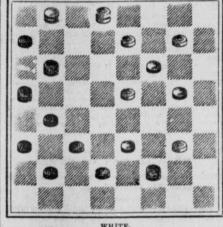
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Position No. 1150. BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.



White to move and win.

Position No. 1151. BY A. S. INGALLS. RUSSELL, N. Y. BLACK.



	White	white.	nd draw.	
	Came N	0. 1628-	Glasgow.	
BY TH	EO. W. K	IMLEY,	GREENFO	RD, O.
1115 2217 914	4 8 2925 811	811 2218 1015	1619 2723 1926	$ \begin{array}{c} 3127 \\ 136 \\ 2723 \end{array} $
2319	264.23 1620	1910	3122 2024	6 2
1713	2419 3 8A 2522B	1116 2318	2218	107 1620 7 3
	1115-1 3227	2225 1814 2529	2731 9 6 2 9	2024 3 7 Drawn.
2217		2117 (Var. 1.)	1713	Diawn.
1116 3227-2		1910	2225 13 6	2318 2530
811	1015		2 9	2623 Drawn.
		(Var. 2.)		
2218 811	18 9 514	32 .270 1 5		2522 1115 B. wins.
		(Var. 3.)		D. was.
	1115	615	2027	5 9 13 6
1910	2 6	1519	2226	126
1710	1811	2724		Drawn.
	his point		same as t	

Came No. 1629-Cross. BY C. W. UMSTED, TELLURIDI, COL.

Note by Mr. Umsted. A—I think this 11 .15 move will sustain a win for black in game No. 1620. 1.. 5 was played here, followed by 20..16 11..20 25..22 and

			Kirk an	d Percy M.
Bradt.	Bradt's mo	ve.		
1115	2925	1 5	2218	711
2319	1115	18 9	3 7	16 7
914	2522	514	18 9	211
2723	4 8	2622	613	2628
811	2420	1115	3126	1014
2218	1524	3228	1115	3026
1522	2819	1524	1916	1317
25 9	811	2819	1219	Bradt won
514	2218	711	2316	

Came No. 1631-Black Doctor.

1	Played	by corres	ondence	between M	. W. C.
١	Eveleth o	of West B	atavia, N.	Y., and Mr.	T. Rock
1	of New 1	ork City.			
١	1115	2824	1923	10 6	1620
١	2319	4 8	2619	2631	11 8
1	811	3127	1726	6 1	1216
ı	2217	1418	3023	913	8 3
ı	913	2314	1017	14:99	1619
١	1714	1116	2114	514	3 8
1	1017	2925	1317	18 9	1923
1	1910	1623	2521	3126	8.:11
1	714	2718	6 9	2318	2326
B	2522	811	1611	2622	1115
	3 7	3228	716	1815	2631
	2419	1116	1915	2218	9 6
	610	2420	1722	1511	2 9
	2723	1619	1510	1814	5 1
Ñ	1 6	2016	2226	1 5	3126
				Rock re	
ij			-	PERSONAL PROPERTY OF	

BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS. 12..16 15..10 11.. 8 3..12 20..11 19..12-1 12..16 W. wins, (Var. 1.) 19..10 11.. 7 2..11 16..14 W. wins. Solution of Position No. 1149. BY G. W. BROWN, WARREN, ME.

Solution of Position No. 1148.

Checker News. Mr. I. D. J. Sweet, the veteran checker editor of

the New York Clipper, is at present rusticating at Lake George. The Turf states that the match between Messrs. Dempster and Reeves at Freehold, N. J., proved to have been a one-sided affair. Twenty games were to have been played, but at the close of the thirteenth game Mr. Reeves resigned, with the

thirteenth game Mr. Reeves resigned, with the score.

Dempster....9 Reeves....0 Drawn....4 games Checkers had quite a boom in Bellevue, Ky., on the first day of the week, at the checker editor's residence. There were present among others Messrs. Henry Hutzier, August Simon, Edward Wendiand, Prof. F. Bennett, James Cosprift, F. Kunnhein, S. J. Murray, E. Mefford and J. J. Kelly. Such remarks as "Crown him," "I'll steal that man," "No you won't," "I've got you this time." etc., were very frequent, and were invariably greeted with a hearty laugh. The rapidity with which some of the games were played accounts for the fact that no scores were kept.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Sunday Call has a poor opinion of players who will give no one a moment's peace unless they win every time. It says: "The pecultar methods that some foreigners adopt to convince our American players of their strength when properly tested is really amusing. Mr. George Dick, in a letter to one of our exchanges smoothing over the defeat

he met with at Philadelphia, says: 'I am altogother to blame for losing it, and I had no bt siness to accept or agree to play a match at this time of year with any one.' Mr. Dick may be able to beat Priest as he says he can, but we doubt it. We see no reason why he should spend his time making such cheap talk as he did in the article we copied last week from the Turf. If the weather was too warm for him on land, he should have waited until it was suitable. Such statements as 'I lost games' foolishly, and to a player who I know is far inferior to myself in the knowledge of the game,' sound too much of the Wyllie whine of discontent to suit the American fraternity. If Dick wants to make many true friends in this country he will find it necessary to cast aside the role of a second Wyllie."

No Trouble to Swallow Dr. Pierce's "Peliets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

Mrs. C. J. Arms. Greenfield, Mass., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters with very beneficial results."

TO OUR READERS.

ments in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

Advertising Cheats!!! "It has become so common to write the beginning of an article in an elegant, interesting man-

"Then run it into some advertisement that we

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, "To induce people
"To give them one trial, which so proves their

value that they will never use anything else.'

"THE REMEDY so tavorably noticed in all the papers,
"Religious and secular, is "Having a large sale, and is supplanting all

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness "And ability "In compounding a medicine whose virtues are

so palpable to every one's observation." Did She Die?

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,

"The doctors doing her no good; "And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about." "Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery. "Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility. "Under the care of the best physicians. "Who gave her disease various names,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."-THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."

—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

SuMWF&wy1mo au12

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Has been used in my household for three

1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.

2d. To prevent too rapid change of color. 3d. As a dressing. It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY CRANE."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious subgray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and

desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

DAMONIA!

The Greatest Discovery of the 19th Century. A Mammoth Presentation from Nature's Own Hand to the Afflicted and Suffering. DAMONIA

Is a Magnetic Mineral Earth which has been discovered at only one point on the earth surface (in the State of Texas). After a careful analysis by some of our most prominent Chemists it has been declared to contain the most Potent Medic 1 Ingredients known to science. Among the many diseases for which Damonia has performed such wonderful cures are the following: Bright's Disease and all Kidney Complaints, Blood Poissoning, Chlorosis, Bysnepsia, Malaria, Chilis and Feven, Female Diseases and General Beblilly. For Syphilitic or Mercurial affections of Throat, Skin or Rones, we guarantee a cure in every case. For Burns, Scalds, Equiscs and sores of all kinds it has no equal.

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Price, \$1 00 per bottle: 6 bottles for \$5.00. DAMONIA MEDICATED TOILET SOAP Beantifies the Skin and Complexion, and is the tarticle known for all cruptions and skin diseases.

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READ "THE BAD BOY ABROAD." READ "THE BAD BOY ABROAD."

This is the funniest book of the age, containing the experience of the "BAD BOY" with Pa and Ma in Europe. All who love fun and good humor should rad it. 16mo, 160 pages, illustrated, paper covers 25 cents, cloth 60 cents. Sold by all dealers and on all boats and trains, or mailed on receipt of price by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers.

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A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every
known remedy, has discovered a simple means of selfcure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferes.
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MWFwyly jy6

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wy6m jy31

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Prescription Free for the speedy cure of Nervous

Prescription Free for the speedy cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretions or excesses. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address AAVIDSON & .O., No. 78 Nassau Street, New York. my8 26t \$30.000 HOW 32 INVESTED brings 33,000. A fortune within the reach of ALL. Circulars with FCLL information sent CHAS. MEEKIN.
Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky. wyty ja30



INFOR WATTON WANTED—Of Matthew Graham, who left Mickley Coy, Northumberland, England, 20 years ago; when last heard from, 14 years ago, was in Boston, Mass., then in the omnibus business; his youngest daughter, Mary, would very much like to hear from him. Address MKS. MARY ELSDON, Excelsior, Mahaska Coy, Iowa. 3t* jy25

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A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY! BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected they are doctored for every-thing but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies falled. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the proparation of this prescription.

R-Coenie (from Erythroxylon coca) 1 drachm. Jerubebin, ½ drachm.
Hypophosphite quinia, ½ drachm.
Gelseinin, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatic armarie (alcoholic) 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Giycerin, q. s.
Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m. and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pils at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debit y and weakness in einer sex, and especially in those cases resulting from impruance. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short, time changes the tanguid, de dilitated nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remed, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$3 in post office money order, or registered letter, a securely scaled package containing 60 pils, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory.

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